

1910
PROLOGUE TO THE
LITERATURE OF
THE 1910s

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POETICAL TRIBUTES
TO
QUEEN VICTORIA.

WORKS BY CHAS. F. FORSHAW, LL.D.

FELLOW OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE,

FELLOW OF THE ROYAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY,

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Masonic Musings, pp. 208.
The Village Church.



F. Tornally

POETICAL TRIBUTES

TO THE MEMORY OF

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY

QUEEN VICTORIA

EDITED BY

CHAS. F. FORSHAW, LL.D.

FELLOW OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

WITH A FOREWORD BY

MACKENZIE BELL,

FELLOW OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

I think, we do not know Earth's crowns are heavy
Though Angels lightened hers, on wings of love
They flooded with their rays her peaceful pathway
And every gem she wore shone from above.

ELLA M. GORDON.

For sorrow's brooding wing has touched
The peasant and the peer,
Oh, comfort, Lord, the hearts that mourn,
This saddest latest year.

ELLIE SWEETMAN.

LONDON :

SWAN SONNENSCHEIN & Co. LTD.

1901.

BRADFORD:

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DEDICATION

TO HIS GRACE THE MOST NOBLE

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL, K.T.

G.C.M.G. LL.D. D.SC. ETC. ETC.

LONG was the thread that Clotho spun for Her,
Lachesis loved Her and would fain have spared
The gloom of Atropos' dark sepulchre
Which even she was loth to have prepared.

Yet stern Melpomene would not relent,
And bade her cut the strands which held Her life ;
So, 'mid unparalleled and wild lament
She used, reluctantly, the fatal knife !

Then forth from Arcady the Minstrels came,
Wailing such Dirge that e'en God's Angels wept ;
With Clio foremost to record Her Fame
But no Thalia to smile or intercept !

You knew and loved Her well, and at your shrine
I tend these sunless songs from wooers of the Nine !

Bradford Daily Telegraph.

Chas. F. Forshaw.

937648

VICTORIA, REGINA BRITANNIARUM,
OBIIT;
HINC LACHRYMÆ POETARUM.

FOREWORD :

The Passing of Queen Victoria;

BY

MACKENZIE BELL.

FELLOW OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE,

*Author of the poems in "The Taking of the Flag,
and other Recitations"*

AT the passing of Queen Victoria it is said that many thousands among her people sang her praises, moved thereto by their love of her; and among them was he who had espoused the Queen's daughter.

Their love of their Queen had sprung up within them, not only because she had been with them so long, but because, through all the chances and the changes of her years, she had ever been a good and a tender-hearted woman. And so it had come about that those over whom she had ruled looked upon her

as an ensample of a wife and of a mother, as well as the Queen of her people. They knew she had ever set forward the love of house and of home, which lies deep in the hearts of her people.

Diverse was the skill of the singers. Some touched their instrument with the skill which the careful training of many days had added to the passion born with every true singer. Others had less skill; but the heart of each one was touched in some measure with true love, and with tenderness. It mattered little that the measure of their skill was not the same; for the song of many had given voice to the grief of their fellows in the news letter of the burgh and of the hamlet whence they came. And diverse were the ages of the singers. For of the songs in this book one is by a maiden who hath scarce come forth from childhood; and one is by a singer of the full age of ninety years. Diverse also was their estate. Some were nobles who had lived all their lives in fair dwellings; were daintily arrayed; and had eaten nothing save the most costly viands. Moreover, many were homely folk who had dwelt in homely dwellings; had been clothed in homely raiment; and had partaken all their life long of food the most homely.

Most of the singers had seen in fancy, some of them had seen with their bodily eyes, the bier of their dead Queen borne across the swaying waters of the Channel, and then passing through the streets of her mighty burgh of London in the sight of mournful and serried millions of her people ; while at least one of them had beheld the solemn worship at the great memorial service for her at her Cathedral of St. Paul—worship so soul-stirring as the dim lights, which illuminated the darkness of the eventide, showed the vast and hushed multitude clad in black ; and soft music broke the long silences of the choir and of the nave and died amid the lofty arches of the roof. And he knew that such sights were seen, such sounds were heard, and such throngs of reverent folk were gathered together throughout all the lands where Queen Victoria had held sway.

But diverse as were the singers, they were alike in much. They were all proud of their race ; and they remembered that the Queen who had gone from them was likewise Sovereign of Ind, and had shown great fondness towards her subjects there, and how her ceaseless help had bound together their brethren in the Colonies of Britain throughout the world ; nor were

they unmindful that in the realm of Australasia had come about the federation which, they deemed, foreshadowed surely the federation of their kindred throughout the whole earth.

And so it happened that as time went on, these singers dreamed of the renown of King Edward, the son of the Queen they had lost, and of the glories of the new century, the sunrise of which they had looked on; and thus, although sometimes they thought of sorrow, they were not forgetful of joy.

LONDON,

April, 1901.



PREFACE.

HERE is, I think, no need for a lengthy preface to this anthology. My aim in producing the volume has been to give a representative selection from the many thousands of poems written on the Death of our great and good Queen Victoria. I am solely responsible for the arrangement, classification and insertion of these verses—they are from the pens of peers and peasants, from the University Professor to the unlettered muse. I have included lines from the pens of authors in all ranks and conditions of life, and that the work is so far “representative” all must admit.

To His Grace the Duke of Argyll, K.T., for honouring me by accepting the dedication of the volume, I am sincerely obliged. It is meet that so near a relative to the Throne should show so much interest in the book by sanctioning its inscription to him.

My best thanks are due to Mr. Mackenzie Bell, whom I invited to write the admirable “Foreword” with which the work opens, and who readily complied with my request. To Dr. Walter Kaye, M.A., F.R.S.L., of Pembroke College, Harrogate, I am also deeply indebted for the final passing of the proof sheets prior to their printing.

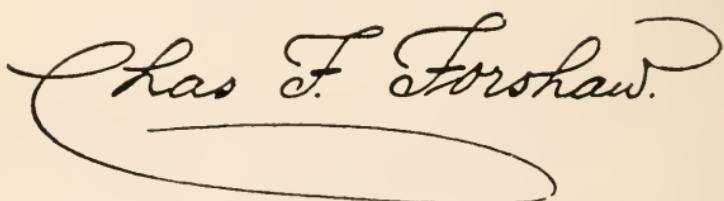
I also owe great gratitude to the Authors of the poems, and to the courtesy of the Editors of the

different journals, magazines and newspapers, the names of which are attached to the poems throughout the work, for their kindness in allowing the reproduction of copyright pieces, and I desire to specially mention *The Pall Mall Magazine*, *The Ladies' Field*, *The Times*, *The Morning Post*, *The Daily News* and *The Daily Express*. I am also under an obligation to Novello and Co. for permission to use Dean Hole's Hymn.

To Mrs. F. St. John Corbett, of Long Marton Rectory, I am most grateful for the loan of an autograph letter of our late revered Queen, from which I have taken the fac-simile signature appended to the portrait of Her Majesty which appears as the frontispiece.

The alphabetical arrangement of the authors obviates the necessity of an index.

Several of the compositions have been written specially for these pages.



Chas F. Forshaw.

48, HANOVER SQUARE,
BRADFORD,
April 10th, 1901.

Sacred to the Memory of

QUEEN VICTORIA.

Born at Kensington Palace, May 24th, 1819.

Succeeded to the Throne June 20th, 1837.

Crowned in Westminster Abbey June 28th, 1838.

Married at the Chapel Royal, St. James', to H.R.H. Prince Albert, of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, February 10th, 1840.

Died at Osborne House, Isle of Wight, January 22nd, 1901

Interred at The Royal Mausoleum, Frogmore, Windsor,
February 4th, 1901.

PROLOGUE.

*Sweet is the thought, death only here dissevers,
'Tis but a parting for a little while ;
We still may hold with them a blest communion,
For through the silver mists our Angels smile.*
*Yes, when the dawn of endless beauty breaketh,
Love thou hast lost will rise to welcome thee ;
Did earth hold all the farewells, here were grievous
For where our loved ones are our hearts will be.*

Ella Mary Gordon



Anonymous (Democritus).

Now silence for a little space,
On glory's heights, in sorrow's deeps ;
With restful smile upon her face
Victoria sleeps.

She hath put off the Sovereign part
And stepped, a Woman from her Throne.
The end is Peace. A widowed heart
Hath found its own.

She enters, while we dumbly grieve,
Into that Bridal Chamber fair.
So, sleeping by his side, we leave
Her smiling there.

No stab of loss shall pierce her more,
No sceptred sorrow rack her breast,
Nor woeful War with murderous roar
Break on her rest.

The last sad threnody is sung,
And she has gone ! the rite is read ;
For her the funeral bell hath rung—
Our Queenly dead.

But, hark ! 'tis not the end of all,
 This "Dust to dust !" on coffin lid.
 Oh ! not by funeral weed or pall
 Can she be hid.

Say of the frail mortality,
 Your "Dust to dust" which Death may glean—
 While Britain lives she will not die—
 Our deathless Queen !

Yea, hark ! from out the requiem dirge,
 That dies away with sob of pain
 Soars to the Empire's farthest verge,
 A choral strain—

A song of Life that knows not fears ;
 Can Death or Time THAT greatness kill,
 Or blot out all those radiant years
 In marble writ ? Nay dry your tears,
 We have her still !

Sunday Chronicle.

Anonymous (Viator).

Earth's noblest monarchs of their place,
 Each after each, no more are known,
 Whose names upon our lips have grown
 Familiar at the Throne of Grace :
 And thou, blest ruler of our race,
 Who long didst our allegiance own,
 Our love concentr'dst round thy throne,
 Reflected radiance of thy face ;
 Thou in thy place no more art seen,
 No more upon our lips thy name,
 " Most Gracious Sovereign Lady, Queen
 VICTORIA," in prayer we frame,
 But He to whom we pray hath ever been,
 Is now, and evermore shall be the same.

The Duke of Argyll.

DEATH's Angel to the Island came
And took Her from the throne ;
But not from place pre-eminent
Within our hearts, by sorrow rent,
Yet proud one Love to own :

The love to Her, who, now at rest,
Is mourned Her Empire through ;
Whom men of alien nations blessed,
Whose love the poor and the distressed
Could tell was quick and true.

For over sixty years Her Reign
Had been so full of good,
No honest homage sounded vain,
No prayers that time might long retain
Her Empress-motherhood.

We took Her silent form to glide
Where—reached from shore to shore
Her glorious fleet ;—each vessel's side
Rang, mile on mile, above the tide
The Queen's salute once more !

And through Her city, mightiest,
Her army stood, where rode
Her kindred monarchs, and the best
Of those whose warfare could attest
Where Honour brightest glowed.

We brought Her to where Windsor rose—
Her church—Her walls—Her tower !
A dream in stone ! whose river flows
Beneath fair wooded slopes, and knows
The secret of Her power.

Far from the chancel where we came
She took, as choicest word,
St. John's—who taught how love must claim
To be our greatest need ; the name
The dearest God has heard.

And so we laid Her down where Love
 With Her dear Prince had been,
 And prayed to God to let us prove
 Our love below, to love above
 Fast joined, as in our Queen.

Pall Mall Magazine.

William Everard Armstrong.

FORTH from the halls of Empire,
 Draped in the garb of woe,
 Bearing their sleeping Monarch,
 Sadly the mourners go.
 Constant through life's long journey—
 True love can never die—
 Lay her beside the husband
 She mourned in the days gone by !

White as the stately ermine,
 Symbol of spotless rule ;
 White and pure as the snowflakes
 Weaving the cloak of Yule ;
 White as the stainless lily,
 Type of a love serene ;
 White as all these, yea, whiter,
 The heart of the great White Queen.

Granite and sculptured marble
 Hold not a people's love ;
 Wide as the world its casket,
 High as the heaven above.
 Memory ! Arch-embalmer !
 Keep where it aye hath been,
 Deep in the heart of the nation,
 The shrine of the great White Queen !

Birmingham Weekly Mercury.

William Allan, M.P.

As I gaed up the Braes o' Dee,
 The birdies sang on ilka tree,
 And aye their burden was—Waes me !
 Oor Queen will come nae mair.

Ye Hielan' bodies hear the ca',
 Aroun' your peat fires sadly draw,
 An' croon wi' mournfu' voices a'—
 Oor Queen will come nae mair.

Ye Hielan' hills that kiss the sky.
 Ye rocks that on their bosoms lie,
 Weel may ye sab and greetin' sigh—
 Oor Queen will come nae mair.

Ye heather-bells shed tears aroun',
 Ye oaks an' firs your heids boo doon,
 An' listen to the waefu' soun'—
 Oor Queen will come nae mair.

Ye streams an' rills, Oh ! quat your glee,
 Join in the dirge o' dool sae hie,
 That rises frae the silvery Dee—
 Oor Queen will come nae mair.

Ye win's that roun' Balmoral sweep
 Owre ilka turret, tower, and keep,
 Moan nicht an' day wi' sorrow deep—
 Oor Queen will come nae mair.

Frae Aberdeen to Lochnagar,
 Frae glens and corries roun' Braemar,
 This cry o' grief is heard afar—
 Oor Queen will come nae mair.

Ye clansmen sing—Ochone the day !
 Ye pipers frae the hill an' brae,
 This coronach ye a' maun play—
 “Oor Queen will come nae mair.”

Mourn, Scotland ! Mourn ! Ye've tint a freen,
 Weel may ye keep her memory green,
 And ever say wi' tearfu' een—

Oor Queen will come nae mair ! *Aberdeen Journal.*

Florence Attenborough.

OUT of the dusk She stole to meet a star
(Sing softly, heart, thine Empress is asleep) ;
The melody of byegones, travelled far,
Bade Her go forth, be after it, and keep
No young new note to crown the regal tone,
Which God, and Love, and Time had made Her own.

Now we are dumb, as when the music stays,
And the last chord is sounded, and a hush
Falls in some vast cathedral, whilst a haze
Of golden light, which, mellowed from the flush
Of late meridian, sweeps the aisles, and holds
Our vision prisoned in illusive folds.

And we are blind, as when a sudden sense
Of glory, missed but now, mocks all the shade,
And stars it with a beautiful, intense
Amaze of colour, dazzling, ere it fade
Into the ether of remembrance, spread
Like rare aroma, or a ripe rose, dead.

Yea, we are dumb, and blinded in this hour,
That breathes for us the sadness of farewell ;
We only see the afterglow of pow'r,
The splendid lights which challenge England's knell ;
We only speak in whispers, whilst the roll
Of mingled thunders mounts with Her white soul.

So long that summer was which had its shade
(Sigh softly, heart, thine Empress slumbers still) ;
She saw so many blossoms group and fade,
So many sunsets drop behind the hill,
So many dawns steal up to greet Her crown
And light its jewels with a pure renown.

Stern winter touched Her not, its thick'ning snows
Left but a glint of silver on Her brow,
As when a frosty moon in radiance throws
A lucent shaft upon a chosen bough ;
No dead leaf marred the garland of Her grace,
Where love and honour held the choicest place.

Within the garden of the earth's great kings
She ruled a Queen, outsplendoured them, and swayed
The destinies of millions, as with wings
Which, but unfolding, warmed the world, and made
The peoples proud to gather, and be strong
To succour goodness and to vanquish wrong.

Shall She have only the cold white of bloom
About Her heart as tribute of Her years ?
We do not ask the minstrel of the gloom
To voice for us the sorrow of the spheres :
Let us not leave Her, decked with lilies rare
To say we knew Her, Queen beyond compare.

Nay ! Give her rather of the fruited corn,
And lay a wheat-sheaf clustered at Her side ;
For, where are lilies to survive the morn ?
The white rose now half falters in its pride ;
Give Her the ripened harvest of Her God,
A lasting pledge, grown golden o'er the sod.

Yea, group the rounded grapes about Her feet
With purple vesture for this last "Good night" ;
The crimson gloams are beautiful, and sweet,
That bode fair weather with to-morrow's light.
Let us so soothe our pain, and dream She knows
Eternal Spring where Her loosed spirit goes.

Farewell to Thee, oh, Thou dead Queen of ours,
(Beat gently, heart, perchance They Two have met) ;
Thou hast spent well Thy plentitude of pow'rs,
And we remember, never to forget ;
Take Thou Thy guerdon, nourisher of kings,
A world laments Thee, but a Heaven sings.—*Hanwell Post*

John C. Alexander.

THE Queen is dead. Our gracious Queen,
Who reigned within her people's hearts
By noble instinct's generous arts,
Scorning rehearsed ignoble parts
Which perish with the change of scene.

Our heads are bowed with poignant grief,
Nor can we tell the reason why
Our hearts should heave the heavy sigh
For all the great and good must die,
But hope of Heaven brings no relief.

Ah no, we place our trust in God
But yet are human, not divine
And suppliant look to that true Vine
Who turned the water into wine
To temper his all-chastening rod.

Affliction reigns throughout the world,
Millions paid homage to her sway,
But now has come the fatal day,
Her noble soul has cast its clay
And death's dark pall has been unfurled.

She lived and reigned inspired by love
For those who for their sovereign died
For those whose bravery oft defied
Legions, who 'gainst her throne allied
Now bless our Queen who reigns above.

She died, nay but transferred her sway
For she still reigns—can we forget
Who ne'er that saintly visage met
That glorious life that hath but set
To rise and shine through endless day.

That she still reigns within our hearts
And will as long as breath remains,
The sweetest of our sweet refrains
The world-wide anthem's joyous strains
Shall well from youth when age departs.

Farewell thou grand and glorious Queen,
There is no terror in the grave
God's outstretched arm is strong to save
And steer you from the stygian wave
To mansions in the great Unseen.

Ayrshire Post.

Thomas Astley.

THE angels guarded while she lived,
Gave solace when she died,
Then bore her to a brighter realm,
Where love and peace abide.

Oh ! say not that she reigns no more,
Her soul will lead us on ;
How often will the question rise
“ What would our Queen have done ? ”

The great white Queen, beloved by all,
T'was she who ruled the age ;
She led us with a silken cord
With wisdom of a sage.

No gem that graced her diadem
E'er shed a purer ray
Than she when honoured and with years
So calmly passed away.

Wallasey Mail.

T. R. Ashworth.

THE muffled bell we faintly hear,
With pangs of woe each breast is moved ;
We knew not Death stood waiting near
To one so worthy and so loved.

Victoria ! for thee we mourn,
How deep and wide the nation's grief ;
Each loyal heart is crushed and torn,
We seek in vain to find relief.

Yet, why are we so much distressed,
So rack'd with anguish of the soul—
A saintly life has sunk to rest,
Can we the hand of God control ?

The good, the blest, their duty done,
Pass from our midst in peace away ;
We feel their loss when they are gone,
And fain would bid them longer stay.

We shed for them the bitter tear,
Though life we know is brief and frail ;
The present short, the future near,
'Tis Nature bids us weep and wail.

(And thou, our Mother and our Queen,
Who sat enthroned within the heart,
How kindly thou hast ever been—
We find it hard with thee to part.

Thy memory we shall always bless—
So fragrant was thy presence here ;
Thy faith and love we do confess—
A light divine illumines thy bier.

Whilst ages live the trump of fame
Will sound thy praise with ardent breath :
The glory which embalms thy name
Defies the grave, and mocks at death.

To all mankind, in every clime,
Thou didst a grand example give—
Thy pure, sweet life was so sublime
That men may learn from thee to live.

True holiness and simple trust—
Not outward show of worldly state—
A faultless mind, so wise and just,
Proclaim that thou wast more than great.

Though we now feel downcast and sad,
The light which sheds its rays through thee
Reveals a dawning, bright and glad,
The golden day that is to be.

Blackpool Gazette.

Emmie G. Albin.

A NATION mourns this day—a people weep
For our rever'd Queen mother is no more,
How sweetly now her Majesty doth sleep,
With all her troubles o'er.

The crown she nobly wore was laid aside,
The crown she weareth now is one of life,
And only worn by those who've lived and died
Undaunted by the strife.

The bells are tolling out their muffled peals,
They tell a story in their own sad way,
Speaking the sorrow every heart now feels
On this long-dreaded day.

Softly the anthem rolls and dies away,
"Happy and blest are they who have endur'd,"
For them 'tis no more night, but ever day,
In God's great love secur'd.

Northern Mail.

W. Alexander.

WAIL for the Queen who is no more ;
She passes to the silent shore :
Her earthly troubles all are o'er.

Wail for Victoria !

Her heart was touched with many a pain,
For others fell her tears like rain,
We ne'er shall see her like again.

Wail for Victoria !

Life was not all with roses strewn,
Once and again death claimed his own,
And left her widowed, sad, and lone.

Wail for Victoria !

Though born to wear a royal crown,
And though an heir to high renown,
She stooped with lowly spirit down.

Wail for Victoria !

Wise and benignant was her sway ;
She schooled herself first to obey,
Then patiently she led the way.

Wail for Victoria !

She sought her people's highest good ;
Strong for the cause of peace she stood,
And wept at breaking out of feud.

Wail for Victoria !

Far over many a land and sea,
Her name a household word will be
To stir the soul to ecstasy.

Wail for Victoria !

Wail, all ye races, sadly wail !
Whether of swarthy hue or pale,
Let sorrow's minor note prevail !

Wail for Victoria !

Mourn for the Queen in weeds of woe,
Both old and young, both high and low,
Let tears from a whole nation flow !

Wail for Victoria !

Then let her rest on lowly bed,
While angels guard around her head,
Till the last trump shall wake the dead !

Wail for Victoria !

Rev. J. E. Andrews, B.A.

THE solemn obsequies are o'er, and now,
In Frogmore's Royal Mausoleum rest
The last remains of Britain's Empress Queen.
Once more in death, beside her much-loved spouse,
Whose fragrant mem'ry hallowed all her life,
And sanctified her beauteous womanhood.
The nation grieves as it ne'er grieved before.
Strong men have shed brave tears, as well as dames
Of high and low degree. E'en th' elements themselves,
As if in sympathy have sobbed and moaned ;
And spread their pallid mantle o'er the land.
The wheel of life relentlessly revolves,
Nor stays for small nor great, who in their turn
Take up their duties, but to lay them down
When the dread summons comes. But bitter tho'
The Empire's loss, resigned to fate, and stern
Necessity, she bravely stems her grief ;
Again bids hail, and welcomes to her breast
Her seventh Edward, borne on eagle's wing.
To wield the sceptre of His Royal race,
O'er the vast millions bowing 'neath his sway.
And if he reign, sans peur and sans reproche,
Honoured and blessed, his mem'ry too shall be,
His guerdon here and in eternity.

Oldham Standard.

Benjamin Atkinson.

THE world in tears ! Nations mourn her gone,
Great Britain's Queen ;
Her life four-score, her work as Sovereign done,
Great, good hath been.

Three-score and three, hath ruled an Empire vast,
Longest of reigns.
A noble heart hath ceased to beat at last,
Free from dark stains.

Who heard the widow's cry, the soldier's moan,
And shed the tear,
There in her chamber, silent and alone,
Where God is near.

Her great heart full, there her soul divine
On pleading wings,
May bless the nation and the world incline
To greater things.

Her crown e'er brilliant with the gems of light,
Of love and peace,
Whose noble faith in God and Truth and Right
Shall e'er increase.

O, sun gone down ! O, light in darkness cast !
No more to rise.
On throne sublime with all the glorious past,
Of purer skies.

Death hath discrowned thee, there to re-crown
With endless life ;
Thine here the memory of a great renown,
Queen, mother, wife.

We mourn thy loss, passed to thy Consort now,
Loved evermore ;
There brighter crown, on a fairer brow,
Where parting 's o'er.

Rest from thy labours, rest, Goddess of Good,
Queen of the True;
Rest thou with him, thy loved, unstained of blood
The Good we knew.

Two souls have met, two royal spirits there,
Long parted here;
Albert the Good, Victoria the Rare,
Of Monarchs dear.

Thy crown untarnished and thy life supreme
Regina gone,
Through all thy lonliness God's own beam
On thee hath shone.

To-day o'er all the drapery of death,
Funereal gloom;
To-day a weeping and a bated breath,
Awe of the tomb!

To Mausoleum Victoria the Good
Is solemn borne;
'Mid muffled tones and silence understood,
Hearts sad and lorn.

All that is left of her, lifeless and dead,
End of a reign;
Noble and great of her, soul of her fled,
Death is her gain.

Requiescat in pace, noblest of Queens,
Greatest of Thrones;
To-day the darkest and saddest of scenes,
The deepest of tones.

Bless Thou the King and the Queen to-day,
Bless Thou his throne:
Rule Thou through him in peace and love we pray,
The future unknown.

May he ascend the throne in Majesty
Of Truth and Right;
May reign in power that shall be,
“Sweetness and light.”—*Pontefract Express.*

A. V. Arnold.

AFTER long waiting through these patient years
 Comest thou here, my well-beloved at last ?
 Rising triumphant o'er death's vanquished fears
 The world with all its cares behind thee cast.
 Well hast thou borne life's burden all alone
 Setting thy feet in the strait path which leads
 From the sad earthly to the heavenly throne ;
 Thy length of days one length of golden deeds.
 Welcome beloved ! Soul to soul we two
 Stand here in bliss, within the Light of Love
 Once more united : taste once more anew
 Deep draughts of soul communion here above.
 Queen of all Good ! Seaptred within my heart
 In thy fair youth, crowned now with snows of age
 Robed then in regal purple, now thou art
 Clothed only in the Spirit's heritage.
 Afar I hear dim sounds of grief and woe
 Rising from earth to the celestial sphere
 At thy farewell. Thy children loved thee so
 Queen-Mother : yet I need thee here.
 Beloved, enter in—and henceforth cease
 All sounds of earth, lost in Eternal Peace,

Sheffield Telegraph.

Lawrence Alma-Tadema.

As, in a house where solemn-footed Death
 Has trodden, all the little children stand
 Before a silent door, with quickened breath,
 Holding each other tightly by the hand.

So we, O Mother ! at the keyless door
 Stand gathered, heart astir with nameless fears :
 A strength has left the hour : the world before
 Was warmer ; and we face the day with tears.

The Herb o' Grace.

Belle T. Alexander.

THE mother of a nation has been laid at rest to-day,
She was wafted by the angels to that region far away—
That region of the blessed—may her path by all be trod;
Let us follow in her footsteps as she followed after God.

May her life so pure and noble teach us to be loving,
kind, [mind,
May her words "I will be good" find an echo in each
So that when our toil is ended, we may enter by the gate
Where our Lord and all His angels for His faithful
children wait.

Kind she was alike to princes and to peasants in the land,
Showered she blessings all around, as with a fairy's
magic wand. [queen they loved,
When her people learned the suffering of the mother—
Prayers and supplications rose to their God in Heaven
above.

Then were stories of her goodness and her kind and
simple ways [lisped her praise,
Told around the cheerful hearth—e'en the children
For she cheered us in our sorrows, tasted pleasure in our
mirth:

Can we ever find another, such a loving friend on earth?

The soldiers on the battlefield she made her greatest care,
The widows and the orphans of the fallen were her share.
When she heard of glorious victories, in her heart of
hearts she thought [which victory bought.
Of the homes made drear and desolate, of the price

Now she's gone to fairer regions, and her troubles all are
o'er, [sunny shore.
She will wait her sorrowing children on the further
Let us, who on earth ne'er saw her, strive to reach the
glory land
Where, a heavenly crown upon her head, our Queen
shall radiant stand.

Alice E. Argente.

A voice went sobbing o'er the land and sea,
A mournful worded message quickly sped
Through all the world ; it whispered unto me,
 The Queen is dead !

Oh ! words of sorrow, bringing tears which spring
For long lost joys for ever vanishèd,
Our fair white dove lies still on folded wing :
 The Queen is dead !

Purest of souls, dear mother, widowed wife,
Angelic friend, what higher praise be said ?
Our heart of hearts, our very life of life—
 The Queen is dead !

| No nobler woman ever lived or died,
No tenderer heart than hers for others bled,
For us she cast her own deep griefs aside.
 The Queen is dead !

The night is round us, but the heavenly dawn
Of Paradise is round about her spread,
Those closèd eyes are gazing on the Morn.
 The Queen is dead !

So many griefs had made those dear eyes weep
Since that bright day when she was wooed and wed ;
But God has hushed her to a peaceful sleep,
 The Queen is dead !

Belovèd Mother of a royal race,
So calmly lying in thy coffined bed,
We never more shall look upon thy face.
 The Queen is dead !

For all too heavy pressed an earthly crown
 The clang of war upon thy pathway shed ;
 Glad at the last to lay the sceptre down.

The Queen is dead !

No poignant grief shall touch thy queenly brow ;
 By pastures green thy footsteps now are led :
 Before the King of Kings we humbly bow.

The Queen is dead !

Sleep thy last sleep, belovèd, till the day
 Of Resurrection streams above thy head,
 And we, thy children, cease to weep and say,

The Queen is dead !

Maldon Express.

Rev. D. P. Alford, M.A.

OUR Royal Mother : Has she gone away ?
 And is her glorious reign completely past ?
 We almost thought it would for ever last,
 Living so long beneath her gentle sway.
 But she is gone ; and how can we repay
 The gift of such a Queen ! By holding fast
 As she, with claims so numberless and vast,
 To duty's simple call, from day to day ;
 And yet, therewith, to keep our spirits free
 From subtle growth of narrow selfishness,
 And, in our busiest hours, at leisure be
 For touch of noble deeds or deep distress ;
 Thus copying her unwearied sympathy,
 We, in our little sphere, shall live to bless.

Taunton Gazette.

Mackenzie Bell.

THE音乐家 Grief

With mystic power hath played upon the heart,
And, through the heart, hath opened wide the door
Of that most sacred sanctuary—the soul.
Each of us is an instrument ; and each
Is, in some notes at least, diversely strung
From all our fellows ; yet in this we know
One harmony of universal love.

We seem to see

The wintry woods around thy “palace walls”
Above the tossing Channel, fraught with much
Of Britain’s story, and we think of him,
Thy friend, our Tennyson, whose “clear call” brought
“No moaning of the bar.”

No more, no more

Shall thy loved Scotland know thy kindly face
Among her hills and glens ; nor shalt thou join
Again in her dear customs ; or in these
Religious rites of hers, homely and sweet.

Once we remembered that thou wert for us
The mighty Personage whose reign hath seen
A grandeur greater even than the days
Of Shakespeare and of Raleigh ; that to thee
We owed wise counsel, fruit of toilsome hours
Of patient thought, and converse with the men
Of genius who have graced our commonwealth
For three and sixty years ; a queen whose realms,
Rich with the spoils of Science, had grown strong
With valiant Colonies which girt the world.

To-day we deem that thy long, blameless life
Hath aided, under God, our race to grow
The noblest on this earth.

And now—and now

For thee we pray not ; for ourselves we pray :
With thee ’tis well. *The Thrush.*

Arthur Bennett.

I WHO have sung thee in the golden June,
My voice an echo of the land's acclaim,
And every wandering wind and wave in tune
To swell the honours of thy splendid name.

Would sing thee now, in this drear month of woe,
My voice an echo of the whole world's tears,
While all the melancholy winds that blow
Wail for the glory faded from the years.

In thought I see thee as a gentle maid,
From slumber summoned one most perfect morn,
To seize the sceptre countless kings have swayed,
To claim the crown no queenlier brows have worn.

I see thee stand by that "ideal knight,"
Whose smile made music in thy sweet young blood,
And in thy loving eyes behold the light
Dearer than aught of pomp and kinglihood.

I see thy tender heart, his manly brain,
With equal ardour toiling for the state;
See princes born to wear through many a reign
The crown thy greatness hath made truly great.

I watch death come, grown envious of such bliss,
To steal thy life's best treasures one by one;
To rob thee of thy kingly Consort's kiss,
And claim a daughter now, and next, a son.

And, bleeding cruelly at every pore,
From the red anguish of thine own heart's loss,
I see thine arms embracing more and more,
All who, like thee, have had to bear the Cross!

And often I have seen thee face to face,
And, all on fire my English blood to prove,
Have swelled the rapturous plaudits which men raise
To those they reverence!—no, to those they love!

Twice have I seen the whole world wild with joy,
At such a catalogue of stainless years,
And watched the dazzling lines of kings sweep by
Through roaring torrents of tumultuous cheers.

And I have seen thee, old and feeble grown,
Braving the dagger blunted by thy smile,
And heard the thunderous sound of welcome blown
Through all the borders of the Emerald Isle.

Yea, and have ached with thee for those who lie,
Slain in thy battles, miles on miles away,
And, loving thee and England, felt that I
Could lay my life down proudly, even as they.

And now the portals of the century close
Upon a page of splendours unsurpassed :
The longest reign our chequered history knows—
The greatest sovereign of the realm the last !

And England mourns ; by every cottage hearth,
In lordly palace, on the distant sea,
An Empire stretching over all the earth
With one consentient voice, laments for thee !

Warrington Observer.

Thomas Burns.

WE mourn a Queen, long liv'd in glorious state,
The Ruler of an Empire, none so great.
Whose heart to heaven's highest dictates rose ;
Whose wisdom to earth's utmost limit flows.

She came in beauty's excellence supreme
To temper Statecraft with Devotion's beam,
Her like earth bore not on its spacious face,
A Queen by nature and a Queen by grace.

God touch'd her youthful soul with warmth Divine,
Bless'd it with light, and taught it how to shine
Amid the waving blaze of high renown,
That surges round the head that wears a crown.

Britannia's glory and her people's good
First in her legislative councils stood,
From which a glow of dignity shone down
To charm the lordly magnates round her throne.

A single motion of Victoria's eye
Could link all Europe in a marriage tie ;
The marvels that her far-famed genius wears
Are but the steady growth of sixty years.

A gentle nature furnished her with arts
To win affection and command our hearts ;
Through all the scenes of life, or peace, or war,
She led love's van with honour's conquering car.

A sweet coherent zeal filled all her themes,
Ran through her thoughts, and quickened all her dreams ;
Her royal couch attending angels spread,
And joined their wings above her peerless, head.

Great in her goodness, well might men believe
Whate'er they sought, it was a Queen who gave :
Misfortune lost its sting, where mercy shone
Like glory's halo round Great Britain's throne.

Herself a widow, she could stoop to dry
The widow's tears with words of holy joy,
Or condescend to soothe the troubled breast,
And reconcile the wounded heart to rest.

So shall her praise on grateful wings arise,
And, with the mounting sun, ascend the skies ;
As time rolls on, shall her example prove
A glow of ardour in a zone of love.

Louis A. Barbe.

O'er the sombreous, grief-hushed city,
Deep, sonorous, solemn, slow,
Let the great bell's muffled tolling
Voice the orphaned Empire's woe ;
Midst the homage of the people
That her love so long has blessed,
Bear her honoured, hallowed relics,
Bear Victoria to her rest.

Lay her where her heart was buried
Through long years of widowhood,
By the side of him her memory
Cherished as the Wise and Good ;
Joined by Death, whom Death had parted,
In the union of the tomb
They shall wait the great awakening
Of the final day of doom.

Earth to earth. The grave is open
To receive the royal dust,
And for loss of what was mortal
Tears may flow, and grief is just ;
But not all we cherished in her
Passes with her from our sight,
And the splendour of her virtues
Long shall shed its guiding light.

Through the ages her example
Still shall teach her royal race
How to foster all things noble,
How to banish all things base ;
She shall make the pride and glory
Of our British Kings to be
That they ruled like their great Mother,
Wise, and pure, and loved as she.

In her Empire's stirring story
 There shall be a glorious page
 To recount the vast achievements
 Of the great Victorian Age ;
 Peace and War shall blend their conquests
 In the record of her fame,
 And the roll of Britain's sovereigns
 Shall be prouder for her name.

Not alone as Queen and Empress
 Shall she claim a nation's praise,
 Her's shall be a dearer tribute
 In the far-off coming days ;
 As the Mother of the People,
 Comfort of the weak, the poor,
 She shall bear the fondest title
 That e'er yet a monarch bore.

To the earth commit her body,
 Not in dull, despairing grief,
 But with hearts upborne and solace
 By the hope that brings relief;
 Here, on earth, the path of duty
 Strong in faith and love she trod,
 Is there not a promised guerdon
 In the bosom of her God ?

Glasgow Herald.

Lillie G. Blaney.

NEVER was Monarch mourned as Thou
 Victoria, belov'd of all ;
 Dread gloom, with dark funereal pall,
 Has settled o'er a nation's brow.

No type more true, no heart more kind,
 Than thou of woman, nobly plann'd,
 Whose warning, guidance, and command,
 Showed e'er uplifted, spotless mind.

Not England's heart alone outery,
The grief which will not waste in tears,
But branded with grave, heated fears,
Looks forward with an anxious sigh.

Ten thousand thousands o'er the sea,
Who lov'd their honour'd Empress well,
With sadden'd thought will pause and dwell
On theirs and Britain's loss of thee.

Not for the vanish'd regal hand,
Affairs of State alone to move,
'Twas thoughtful, kindly, Mother-love,
Which bound with firm enduring band—

Our lives with thine. A friend indeed,
To all thy subjects near and far,
In peaceful time, through dreaded war,
Thy thought was e'er thy people's need.

Thy potent influence who can gauge,
In present, future, or the past?
For good that shall endure and last,
To those unborn a heritage.

Laurels thy memory shall wreath,
Bright and unfading through the years,
Long as the earth itself appears,
And mortals live to move and breathe.

Hist'ry shall fully write alone,
With letters golden, jewelled frame,
The worth and beauty of thy name.
The splendour that was all thine own.

E'en while for thee tolls out the knell,
A crown of glory decks thy brow,
A richer diadem thine now,
Belovèd Queen, farewell, farewell!

Telegram.

W. Bancroft.

FROM Osborne Towers beside our southern shore,

The word was flashed "The Queen is dead!"
And ev'ry Briton bowed a sorrowed head,
And shrank, as if 'twas said to him alone,

"I've ta'en a daughter of thine own ;
"No more, for ever, shall thy soul rejoice."

And Europe heard, and with one voice
Made common sorrow o'er our dear loved Queen :
For they had seen, and known, what she had been,
How wise her words thro' all the years had stood,
And how their kings had claimed her counsel good :
And from the growing Europe of the West,
Rose fuller feeling of the self-same sorrow,
"We are blood brothers, aye, to-day, to-morrow.
Boastful of freedom knowing not a King,
Your grief is ours ; we reverently bring
Our garlands to bestrew a saintly grave.
And so from every shore, and furthest wave,

Came tribute of devoted tears :
"Through all her glorious reign, and length of years,
"Unseen," we saw the halo round her head,
"The Great White Queen is dead !"

Dead lies our Great Queen Mother ;
The Queen of Pity, and all tenderness ;
Sure never Queen so lovèd was before,
By all her people, great, or small, no less :
From humble cot to high baronial tower,
All felt her influence, and the gentle power
That made her Queen above the law,
Or right of birth, or ceremonious awe :
Born to the throne, she made it hers of right,
Her strength was in her people ; and her might
Not in the kingly purple of the throne,
But the devotion, she had made her own.

Dead is the Great Queen Mother ;
The Empress crowned, yet e'er the mother still,
Moulding her daily thought unto her Maker's will.
Not only by her sceptre held renowned
Her gorgeous palaces and glare of state,
For these shall pass away, a fixed date
Sets seal upon them, and they are no moré,
Not on such shadows sleeps, " Revered and Great "
Victoria. Now the golden days are o'er
We say " She was the Woman of the Heart "
The wifely Queen, playing a royal part,
As fitting to her gracious womanhood ;
With that sweet subtle influence
Appealing to the finer sense,
That bids us worship most, the Pure and Good.

Our Lady of all Sorrows now at last
Hath done with sorrow ; through the portal past,
That knoweth never a returning here,
To our dear England, that she held so dear,
For her loved people ;
Yet spire and steeple,
The crowded town and surging street,
The woodlands and the pasture sweet,
The hamlet on the beach,
The village by the mountain steep,
That are our England ; all and each,
A loving mem'ry keep
Of her, as Mother, Queen or Wife ;
The moss hath conquest o'er the tomb ;
The rose doth waste its own perfume ;
And marble crumbleth into dust ;
Yet woven in a nation's life,
A part of all our island home ;
Its ports and cities and the circling foam ;
Our laws and language and religion sure ;
The very home life, which she made more pure ;
Her mem'ry shall not wear or rust.

Dead is the great Queen Mother ;
The beacon set through all her sixty years,
Burning the sacrificial oil ; which gave
A light translucent over all the land.
Rejoicing with us, sharing all our fears,
She was the ruler of the gentle hand ;
With high decision, calm, and suave ;
Who never let her purple power
Run riot ; but ever lowly, still
Shapèd the eventful hour,
To changing purpose, and the Nations will ;
She breathed the breath of sovereignty,
The pattern ruler of a people free.

Dead is the great Queen Mother
The last dead ruler of a hundred kings ;
Yet what a halo clings
Around the Queen, whom we proclaim
Victoria ! for, the very name
Stands emblem of the long years of her reign ;
No thought of sighing now, or idle pain,
Or vain regrets, for this, or that, which should have been,
She used her power as well became a Queen ;
And we rejoice in what the Queen hath said,
And how she moved, and her great people led
In virtuous manners ; and the sacred trust
Which made her throne secure ; her laws more just,
Far reaching, glorifying toil
Of workshop, factory, and soil :
And England, shall hereafter know
The blessings to her reign we owe :
The lifting upwards, of the human lot,
The widened liberties that reached to all,
How knowledge grew beyond the college hall
The fervent trust in God, lest we forgot !
The breath of charity that filled the Land,
All these, and more, so shall they understand
The Great God-Gift to us was she,
Working for weal, a nation's destiny.

Newport Advertiser.

May Beatrice Violet Barras.

BRIEF days in anguish drear,
 Prayed we 'twixt hope and fear,
 God Save the Queen.
 But hark, that mournful bell
 Tolls hope's despairing knell,
 Dearest and best farewell,
 Mother and Queen.

Weariness and pain o'erpast,
 Heart's sorrow turned at last
 To peace benign.
 Love's tears and prayers were vain,
 Severed life's golden chain,
 Low chant the sad refrain,
 God rest the Queen.

May angels hovering nigh,
 Bear her pure soul on high
 To realms unseen.
 There let the seraph throng,
 With those she wept so long,
 Join in one glorious song,
 Victoria.

Crown of the great and good,
 Of gentlest womanhood,
 Loveliest flower.
 Our Queen of hearts still reign,
 And may thy well-loved name,
 Thy pure and matchless fame,
 E'er prove a spell.

Nerving hearts true and wise
 To deeds of high emprise
 All worthy thee.
 Farewell—our parting o'er,
 Till on Heav'n's blissful shore
 We'll meet to part no more,
 Farewell, sweet Queen.

Irish Times.

Lord Burghclere.

How shall we set Her story to a lute
Whose cadence thrilled the music of mankind,
Whose glory dims all pageantry of praise ?

She wore the diadem of countless kings,
She grasped the Imperial orb of myriad realms,
She swayed the sceptre of unbounded seas,
Sovereign of Sovereigns, very Queen of Queens.

Yet in the zenith of exalted days
She used such sweet and stately homeliness,
Such tender majesty of womanhood,
As shone far Queenlier than Her Queenly crowns.

So with a grandeur unsurpassed She reigned,
So with a grandeur unsurpassed She died
Robed in the simple splendour of Her life.

Westminster Budget.

E. H. Blakeney, M.A.

It is no idle grief that stirs men's hearts
Thro' all our mighty Empire. Far and wide
Such universal mourning broods as ne'er
Till now has voiced itself in the whole world's
Recorded annals. Low she lies at length,
Our Mother-Queen, folded in dreamless sleep.

O thou whose woman's heart no sorrow more
May touch nor envious care, thy praise we sing
Not unregardful, but remembering thee
Long as the winds blow free o'er English soil,
Long as the seas rejoice on English coasts,
Long as the stars shine o'er this isle of peace
Throned on the silver floods.

O wise and true,
 'Mid feud and counterfeud, 'mid chance or change,
 Thy life was doubly royal, thy pure soul
 A thing that brooked no baseness, and thy will—
 Pillared amid the storms of circumstance
 That beat upon the shore of Time—a power
 To keep the garnered wisdom of the years
 In trust for all the nations.

Fare thee well!
 Sleep on, thy labours done. Sleep; take thy rest.

Frank Bonnett.

Down where the dark deep river silent and cold rolls by
 And Windsor's lofty towers stand clear against the sky
 A sad procession came.

Each head was lowly bowed, and silence reigned supreme,
 And all around seemed strange as tho' 'twere all a dream
 All changed—and yet the same.

Wherfore this sadness? Why this exceeding grief?
 That makes the strongest men in weeping seek relief?

Why this impressive scene?
 Silence makes answer—"Those ye see, who wend
 Their way, o'ercome with deepest grief, attend
 The funeral of a Queen."

Yea, of a Queen—of England's Queen—the best
 And bravest Monarch of all time—to rest
 By loving hands she's laid.

To-day we mourn the loss of her whose hand
 With might—yet gently—long has ruled the land
 And England's fame has made.

Why are we comfortless? Because we loved her so
 A Queen—and Mother too—this earth can never know
 So dear as she has been.

O! Father—Lord, our God—by whom all things are given,
 Pity Thy children sad, who now to Thee in Heaven
 Give back their Mother-Queen.

H. Paterson Bayne.

FORTH she comes from her island home,
Sad the sea and white the foam,
To rest with her dead Victoria's come—
The great Queen to her rest.

Guarded by Britain's might and power,
Honoured by millions in this last hour ;
She comes to claim life's highest dower—
The Empress Queen seeks rest.

Kings of the earth march by her side,
And life is hushed in her Empire wide ;
On through the city's grief-stayed tide
The good Queen goes to rest.

Toll the bells in town and tower,
Toll, for the nation loved her ;
Goodness and sweetness was her power—
Lay the great Queen to rest.

Princes and priests weep o'er her dust,
Simple her faith, in God her trust ;
Never was Queen so good and just—
Lay the great Queen to rest.

Lay her to rest, and a nation's tears
Shall flow in sympathy through the years ;
In the dawn of a time of doubts and fears
The great Queen goes to rest.

Never was duty so nobly done,
Never was woman's crown so won,
Never was Queen as this gracious one—
Lay the great Queen to rest.

Lay her down by him she loved,
Loved with a love that never moved ;
Always his name, by her life she proved
Worthy with him to rest.

The exile, alone with the rushing flood,
Thanks his God for her wondrous good,
For pride of race and pride of blood—

While the great Queen goes to rest.

Widows and orphans shall weep and pray
For her who goes to rest this day ;
Tears hold the Empire wide in sway—

Victoria goes to rest.

Her soldier sons in the din of war,
Wounded and scarred, shall look afar,
As sinks Victoria their shining star—

The Mother Queen to rest.

Pure and high was her influence,
Never was pomp or power pretence,
Her end was peace now she goes hence—

Lay the great Queen to rest.

Glasgow Record.

Henry Branch.

THE tale is told, the record is complete ;

The sands within the glass have marked the end :
The mourners, as they go about the street,
Speak low and fondly of the aged friend.

The past is past. The living bear the dead
Beyond the city wall to silent keeps,
And flowers that a moment hence must shed
Their beauty, point to where the loved one sleeps.

And years roll by, and men grow strange and cold,
For Life has swept them on with hurrying pace ;
Full soon of each the story shall be told,
“ He ran, he runs no longer, in the race.”

Yet doubt it not!—All that hath been is now,
 There is no loss, nor waste, nor dull surcease ;
 For rivulets the broad'ning stream endow,
 And mountain torrents pour a rich increase.

O gracious Life ! O Fountain of the Hill !
 O Majesty of earth, as fair as high !
 Thy crystal bounty shall enrich us still
 With powers and graces that can never die !

Cheltenham Free Press.

Miss Bessie G. Byrom.

Now lay to rest the body of our Queen
 With pomp and grandeur and the last, sad scene,
 'Mid roll of drum and peal of muffled bell ;
 Lay her near him whom she has loved so well.

Yet who would say, " Victoria lies there ? "
 Tis but the casket of a spirit fair,
 A Queen indeed of Empire and of heart ;
 And nobly has she played her Royal part.

When told as child a Queen she'd some time be,
 " I will be good," she answered earnestly.
 Now countless voices say, both far and wide,
 " She hath done what she could " with grateful pride.

Her people's mother, theirs her smiles, her tears ;
 In all their joys she shared, in all their fears ;
 And long as heart will beat in English breast
 Will praise of good Victoria be expressed.

Now rest, tired body, full of honour, age ;
 We sadly turn with sighs a finished page.
 Ah ! blessed rest, for you life's cares are o'er !
 What spirit meetings on that radiant shore !

How like a dream Earth's pomp and State will seem
 In that Great Realm where untold glories gleam !
 Farewell, good Queen ! Your memory e'er will lie
 Deep shrined in hearts ; true love can never die.

Southport Visiter.

Arthur Christopher Benson, M.A.

O pure and true, O faithful heart,
Dear mother of our myriad race,
The Father claims thee—His thou art—
Far hence, in some serener place,
To taste, in that diviner air,
The love that thou hast garnered there.

O crown of love, to live and bear
Life's highest sorrows, deepest, best !
The griefs that might have sown despair
 Bloomed fruitful in thy patient breast ;
And now thou goest, robed in light,
From love in faith, to love in sight.

We dare not speak of glory now ;
We will not think of pomp and pride ;
Tho' listening nations veil their brow,
 And sorrow at Victoria's side.
The silent Orient wondering hears
The tale of all thy gracious years.

But men of after-time shall say,
 “ She was so humble, being great,
That Reason mocked at civil fray,
 And Freedom reigned in sober state ;
She ruled, not seemed to rule, her land,
More apt to guide than to command.”

And we would mourn thee, not as they
 Who weep irreparable loss ;
But grateful for the dear delay,
 Beneath the shadow of the Cross,
Our tearful eyes to heaven we lift,
And render back the precious gift.

And men must pass, and tears be dried,
 And younger hearts who have not known
 That tender presence, gracious-eyed,
 The loving secret of the throne,
 Shall wonder at the proud regret
 That crowns thee, and shall crown thee yet!

Peace, come away! Thou sleep'st beside
 The rugged immemorial sea,
 Where year by year thy navies glide,
 And dream of ancient victory ;—
 And thou—thou fairest forth to prove
 The last, best victory of Love.

The Spectator.

C. C. BELL.

LET us bury the Queen to the sound of a solemn thanksgiving! [living;
 Tears must she have from no dead who had smiles for no But our God shall be thanked for her first, who in her showed no favour; [ever.
 He is our strength from of old, and our dwelling-place

Let us lift up our hearts in His praise for His servant departed, [hearted;
 Mother and Queen, who was great because womanly Who could rule, being meek to obey, ruler and law-abider, [beside her.
 Pure on her eminent height, and strong with no one

She shall go to her rest by the pomp of her people attended! [ended.
 Tears she would ask but a few, her long day's travail And thou who art stricken be strong, O England, ruler of nations!

God is our God from of old, and through all generations.

Epworth Bells.

H. Barber.

WITH years well weighted, and with honour crowned,
She, who for well nigh threescore years and four
Was Britain's Queen, and ever faithful found,
Hath breathed her last on earth and is no more.

Lov'd by her subjects for her special worth,
Both as a wife, a parent, and a queen,
The likes of whom few nations of the earth
In ancient or in modern times have seen.

In State affairs, far-seeing, firm, and wise,
Well versed and with a long experience blest,
'Twas hers, oft-times, advisers to advise,
And show what for the nation was the best.

No mere observer of events was she,
But, keen, discriminating, and withal,
In cases where she could of service be,
Considerate, in all things great and small.

In sympathy with all who stood in need
Of recognition from her bounteous hand,
And this was shown by many a worthy deed,
To grateful thousands, done throughout the land.

And all throughout her long and glorious reign,
The longest that this nation yet hath known,
Her court untarnished by a single stain
Reflected but the virtues of the throne.

A throne which hath its centre in the hearts
Of loyal Britons all the whole world o'er,
And who when needful ever play their parts
As nobly now as in the days of yore.

Mourn deeply, then, ye loyal Britons all ;
Mourn ye the loss of your good friend and Queen,
Whose care for all her subjects great and small
Throughout her whole reign hath proverbial been.

Yes, mourn as seldom ye have mourned before
For her who to a well earned rest hath gone,
And hope that when life's final roll's called o'er
The sentence on her deeds will be—"Well done."

Wilson Barrett.

WELL-BELOVED Queen and Mother! Mother more than
Queen— [been.
Over-burdened with our sorrows hath thy great heart
Oft thy tears flowed with thy children's; now alone we
weep,
For the Father, in His mercy, gives His Loved One sleep.
We, like sick and wounded children, gathered at thy
knee,
And our failings, faults, and follies, all were laid on Thee.
Thou, great Mother of the nations, gave the nations peace;
But of all this lavish giving there is now surcease.

We had grown to think for ever we would come to Thee,
And receive thy ceaseless comfort—endless sympathy.

Selfishly we taxed thy pity, vast as was thy store,
But thy children's plaints and pleadings thou'l hear
never more.

Oft thy tears flowed with thy children's; now alone we
weep,
For the Father, in His mercy, gives His Loved One sleep.

* * *

We have wearied our dear Mother. White and still
she lies.

God hath closed the tired eyelids o'er the tired eyes,
And His Belovèd sleeps.

Referee.

J. J. BELL.

WHEN the summer greets the autumn, and the purple
 meets the brown, [Town,
 You will not be gladly waiting on a train from London
 You will not be keenly watching for a carriage as of
 yore— [more.
 For the Lady who was dear to you can come to you no
 But the sorrow of the winter shall be with you even
 then ; [speaking low,
 And your women will be crying and your maidens
 And a quietness will be upon your strong and aged men
 In remembrance of the Lady whom they saw a year ago.
 Oft indeed She sought your country with its peace and
 homely charm, [always warm,
 And to you, O happy Northern folk, Her heart was
 There was many a City gentleman with honours glaring
 new [to you.
 Would have given half his fortune for the nods She gave
 If you once have shyly spoken with the Lady, face to
 face, [little cot,
 If She once has smiled upon you as She passed your
 You have tales to tell to strangers when they come about
 the place,
 You have stories for the children that can never be forgot.
 There are some among you now whose lives are frail or
 full of years, [love, and tears—
 Who have tales that they can scarcely tell for pride, and
 Tender tales of how She sympathised and brought their
 pain relief . . . [grief!
 Ah, how well the gentle Lady knew the ways of human
 To the world She leaves a memory that many a mortal
 frames
 In the stainless white of reverence and gold of gratitude.
 And when first the mourning stirred among the people
 by the Thames [She was good ! "
 Lo, from all the Earth quick answer came—“ Yea, surely

But 'twas you, Her Northern People—you, O Dwellers
by the Dee— [might see.
Who were nighest to Her simple life who saw what few
And your Lady has not left you poor, howe'er your
hearts be sore, [always wore.
But enriched with gems of Goodness from the Crown She

The Scots Pictorial.

F. Baron.

IN ripe old age, with happy peaceful end,
Our noble Sovereign seeks at last repose ;
And countless millions mourn their Queen, their friend,
Whose vast dominions stretch from snows to snows.
Dead. Can it be that sweet and kindly face,
With loving smile sad hearts no more shall cheer ;
No more those lips shall form the words of grace
That England loved so loyally to hear ?
For she was loved with such true tender love
As never monarch gained from land before ;
Till, called from cares of state to peace above,
She leaves true mourners, hearts sincerely sore.
Hers was the greatest reign the world has known ;
And hers the grandest Empire to control ;
The longest, she, to grace the British throne ;
And hers the brightest name on History's scroll.
Wise and beneficent her rule has been,
Of lofty ideal and of purest aim.
Victoria Regina, Empress, Queen ;
Whose deeds have won for her undying fame,
We mourn her loss, but gratefully rejoice
That she has given us a worthy King,
Who fears not for the right to lift his voice,
Whose hearty speech bears England's truest ring.

Farewell, Victoria the Good, the Great,
Long may the Empire, as you made it, stand ;
May Freedom be its mightiest estate,
And Truth with Justice rule our loyal land.

West Briton.

G. K. A. Bell, K.S.

THE Splendour and the Power have passed away,
Sunk is their glory in a realm of light ;
The Majesty that was of yesterday
Reft from our mournful sight.

Dread Death opes his dark portal to disclose
Man's common heritage of dismal Doom;
And folds her limbs in well-deserved repose
In their last rest—the tomb.

Her light is quenched ; and the great peoples mourn
With one unending, universal cry ;
And on the wind a whispering is borne
With this melodious sigh !

' Peace, for an end is here of all her cares,
In Death's sad Valley are her sorrow's cast :
Her God has heard all those uplifted prayers ;
Peace ' ; and the voice was past. *The Elizabethan.*

Frank A. Bertioli.

VICTORIA—Thy noble life's long lease too soon is sped.
Alas!—Thou art our Empress Queen no more—thy soul
has fled, [wisely led
Thy children, whom for three score years and four thou
Bow low in grief—our Queen, beloved Victoria—is dead.

Like the rising sun her beneficence shone,
Nor ever fail'd her energy when she her task begun ;
Her arduous duties were well and bravely done, [outrun.
Tho' cruel seem'd the strain of care, beyond her strength

Our noble Queen with Christian bands of concord tied
together, [bound for ever :
Her wide spread lands, hearts and hands, in love she
Her faith, hope and sympathy—won her children's love.
She shineth through celestial blue—beams a new star
above.

Florence Bone.

THE wintry morning dawns along the East,
And nations learn that every hope has ceased,
A great cry rises even from the least—
A world's lament !

Our history has turned another leaf,
Silently, in the majesty of grief ;
But still to loyal hearts 'tis past belief
The Queen is dead.

The country bows 'neath sorrow's icy hand,
While desolation stalks throughout the land,
And echoes from the far-off foreign strand
Across the sea.

In silent reverence a mighty host
Send sympathy to those who need it most,
For royal hearts are breaking ; they have lost
Their Mother Queen.

In wayside chapel, and in minster grey,
For England's Queen the People knelt to pray ;
But neither Prince's care, nor gold, could stay
The hand of Death.

Reverberating through the ages past,
Great deeds of mighty queens sound large and vast,
The noblest Queen was she who ruled the last—
Victoria !

All through her eighty years of life her quest
Has been to follow ever what was best ,
And now she goes to everlasting rest.
God takes our Queen.

Beyond the setting sun, one waits for her,
Who left her long ago to others' care
Until to-day, when she is called to wear
A Crown of Life.

J. H. Barnes.

SPRING.

SHE came among her people in the Springtime of her youth,
 With face so purely English, all sincerity and truth;
 Her people rose to greet her, and the workman vied with lord,
 The peasant's and patrician's voices joined in glad accord
 In one great universal prayer, which through the years
 between, [Queen.]
 Has but increased in heartiness, "God save our Sov'reign

SUMMER.

She moved among her people when the Summer's sun was high,
 With strong true woman's nature glorified by every tie
 Of loving wife and mother, too, and at her side there stood
 The one to whom all years to come will 'cede the name,
 "The Good"; [scene,
 No cloud was in the heavens, scarce a shadow flecked the
 For God had heard a people's prayer, "God save our gracious Queen."

AUTUMN.

She drove amongst her people, when the Autumn leaves
 were brown— [spirit down—
 A brimming cup of cares and griefs had weighed her
 Past miles of beaming faces to the merchants' busy marts;
 She said, "I want no retinue: my guard my people's hearts."
 What one who saw, can e'er forget that dignity serene,
 When tears well'd up to choke the words, "God save our noble Queen."

WINTER.

She was borne amongst her people when the Winter's
 skies were low, [her so—
 The King of kings had called her from a realm that loved

For her 'twas but a passing to the dear ones gone before !
For us a glorious heritage—abiding evermore ! [roll—
A nation's heart was throbbing to the drums' sad muffled
A whole world whispered in its grief, the words, "God
rest her soul ! "

The Freemason.

Rev. Dawson Burns, D.D.

LET every head in these vast multitudes
Be bent in solemn reverence. All that
Was mortal of our Queen, gentle and great,
Is now brought forth for burial.

Be hushed,

Remembering what she was so long to us,
Though silent now. Cold is the brow on which
Sat majesty. Closed are the eyes oft filled
With love, and oft bedewed with tenderest
Sympathy. Helpless is the hand that grasped
A sceptre mightier than any once
By Cæsars held. Her Emblems true are twain—
The Lily, white and pure ; the Rose, fragrant
And flushed. As "the Queen," our Queen, we knew her,
Living for others, not herself alone.

Her love for all her people of all climes
Was warm and soft as a fair summer's day.

In their answering love her Throne shone lustrous,
And, in that love arrayed, more beautiful
Was she than Solomon in all his sheen.

Now with tears of fond regret, the ashes
Of our great Queen are being borne to their
Last resting-place, beside the form of him
With whom she dwelt in all domestic bliss,
Until God's servitor took him, to wait

For her—a waiting ended now. 'Tis fit
Their forms should rest together in the calm
Sleep of death ; but they, themselves, in the rich
Fitness of their being, are not there. To
Faith's vision the Empyrean opens,
Whence blended voices come to soothe our griefs—
"All is well—for ever well ! "

Samuel Burnett.

WHEN surging billows roll and tempests boom,
And storms rage round the tossed, beaten barque,
The sailor strains his eyes to pierce the gloom,

Naught but despair ! his hopes are drear and dark
Is there no God ? Look up, thy faith should last,
He does, and finds a haven—danger past.

Such is the anguish in our hearts to-day,
The Empire mourns for one we loved so dear,
Our Queen, our mother, friend, our guide, our stay,
And all seems dark, midst sorrow, gloom and tears.
Is there no God ? Yes, listen to His voice,
Why do'st thou grieve and mourn ? thou should'st rejoice.

For what is death when He has vanquished sin,
An opening to the great and secret sphere,
Where trouble, sorrow, care, enter not in,
For He hath wiped the eye—there is no tear.
There too the good and faithful worship Him,
There's nought but peace, eternal peace within.

Galloway Gazette.

Fred G. Bowles.

GOD hath plucked His evening star !
Lay the royal Lady low ;
Where serener kingdoms are
She shall shine with added glow.

Prince and pauper mourn their Queen !
From her grave, immortal, springs
That bright soul which set between
Constellations of the Kings.

What the panoply and praise—
Massy ship and tender bloom ?
Lapt in her eternal days
Calm she lies within the tomb.

Not where coloured marble gleams,
Rich mosaic and fresco shine,
Wrapped in everlasting dreams
Queen she is by right divine !

God hath plucked His evening star,
Raised the Ruler from the strife :
Where her loved, her lost ones are,
Crowned her with enduring life !

Ellen M. Blunt.

We never thought that thou could'st die,
Thy gracious Royalty was such
It seemed an immortality
That Death could never touch.

Men said that it was drawing near
With swift and sudden strides to thee,
We prayed in agonies of fear,
But said "It cannot be!"

Yet thou art gone. Thy Royal face,
Resting at last in quiet sleep,
Hath won that tender grace
Which makes the strongest weep.

Thine England loved thee long and well,
While yet the crown was on thy brow !
But words are weak to tell
How England loves thee now !

Our own dear Queen, in weal or woe
Thy heart and ours still beat as one ;
And now thou liest low,
Care, labour, sorrow done !

And at thy feet in grief untold
We pour our wealth of love and tears,
Love that will ne'er grow cold
Through all the coming years !

God rest thee, great and glorious Queen !
 Victorious now in truth thou art,
 Thy worth best known and seen
 In England's grieving heart.

Churchwoman.

Prof. Dr. H. Bellyse Baildon.

THIS morning's sun beholds an orphan'd world,
 And, as upon the frost-dewed leaves his light
 Strikes on ten million blades, with dew empearled—
 The dazzling largess of the star-sown night—
 It flashes on a hundred million tears
 In every land, in every clime, that hears
 Those sad words said,
 “*The Queen is dead.*”

Last night, about the blazoned Royal bed,
 Son, grandson, Kaiser, Prince (our King to be),
 Bowed stricken heart and sorrow-humbled head,
 One grief-united human family,
 Awaiting the slow passage of his wings,
 The silent summoner from the King of Kings,
 Until one said,
 “*The Queen is dead.*”

Without a household waited, grief opprest,
 And heard, without, the sad and ominous sea
 Sigh out its restless hungering for rest,
 Or saw the sharp new moon bear tenderly
 The old dead moon in her slim bark away,
 As one who a dread secret would betray,
 And whispering said,
 “*The Queen is dead.*”

And, far without, a mighty people moved
 Softly with baited breath, as though it were
 By the death-chamber waiting ; unreproved
 Men bade farewell to hope ; then came a stir

Of preparation for the mourning days,
And yet we staggered, as in sore amaze,
When it was said,
“*The Queen is dead.*”

As men of old by some portentous gloom,
Eclipse or earthquake, frightened, paused aghast
In labour or in pleasure, lest some doom
Disastrous threatened, so a shadow passed
Between us and the light, and Pleasure stayed
Her merry round, as guilty and afraid,
When it was said,
“*The Queen is dead.*”

Then thrilled the great globe like a sentient thing,
Stung into life by sorrow, for there sped
Along its swift electric nerves, that bring
Together to one whole with heart and head
Members and limbs of that vast realm that are
By continents and oceans sundered far,
The words that said,
“*The Queen is dead.*”

Then rose a cry from all the startled world,
As when some golden statue, set on high
For all men’s worship, is to ruin hurled
And vanishes in darkness suddenly ;
Or as if mariners beheld the bright,
Clear Pole-star fall from all the zenith’s height,
For it was said,
“*The Queen is dead.*”

In far Canadian hut, in Kaffir craal,
By martial watch-fires on the wasted veldt,
In vast Australia’s Continent and all
The far Pacific Isles the pang is felt.
All India’s millions, to one nation blent,
Partake with us of Sorrow’s Sacrament,
As it is said,
“*The Queen is dead.*”

“ As he that for his mother mourns,” we mourn
 For thee whom God hath clothèd in the light
 Of Queenhood, wifehood, motherhood, upborne
 Of universal Love into the height
 Of very worship, Heaven’s eternal sign
 And symbol of a womanhood divine !

So let it *not* be said,

“ *The Queen is dead.*”

Dundee Advertiser.

Harry Bell.

MOTHER of Mothers, Queen of Queens,
 Ruler of Rulers, Lord of Lords ;
 War harvests, but the reaper gleans
 A richer prize than Swords.

God help our England, for we stand
 Orphaned of Her who made us one ;
 The Honour of the Fatherland,
 Her Hope, Her Trust, Her Sun !

Afar, where Summers burn and glow,
 The subject peoples of our race
 Shall see their stricken Master go
 With tears upon his face.

The nation, at her dying, born,
 Shall weep beneath the Southern Cross,
 And with her Mother-Country mourn
 Irreparable loss.

The scattered islands of Her Realm
 Shall droop the emblem of her sway
 Who through the long years grasped the helm—
 Through the laborious day.

And flashing lights shall signal far
 Their tidings to the passing ships,
 To tell the sinking of Her Star,
 Her sorrowful eclipse.

Oh, Mother Queen ! God's honoured guest,
Who greatly welcome's those who bring
Thy great credentials ; thine His rest !
Amen. God save the King.

The Times.

Elise Rae-Brown.

“THE Queen ! God bless her !” so her people prayed
Thro’ all the years of her glorious reign ;
Shouting with acclamations loud and long,
With ringing cheers, the glad and sweet refrain.

“The Queen ! God bless her !” solemnly and slow,
With heads low bending once again we pray :
“The Queen !” as thro’ the streets the mourners go
Bearing our well-belovèd home to-day.

“The Queen ! God bless her !” for the last, last time
She journeys through her loved and loyal land,
With throngs of weeping subjects pressing round,
The marks of heavy woe on every hand.

“The Queen ! God bless her !” low and soft we breathe
Here at her grave amid the gorgeous scene ;
And through our tears, with broken voices sob,
“Our Queen, alas ! is gone ! the Queen ! our Queen !”

Oban Times.

Mark Bailey.

MOURN we the passing of our Queen,
Yet mourn we not as those resigned
To think of her as to th’ unseen,
Oblivious otherwhere consigned—
The common goal of human-kind !
Dead will that spirit never be :
In her rich annals men will find
A proud, immortal History !

The base, ignoble or unclean :
 The man to evil deeds inclined,
 Found a stern barrier between
 Her presence and his vicious kind !
 But sorrow to her heart did bind
 The griefs of all humanity !
 So lives, for Prince and humble hind,
 A proud, immortal History !

Brightest of souls ! whose life serene
 Of purest ray : of gold refined :
 The noblest monument hath been
 Of truest virtue ! Stately mind
 For firm, yet tender rule designed ;
 Fair spring of queenly courtesy !
 For us who wait, she leaves behind
 A proud, immortal History !

ENVOY.

Princess and Queen ! Thy hand hath signed
 The warrant of our destiny !
 With Britain's sorrow is entwined
 A proud, immortal History !

Co-operative News.

William Boulton.

A LL o'er each continent and island,
 N eath ocean billows' restless sway,
 E lectric tidings, swift and silent,
 M ake known an Empire's loss to-day.
 P rince, peer, and peasant bowed in sorrow—
 I mperious hearts o'erwhelm'd with grief,
 R ebellious exiles e'en fain borrow
 E legiac phrase to mask their chief.

Mourn ! England, mourn ! thy brightest jewel
 Utshining aught in regal crown !
 Unsparring Death ! with fingers cruel,
 Relentless smites thy Empress down !
 Noble Victoria ! thy name will for ever
 Stand forth pure and bright on historic page,
 Idealistic poets thy virtues can never
 Arrow down to the standard of any past age.
 Sovereign, Victoria ! thy worth will be cherish'd
 In lands that enjoyed thy beneficent sway ;
 Laws, literature, science, and arts ever flourish'd,
 Enrich'd by thee zeal 'twas thy wont to display.
 No poor fetter'd bondsman lies wailing in anguish,
 Throughout thy vast Empire the humblest are free,
 Inspired by God's inspiration, thy resolve was to vanquish
 Rapacious enslavers—by land and by sea !
 Immaculate thy love to the dear ones around thee,
 Enhanc'd tho' too often by sorrow's sharp thrill ;
 Fulfilling thy mission as each duty found thee,
 Thy chiefest aim ever to do God's holy will !
 Oh ! thy life is the surety of all other nations,
 Dynastic succession full blessings can bring ;
 And whilst to thee we now render our farewell oblations,
 Yield we faithful allegiance to Edward our King.

Southport Visiter.

Rev. S. Childs-Clarke, M.A.

Victoria, great Name ! lov'd, honour'd, and rever'd
 In all her world-wide empire—yea and far beyond
 Cherished by countless hearts—by Britain's foemen
 That name so notable ! In recollection fond [fear'd,
 Of all who liv'd to bless her long auspicious reign.
 Rarely has Name been ever found in Hist'ry's page
 Inscribed so tenderly. Long will it be ere yet again
 A Monarch like to her shall rise in any future reign.

R ight royally she bore herself 'mid her compeers—
 E ach foreign potentate to England's prudent Queen
 G ave heed, and oft amid the nation's doubts and fears,
 I n danger imminent, her counsel wise was seen
 N o Ruler yet with more "éclat" has ever fill'd a throne
 A Queenly MOTHER did devoted subjects, in her, own.

E 'en in an age with democratic spirit rife
 T hat higher rôle she gain'd, won by a noble life.

I MPERATRIX—proud title India to her gave—
 M istress of hearts full soon throughout that Empire vast.
 P roudly the Royal Standard far and wide did wave,
 E ach age successive adding lustre to the last.
 R ever'd alike by peer and peasant, young and old,
 A cloud of deepest gloom o'erspread the mourning land
 T hat day when tidings of her death were sadly told,
 R eceiv'd with grief unfeign'd by all, on every hand.
 I MPERIAL her majestic rule in hearts and homes alway,
 X erxes, that Prince of myriads of old, knew no such
 sway!

P. Comrie.

Most noble Queen, most loving, truly wise,
 A worthier than thou hast never graced
 An earthly throne. Thy memory effaced
 Shall never be, but multitudes shall prize,
 Revere, and honour it ; and time, that tries
 And tests all earthly things, shall only prove
 That thou wast even worthier of their love,
 Because of all thy Christlike excellences.

Now death has closed thy long and honoured reign,
 And all thy subjects mourn, and high and low,
 And young and old, shed heartfelt tears. Thy gain
 Is rich, is great, is glorious, we know,
 And while our hearts with deep emotions swell,
 We strive to say " He doeth all things well."

A. S. Carnegie.

VICTORIA's dead ! Britannia weeps
As she has never wept before,
The leaden pall of sorrow hangs
O'er all our isle from shore to shore.
The mournful aspect well becomes
A land whose mother Queen has gone,
From palace here to mansions high,
From earthly crown to heavenly throne.

Victoria's dead ! O'er all the world
The mournful news casts gloom to-day,
All eyes are turned to yonder isle,
Where Britain's Queen has passed away.
And e'en the winter's cloudy skies
Drop down in tears, as if they knew
How keen our grief, how great our loss,
Since she has passed from earthly view.

Victoria's dead ! none more beloved
By peer, by peasant, filled a throne,
A queenly woman, a motherly Queen,
Our hearts were bound unto her own.
The tender word, the thoughtful deed,
Her sympathy so warm and kind,
All won the hearts of Britain's sons
And 'graved her name upon our min'l.

Victoria's dead ! the earth ne'er knew
A nobler Queen, none half so dear,
None half so good, so pure, so true,
And earth now drops with us the tear.
How oft her loving tender heart
With sore afflicted ones has bled,
Then let the tears unhindered flow,
Since hearts are sore, Victoria's dead.

J. T. Chapman.

BRITANNIA weeps, but through the scalding tears
A smile of glowing pride steals o'er her face—
The pride of more than sixty brilliant years
Of wise and loving rule that blessed and raised our race.

The Empire's children, glorying in their birth,
By sorrow linked, clasp hands across the world ;
And loving homage, hallowing all the earth,
Bows every creed and race, whate'er the flag unfurled.

Victoria the beloved, the mother, wife,
And Empress-Queen, the good, the gently brave,
The flower that sweetened the dead Cent'ry's life,
Now, like a beauteous wreath, is placed upon its grave.

Mourn wasted lives—not hers, who spent each day
In wise, kind acts, throughout a long, grand reign ;
When monarchs die, when empires pass away,
The good survives their dust, to spring and bloom again.

Western Daily Press.

Mrs. A. M. Cochrane.

As when the golden corn, with songs of praise,
Was safely gathered, when the harvest came ;
Or when upon the victor's brow we raise,
The laurel wreath of well deserved fame,
Thus O belovèd Queen, with bended knee,
We bring our tribute to thy memory.

For not alone enthroned o'er Britain's race,
Thy power is felt in every human heart ;
True woman, crowned with every hallowed grace,
To sacred love, and duty, set apart :
Bearing the banner of a stainless life,
Thy soul has passed beyond this scene of strife.

And through the dim and mystic veil that hides
 The glories of the world of cloudless light ;
 The world where God's eternal truth abides,
 We see the entrance of thy spirit bright,
 We almost hear the Master's Word, " Well done ; "
 " Thy Crown of Life, O child of earth is won ! "

Tend'rest of Mothers, and devoted Wife,
 With heart to feel thy humblest subject's grief,
 With hand outstretched through all thy noble life ;
 With tender touch, to give the poor relief.
 Through thy vast Empire, the strong cord of love,
 Has bound us heavenward to the Throne above.

Victoria ! yes, for like an Anthem Psalm ;
 Thy name rings out upon the bells of time,
 With tear-dimmed eyes our hands still wave the palm,
 Our hearts still claim thee, in a nobler clime,
 Our Empress Queen, whose pure and holy grace,
 Has given Womanhood its lofty place.

And thus we leave thee, truest, purest, best,
 Not Death has claimed thee,—the Almighty King
 Has led thee forward to eternal rest ;
 Till the vast future shall its fulness bring,
 And thou, till faith, and hope, and love depart,
 Shall live immortal in thy people's heart.

Durham Advertiser.

W. Carter.

SHE'S now at rest—a peaceful rest
 From all her labours here ;
 Amongst us all her name was blest,
 Her name to all was dear.

Her earthly crown she has laid down,
 A crown of life to win :
 A heavenly crown, of great renown ;
 A crown that ne'er grows dim.

Her loved ones dear she's bade farewell
 Till dawn to meet again—
 That day of peace and joy to all
 Who love the Saviour's name.

In time of war, in time of peace,
 A faithful Queen she's been :
 And now she waits that perfect peace
 Of Him—the heavenly King :

That King who rules this world so great—
 A mighty King is He ;
 And for that King we all must fight
 Would we His soldiers be.

And may God grant our King, who shall
 That vacant throne refill,
 Prove true to country and to all,
 And we will do his will. *Devon and Somerset News.*

William Crabbe.

THE fiat went forth : “ Come, take thy rest,
 Victoria ; 'tis at thy King's behest
 That thou art taken from mundane renown ;
 Receive thy guerdon—an eternal crown.”

Death levels all ; but she who in her life,
 As winsome maid, a mother and lov'd wife,
 Unsullied shone—a bright and brilliant star—
 Won for her adoration near and far.

We mourn our loss—a mother's pitying care,
 Which peer and peasant never ceased to share,
 She by divinity was ne'er hedged round ;
 But mingling with her sons was ever found.

No need to grieve, or cherish vain regret,
 Our Queen has but requited Nature's debt.
 'Tis ours to stand where she so nobly stood—
 Upon that grand resolve—“ I will be good ! ”

Bridport News.

Andrew Crocket.

A NEW star shines in heaven's galaxy,
Translated from a lower altitude
Unto the glory of meridian height ;
To show the great Creator's handiwork
To all who dwell on this sublun'y sphere.
It shone long o'er our island in the sea,
And drew all eyes to watch its radiant beams ;
Till hearts were knit to it in holy love.
The sailor, toiling on the storm-toss'd main,
Oft gaz'd with interest on its stellar rays,
For well he knew his sea-girt island home
Was 'neath the influence of its silver light.
The soldier on the tented field did long
To see it rise ; it made his heart rejoice.
The peasant and the peer did love to view
Its glory ; aye, statesmen and great monarchs
Tried to divine by its astrology
The portents, and the changes of the times,
Yea, some were even envious that we
Did worship at its pure and holy shrine.
Long seasons did our nation scan its beams
With pure devotion, reverence and love.
Until one evening, as the shadows clos'd,
Our hearts were quicken'd, for a wondrous change
Came o'er the spirit of its heavenly course.
It vanish'd ; seemed eclips'd, till like a flash
Of lightning in an upward way it rush'd,
Leaving a trailing glory in its track.
And as we gazed and wondered to behold ;
A greater glory than it had before
Stream'd from its face across the vault of heaven
And then we knew the splendour of its beams
Were borrowed from the glories far beyond.
Ye nations all go follow in its track
For it hath shown the pathway unto heaven ;
And sages in the heavenly arts have nam'd
This star of radiancy 'Victoria.'

)

R. J. Campbell, B.A.

AH ! what a tale the bells are telling ;
 List how their accents sadly steal
 Into our hearts and over the homeland,
 Rolling their sorrow-laden peal.
 What do their muffled accents tell us ?
 Is it that Death's cold hand hath been
 Into the home of our Royal loved ones—
 That he hath called away our Queen ?

Queen of our hearts and of our homeland,
 Canst thou thy people's sorrow see—
 Canst thou but know thy children's mourning,
 And how their hearts long after thee.
 Oft, in thine hour of queenly sorrow,
 Hearts have been sad in loyal homes,
 For, to the Royal heart and the lowly,
 Grief, without much distinction comes.

And when thy people bowed in sorrow,
 Down from thy throne came a woman's love,
 Pitying those who had cause for weeping,
 Seeking the cause of their griefs to move.
 Now, thou art gone, and, ah me, how lonely,
 Beateth the nation's heart to-day,
 Sadly we wait as thy barque goes sailing
 Out on the ocean for ever away.

Nay, 'tis too hard, is this sad farewelling,
 Nor will we say to thee "farewell" ;
 Ever with us wilt thou be remaining,
 Still in our hearts shall thy memory dwell.
 But, alas ! in the tomb they must take and lay thee,
 Mid an Empire's anguish deep and keen ;
 Yet thine own people will ever love thee—
 Farewell, Victoria, our Mother Queen.

Miss M. E. Christie.

THE Queen is dead—God save the King !
Guns sob our loss, bells toll our grief.
Sudden, a thrill, a murmur of relief,
The King is come—Hearts leap and voices ring,
God save..... God save the King !

The Queen is dead. Finish'd her blameless reign.
Her life laid down,
Her burden shed,
The Queen is dead.
Low lies the crown,
And flags fly low—
While all her people softly go,
And the wide world a sabbath silence keeps,
Remembering the Majesty that sleeps,
At rest from mortal pain.

The Queen is dead—God save the King !
O, chide us not for light inconstancy
That hustles mourning with expectancy,
Because our hearts o'ercharged with sorrowing
Turn still to pray, God save the King !

The Queen is dead. The King draws near,
God save him by all holy fear,
Keep him in death and life,
Shield him in peace and strife,
Save him from sin
By grace within !
And while the flags fly low,
And all the people softly go
Honouring the great Queen's sleep,
Pray God her virtues keep
Guard o'er her son,
Blessing the reign begun—
God save the King !

Churchwoman.

W. J. Crosbie.

FROM North to South, from East to West,
 The funeral-pall is spread,
 Deep, silent sorrow fills each breast—
 The Empire mourns her dead.

Her dead ? Ah, no. The Mother-Queen
 Lives in our hearts to-day,
 Lives, and will live so long as Truth
 And Purity hold sway.

We bless her for the life she lived
 As Mother, Wife and Queen ;
 Rich harvests ripened by that life
 We, her loved children, glean.

Her heart, her life, was ours. She shared
 Our gladness and our woe ;
 She gave us love ; a greater gift
 No mother could bestow.

Monarchs shall sit on England's throne,
 Or brief or long their day ;
 But she, within the Empire's heart,
 Shall live and reign for aye.

Handsworth Chronicle.

Annie Isabel Curwen.

DEATH'S shadow darkens all the land ;
 Our hearts and homes with woe are filled ;
 The kindest heart on earth is stilled ;
 The sceptre taken from her hand.

Victoria the good, the great,
 The brightest star that e'er has thrown
 A radiance around a throne,
 Has left her people desolate.

Victoria, the great, the blest,
The world's ideal of womanhood,
Whose name for every virtue stood,
Has entered into blessed rest.

And minor sorrows are forgot
In this great sorrow that has come
Striking the stricken nation dumb,
She whom her people loved—is not.

Not all her children's love could keep
From her dear side the last dread foe ;
Not all our prayers avert the blow
Which falling makes the whole world weep.

Could we have stemmed the tide of years
And kept her closing days serene,
No shadow should have touched our Queen,
To mar her peace, or move her tears.

But she her great heart has outworn
Sharing her people's grief and pain,
And suffering, sunk beneath the strain
Of many burdens nobly borne.

Hers was the ready sympathy
That never stopped at class or creed.
A mother in Israel indeed—
A Queen of hearts in truth was she.

And now she has laid down her cross—
Burdens of years, of grief, and pain,
And heav'n is richer for the gain,
And earth is poorer for her loss.

But we are glad she is asleep.
Glad that the night of death is past.
That perfect peace is hers at last,
That in the better land she'll reap.

The harvest of her good work here ;
The kindly words, the gracious deeds
She sowed below like precious seeds,
Watering with many a tear.

Her earthly sceptre is laid down,
 Her kingdoms pass unto her son,
 But she has fairer kingdoms won,
 With an imperishable crown.

Faith follows her to world's unseen,
 And sees her on the Father's throne.
 But nature weeps, and makes its moan.
 VICTORIA! O, BELOVED QUEEN!

Barrow News.

Captain W. B. Chambers, F.R.S.L.

HUSHED are our voices, deeper hushed the soul ;
 The link has snap't—a link by ages weft ;
 An Empire of its greatest light bereft ;
 A nation's life has passed beyond the goal.

Greatest of Queens, of Women nobler yet,
 Thy Empire's pride, a World's example thou ;
 A Dynasty bequeathed thee to endow—
 With loftiest aims—a glory ne'er to set.

We mourn thee Regal Queen, wife, mother—all ;
 As rich, or powerful, miss thy stately grace :
 As poor, or sad, of every clime or race
 How more thy prompt response to pity's call !

Hadst thou by Fate decreed—no higher flight
 Than humble citizen or swain's estate,
 Of daughter, mother, wife exemplar great,
 In human perfectness had reached the height.

E'en nobler, greater now, for could we fain
 By mortal means thy present glory see,
 Thy perfect rule, by that Great King's decree,
 Assures thee, Saintly Queen, Eternal reign.

Of thy great Ancestry the noblest, best,
 Ne'er one so mourned within a heart of hearts ;
 Thy memory alone a balm imparts ;
 Our long last *Vale* take,—and then thy Rest.

Emily Curwen.

GRIEF reigns supreme throughout the land,
And bitter tears are shed,
Our Queen, our well-belovèd Queen,
So kind, so good, is dead.
Forgotten are her cares and woes,
Peaceful she lies in calm repose.

Majestic, still in death is she,
Lying amidst the flow'rs ;
And we thank God that pain did not
Disturb her closing hours,
That such a life as hers has been,
Should end in such a peaceful scene.

Thy name O Queen ! will never fade,
'Twill shine for ever bright,
For thou hast been a true support
Of all that's just and right ;
And none will ever thee excel
Great Sovereign, we have loved so well.

Mother, and Queen, and friend, wert thou
To both the high and low ;
Wise in thy speech, kind in thy heart,
As all thy actions show ;
And we can hardly realise
That thou art gone to Paradise.

Oh ! thou wast merciful and true,
And though thou hast laid down
Thy earthly sceptre, yet we know
Thou'l wear a heav'nly crown ;
That in the happy Land above
Thy days will pass in peace and love.

So, though we sorrow for thee still,
 In reverent tones we sing
 —Thinking of thy dear name the while—
 “God Save our Noble King!”
 With whose new reign may strife abate,
 And Britain grow yet still more great.

North Western Daily Mail.

The Rev. F. St. John Corbett, M.A., F.R.S.L.

An Empire's tears are falling o'er a tomb
 Where now is laid to her eternal rest
 All that was mortal of the noblest, best
 Of Mother-Queens: the world is wrapped in gloom.

Ten thousand bells are sending through the air
 The solemn sound which tells thou art no more—
 At least for us—but on the farther shore
 Thy soul hath found a land more wondrous fair.

What hast thou left? A legacy more grand
 Than all the wealth of Ophir could ensure—
 A wise example of a life most pure
 To small and great in this and every land.

Farewell, thou well-beloved, a long farewell!
 Nor tongue nor pen can tell what thou hast been,
 Queen amongst women—Woman, though a Queen,
 Thou in thy people's hearts must ever dwell.

How shall we show our sorrow at thy loss,
 O Great Victoria, the good and blest?
 Thy people would commemorate thee best
 By living hourly closer to the Cross.

Rise to the greatness of thy destiny
 O Royal Edward, now to be our King,
 And let the world again with homage ring
 For thee and thine—until Eternity.

Penrith Observer.

Joseph Crosthwaite.

THY earth-life's task is done ! Most nobly done !
Throughout thy reign a glorious record stands
Of great achievements wrought in many lands—
Wise, worthy deeds and noble victories won !

No purer maiden ever filled a throne,
Or hath appeared upon this earthly scene,
More skilled with graceful tact to rule as Queen—
The greatest Empire that the world hath known ;

Thy Mother and thy Consort, good and kind,
Did much to aid by counsel and advice ;
While thy pure soul, which shrank from every vice,
Made Court ideals as pure as was thy mind !

The love and loyalty that filled thy heart,
As child, maid, monarch, tender, loving wife
And mother, were the key-notes of a life
Harmoniously attuned in every part.

And in the sorrows of thy middle age,
When nearest, dearest, were by death removed,
With heart strings torn in sorrow, too—thou proved
How souls like thine can others' woes assuage.

Thy life's example, spotless and refined,
Through sympathy and love made blissful reign ;
Hath raised the ruler's role for noblest gain,
Shall act on like a charm to bless mankind !

Sweet loyalty hath sprung on every hand,
And Greater Britain's sons and daughters free !
A laurel wreath of love present to thee,
In sweetest sympathy, from every land !

Well done ! Well done ! Thy earthly task is o'er ;
A heavenly for an earthly crown is thine ;
Well won ! Well won ! Immortally to shine
In endless radiance on the other shore !

And now—May thy pure soul inspire thy son
To make his future what thy past hath been—
To prove a King—worthy such mother Queen ;
Striving for common-weal, excelled by none !

Blessed with Queen Alexandra by his side,
Whose sweet angelic sympathy of soul,
Might thrill thy people's hearts from pole to pole ;
May powers divine, rulers and peoples guide.

Emilie Chambers.

THE Queen is dead. The world's great Lady lies
In slumber deep and passionless. Her eyes—
Her earthly eyes—are clos'd to the sight
Of mighty nations weeping. She is dead !
Around her silent form God's "Hush" is felt
Eternal and profound—stilling the voice
That swayed with sweet insistence His dear world,
And was as stately music to the ears
Of millions of her people.

God has looked
Into her gentle eyes, and darkened now
They see no purpled splendour of a throne,
But light his hidden stars. He touched her hands,
And lo ! the sceptre, in its golden pride
Became a bauble, and fell nervelessly,
With all its piteous pomp and great unrest,
For power undimmed. From her queenly lips
God drained the crimson for His own dear need,
And left them cold and empty for the grave
And for the weeping world. From her tired brow
He lifted earthly honour, to bestow
A mystic circlet from His other world,
Begemmed with Love, and Love's bright sister, Truth.
And what have we ? The cold, dead Queen alone !
Dumb lips—closed eyes, white, empty, folded hands—
Dead heart—no more ?

Her God and ours is good—
And we have dear remembrance of a life
Noble and pure and sweet—of a great heart,
That felt for the world's pain—of tender eyes,
That dimmed with tears for our unworthy selves
So selfish in our grief—of royal hands,
Compassionate and womanly—of feet,
Swift and untiring—and of a white soul
Untouched by slander—this is ours to-day.
She is at rest—our Empress and our Queen.
Perchance with him, who wearied of the race,
And left her lonely in a world of stress
And weeping children—him whom she loves well,
And mourned so long.

Our sobs must needs be hushed,
For angel forms do guard her—their soft wings
Are beating on our faces, and their hands
Are graving on her quiet face the smile
Wherewith she faces God !

Let us go hence,
And softly tread—the Lady is asleep !

Folkestone Herald.

The Countess of Cork.

DARK clouds are lowered o'er the land,
The mourners in our streets are seen,
Chill Death has laid his glacial hand
Upon our honoured, much-loved Queen.

He came not with sharp, sudden crush,
Nor dealt fierce, unexpected blow,
But softly, as in murmured hush,
With gentle touches laid Her low.

Some halting—fainting—scarcely pain,
Foreshadowing Life's web outspun,
Some wildering of a tired brain,
And lo ! the well-sped Race was run.

Half-masted Flag and tolling Bell,
The fatal tidings quickly spread,
Deep sadness greeted sound of Knell
And rev'rent list'ners bowed the head.

Wrapped in dear relies of the Past,
In folded hands a cross on breast—
Symbol of Faith Her soul held fast—
That long-proved Soul hath gained its Rest.

Of many Lands the Rulers come
To watch, with homage justly due,
Her passing to the Silent Home
'Mid throng of loyal hearts and true.

Yet through all pomp of humankind
Her Sons who grieve, as Daughters weep,
Chief comfort in this thought may find
"God giveth His Belovèd sleep."

Pall Mall Gazette.

Rebecca Crichton.

You sleep, and when shall you wake, O, Queen ?
With the song of the lark, with the wild bees' hum,
With the snowdrops so white, with the primrose gay,
With the chanticleer at break of day,
With the song so sweet of the Queen of May,
Sleep on, O Queen !

The lark may sing, and the snowdrops bloom,
And the primrose around shed sweet perfume,
The May Queen may sing and the wild bees hum,
But thou wilt sleep on till a brighter dawn
Arouses thee to immortality,
Sleep on, O Queen !

Thy loved ones here
Grudge not the sphere

Thou hast attained.

Love all the way doth follow thee,
We do not ask thee back ; thy God doth see
The path behind, marked with thy footsteps all the way,
To guide us to an endless day.

Sleep on, O Queen !

Beautiful sleep ! we gaze on thee,
Emblem of higher life to be
Beauty so still, and love so full
Of joys and hope around thee in life's school ;
But thou art free,
And love and life to thee
Is immortality,
Sleep on, O Queen !

Hamilton Advertiser.

William Cryer.

GOD of the mountains hoary !
Who, to Thy praise and glory,
Charged us to walk before Thee
Upright, unshaken !
Humbled and stricken, O, hear us !
And in our loneliness cheer us,
Her who was tenderly near us
Home Thou hast taken !

Meekly she took up the sceptre,
Trusting in Thee who has kept her,
Made her, when trouble o'erswept her,
Strong for high duty :
Ne'er in the pathway she halted,
Ne'er from its duty revolted,
Purity of life she exalted,
Crown of all beauty !

Love showed her “loan for love” finely,
Kindness wrought in her divinely,
Ruling her people benignly,

O, she was queenly !

Now is it matter of wonder
(Death having rent us asunder),
Spirits the meanest garb under

Grieve for her keenly ?

When from her Consort sore-riven,
Still from her anchor undriven,
Found she, what oft she had given,

Comfort in sorrow :

True to its kind was her reaping,
Calm in Thy confident keeping,
Joy, through the night of her weeping,
Came on the morrow !

Councillors just Thou didst gain her,
So in her realm to sustain her
Honour did never arraign her—

Never forsake her.

Measures of mercy devising,
Worth above cleverness prizing,
So by Thy gentleness rising,

Great Thou didst make her !

Science and art, and fair learning
Hailed she, as truly discerning,
They were as heaven-lamps burning,

Lighting earth’s dwellings !

So for each mind that was gifted,
And for each cloud that was rifted,
Praise and thanksgiving she lifted,

Warm with heart-swellings !

Still grew her mother-heart fonder,
Still a more ready responder,
As her mind turned to ponder
Over dear childhood !

Deeming home pleasures the meetest,
And its love-gifts the completest,
Fresh as the blooms—and the sweetest—
Out by the wild-wood !

Time added glory should bring her,
Fragrant shall memories linger,
Themes which the painter and singer
Long shall find ample !
Never did noble crown-wearer
Leave us a heritage fairer,
Winning the love that we bear her
By her example !

Bolton Chronicle.

Lady Currie.

THIS is no Queen, that was, and is no more ;
No mere anointed Monarch, from a Throne
On this poor planet, wafted to a shore
Where the Eternal Spirit reigns alone ;
And no mere mother, wife, or faithful friend—
Tho' all of these in her one name combined
To make it blessed—but from end to end
Of her vast Empire, a Tradition, twined
About our hearts from earliest infant years ;
An Influence we felt when Right prevailed
Over the blackness of enshrouded spheres ;
A Hope we turn'd to when all others failed
And died in darkness ! Greater deeds were wrought
By reason of her greatness ; greater good
Grew of her proven goodness ! Soldiers fought
More bravely, knowing that they shed their blood
To drive the foe from lands that own'd her sway
Or plant her standard under alien stars,
And shipwreck'd sailors, watching the last ray
Of daylight sink below the Ocean-bars,
Have pray'd for her ; while in the loneliness
Of desert-solitudes, beyond our ken,

The "Great White Queen" has been evoked to bless
 The lower lives of simple savage men
 Who knew her only as an honoured name,
 Half Human, half Divine—the type of all
 They sought for in their gods, and fed with flame
 Upon their altars! Can the velvet pall
 That covers what is mortal hide away
 For evermore and stifle in its folds
 The light that liv'd because she saw the day,
 Or quench in darkness what her memory holds?
Here, whilst her crape-bound banner beats the air,
 And each sad hour some sadder record brings,
 Our hearts determine she shall never share
 The cold companionship of vanished Kings;
 What, in her England, tho' the great bell toll
 And all the world go sable-garmented?
 Save to the earthborn travail of the soul.
 She that a Nation mourns for is not dead!

Morning Post.

Lieut.-Col. Sir Edward Durand, Bart., C.B.

DEAD—the Great Queen, whose mighty heart
 Throbbed with a love that bound the haughtiest race
 The world has seen, responsive at her feet.
 Dead—and the wailing wind buffets our cliffs,
 Lasting the clangour of the mourning bells
 In fitful gusts across a widowed land.
 Dead—and the heaving sea in wild unrest
 Shatters her foam against our island home,
 And falls back sobbing at a nation's grief.
 Dead—and the girdled earth from land to land
 Shudders in instant sympathy, and sends
 Lightning to flash—Love—for the Love that's gone—
 Dead—and the circling sea, our Empire's hold,
 From every facet of her moving waste,
 Reflects the drooping symbol of the might
 That bowed in loyal answer to her love.

Dead—but the halo of her spirit's charm
Surrounds and sanctifies the kingly head
That must be crowned with Empire's burden now.
Dead—and we bear her dust in ordered ride
Of silent majesty along the way,
Decked with the crimson of a nation's pride,
Decked with the black of mourning, side by side,
Safe in our keeping, to its hallowed rest.
No sound—no roar—from all the assembled crowds,
But tramp of arméd might and ordered word
Accentuate the silence, and a grief
Impressive in its pain.

Dead—but in word alone—never to British hearts,
Never whilst Empire lasts and mem'ry holds ;
Living in England's love—living with God above—
Wrapped in Eternal Love—Life for our Queen.

G. Bewlay Dalby.

How blest the early years of her long Reign !
A loving Consort ever at her side,
Skilful to counsel, aid and wisely guide,
That she, her High Estate might well maintain,
And yet fond wife and mother still remain :
To this great work our Queen her mind applied,
And though her sceptre ruled o'er lands world-wide,
Life's homelier duties did she ne'er disdain.
So when the arm on which she leant so long
Was stricken by the sudden touch of death,
She proved her Royal heart was brave and strong ;
Sustained by love, and hope, and steadfast faith,
In Queenly duties nobly done, she found
Balm that might ease, though naught could heal her
wound.

Miss Selina Davidson.

A WONDERING child beside her teacher's knee,
First learning her exalted destiny,
High-throned amongst earth's monarchs called to reign,
A nation's welfare and its State maintain,
Her little hand inside the lady's lays,
Quick forms her life's resolve and simply says,
“I will be good!”

With tear-dimmed eye, a maiden roused at night,
From sleep to Empire, leaves her girlhood bright.
Her life henceforth must be for others spent,
And toil with splendour, care with interest blent;
Her steadfast glance, and serious, earnest air,
Her well-kept resolution still declare,
“I must be good!”

Grief-stricken mourner, turning from the grave
Of all she held most dear, alone to brave
Life's tempest, and the heaviest burden e'er
On woman laid, without his help to bear.
Spite of her pain, strives for her people's sake,
True to her purpose, though her heart may break—
“I would be good!”

What means this concourse vast?—this revelry,
Britain rejoicing 'neath the summer sky?
From every clime her children gathering here,
And mightiest princes, richly clad, draw near.
“Victoria will pass our streets to-day,
Dear Queen, we love her all, and homage pay,
For she is good.”

Through black-robed crowds, and hush of mourning drear,
Victoria passes—on a lowly bier,
Her earthly form—not she—ah! she will dwell,
Blest memory, in the land she ruled so well,
Her noble influence stamped on history's page,
World-wide the verdict, echoing age to age,
“She has been good.”

Margaret J. Dunlop.

In peace ! in peace ! for all is very well,
 Thy rest is earned and won ; thy funeral knell
 But ushers in thy fuller, truer life,
 Whilst we, thy children, mourn
 To know thee gone, our Sovereign, Mother, Friend,
 Who to thy crown didst fairer radiance lend
 As Mother, Queen, and Wife.

In peace ! in peace ! 'twere vain to weep for thee,
 To say "God's will be done" on bended knee
 Were better far ; for thou hast laid aside,
 At His command, a yoke,
 Not lightly, idly borne. Thou in God's sight
 A burden bearer walking in His might ;
 His will thy joy and pride.

In peace ! in peace ! the nation's heart thine own,
 Thou passest on to face thy Sovereign's throne,
 From whence there fell in glorious love thy light,
 Whilst he upheld thee still.
 Adown the vista of the coming years,
 'Mongst all whose name posterity reveres,
 Shall thine gleam fair and bright.

In peace ! in peace ! Victoria loved and past !
 Words may not tell the halo round thee cast ;
 It shames "the light that beats upon a throne,"
 And bids us all rejoice
 In that thou wert a woman, true and grand,
 A pattern woman, rarely, "nobly planned,"
 On whom God's grace hath shone.

In peace ! in peace ! full oft thy queenly brow
 Ached 'neath the crown that shall not know it now,
 And 'neath the ermine, sorrow, all unseen,
 Oft in thy breast held sway.
 Within thine Empire, where the sun ne'er sets,
 There riseth up no sad, no vain regrets,
 Our own belovèd Queen.

In peace ! in peace ! beside thy Consort now ;
 The light of love upon thy regal brow,
 God's blessing shedding wide a glorious sheen
 Around thy sleeping form.
 And we can leave thee there in hope and trust—
 Till Christ shall come to claim thy hallowed dust—
 Farewell, our Mother, Queen !

Kilmarnock Standard.

M. M. DAVIS.

THE Empire mourns ! The world has lost a friend !
 True mother of thy people thou art gone !
 Thy tender heart no more could bear the strain
 Of world-wide strife, and woes thou could'st not cure ;
 So God hath given to thee the peace of Heaven,
 And set thee by the side of thy beloved
 And long-mourned Consort, ne'er again to part.

Full four score years was thine allotted age—
 As daughter, dutiful ; as wife how wise ;
 Most motherly of mothers to thine own—
 Thy royal offspring, and thy people all.
 As Queen—“ Most Gracious Majesty,” the phrase
 Was ne'er misplaced before Victoria's name !—
 Each virtue of thy womanhood has graced
 Thy throne as monarch of our Empire great,
 Over whose vast domain the sun ne'er sets.
 Each act was measured by God's “ Golden Rule,”
 And mercy joined with justice shaped thy course.

Now from an earthly to a Heavenly crown,
 Made thine through faith in Christ, thy soul hath soared,
 Bequeathing to thine heirs “ A good name,” and
 An excellent example unto all.
 Gone from our midst yet shall thy noble name
 Live ever in our memories and our hearts ;
 While for thy Royal Son, most fervent prayer
 For wisdom how to govern wisely, now
 Shall rise to Heaven's Throne :—“ GOD SAVE THE KING.”

Devonshire Free Press.

E. Rimbault Dibdin.

FORTH from her island home
In splendid state she comes,
With the sound of wailing flutes
And the throb of muffled drums ;
With the throb of drums and the roar
Of cannon on sea and shore,
She leaves her island home,
To cross yet once again,—
And then, ah, nevermore,—
The sad and sullen main,
To England's sorrowing shore,
To the land where a nation weeps.

The glory of Britain sleeps,
The great, good Queen is dead ;
And she goes to her well-won rest,
Tired of the bustle of life,
Tired of its joy and its pain ;
Weary of all, and fain
To lie where the one loved best
Waits in his dreamless bed
The coming of Queen and wife.

She comes from her island home
For the last, last time of all
Lying in coffined rest
Under a queenly pall.
The pibroch wails aloud,
Kaiser and King walk there ;
In the sternest heart despair,
And the proudest head is bowed.
Earth's great ones follow her pall
With fitting pageantry,
But the noblest of them all
Is never so great as she.

Queen of a hundred lands
And mistress of the sea ;

Who recked nor age nor tears,
But held in her tireless hands,
For three score toilsome years
An Empire's destiny :
An Empire more sublime,
In vastitude and might,
Than any born of Time ;
For its bonds are love alone,
And the pillars that bore her throne
Were Wisdom, Truth and Right.

Now, all her labours finished,
With folded hands she lies ;
Waiting, in peace, her trial
At God, the Lord's assize ;
Content that life is done,
Wherein, from age to age,
She bore her part as one
That found her pleasure best
In duty's arduous quest
And looked to God for wage.
She goes like a viking's child
Over the water wild,
Over the sea to her rest,
Across the deep once more,
Home to her native shore.

Her dauntless navies wait
To take their last farewell,
As she passes in her state,
With minute guns for knell.
The heavens are dark and sullen,
The air is the tempest's breath,
For nature is lying stricken
By winter's spell of death.
The spring will come anon
That horrid spell to break
But she no more may wake :—
She sleeps till Time be done.

Yet deathless love shall weave her
 A fadeless wreath, to lay
 On the tomb where they shall leave her
 That bear her hence to-day.
 Now is the hour of sorrow,
 Till healing time shall bring
 A happier, brighter morrow ;
 As, after winter, Spring.
 Then, from our loss and pain
 Sweet joys shall grow again
 Of hope and memory ;
 Whose choicest flowers shall be
 Engarlanded to bring,
 A humble offering,
 To her dear son, our King.

Britannia.

A. C. Dent.

REST ! Mother-Queen, at last,
 Held to our hearts so fast,
 Yield we to Him !
 Wide earth from pole to pole,
 Shared each that noble soul—
 God rest our Queen !

Sped now beyond the bar,
 Christ-piloted afar,
 Entered Thy home.
 Stricken, Thy people lie,
 Deep unto deep doth cry :
 Cæsar-reft Rome

Ne'er knew such cloud as lowers,
 Felt no such pangs as ours,
 Long Thy sweet thrall.
 England ! ah, Motherland !
 Orphaned—a mourning band
 Proud bears thy pall.

Sea-borne through England's fleet ;
 War-girt th' embattled street
 Voices our grief ;
 Thunders our grief and pride ;
 Path through the waters wide
 England's loved chief !

Pass on, Imperial car,
 Kings, Princes, Lords of War,
 Bow low the head ;
 Rich—poor, Thy children come,
 Guarding to earth's last home
 England's dear dead.

Great mother, loved and wise,
 Dear in self-sacrifice,
 High duty done ;
 Tender in simple faith,
 Christ-like thy life ; through death
 Pass to thy Crown.

Croydon Advertis

Rev. W. G. Dormer, M.A.

For three and sixty years with Royal mien and loving heart, [greater part.
 Victoria, Queen of Queens, hath ruled of earth the Where Northern Lights illume the sky, where shines the Southern Cross, [mourn her loss.
 From North to South, from East to West, her people Tender-hearted, loving, kind, gentle mother, faithful wife, A stay to all in sorrow, a comforter in the strife.
 A world-embracing Empire feels the loss of one so dear To all her sons, but God will comfort those who grieve or fear. [ahead ;
 The glorious days are past ? Nay they are yet to come— Her influence must and will remain, e'en though her soul be fled.

A noble influence for good and right, truth and love, and duty,
Teaching us to imitate queenly and saintly beauty.
But in our mourning comes a note of praise to God above,
Who doth thus lend His gifts to men in token of His love.
To-day her mourning people laid her in her resting place;
Who can estimate her loss? Who can in our hearts replace
Her true and noble worth? In direful sorrow who can
Comfort to the mourners? The King, the King. God
save the King!

Middlesborough Gazette.

Robert Dennis.

DIRGE.

SILENCE to Silence calls; the dumb, dread moan,
Felt, but unheard,
Throbs like a wail breathed from the veiled Unknown,
Speaking no word.

See, she is here!—let the great Presence glide
Unto her tomb;
Death leads her on, claiming his queenly Bride—
Mortals, make room!

Out of the dark and into the dark she goes—
Yet unafraid;
Bearing His lamp, knowing that sweet repose
Dwells in the shade.

Let the Earth pause awhile; let the Sun wait
Till she be past—
Sentinels twain, guarding the Heavenly gate,
Opened at last.

Time standeth still, seeing her Time hath run ;
Life's turbid stream
Stays in its course, glassing the tarrying Sun,
As in a dream.

Winds, whisper low to-day ! clouds, be her pall !
Man, bow thy head !
Still doth the Silence unto Silence call,
"Mourn for the dead !"

TRIUMPH.

Lo, in pageant, pomp, and splendour
Comes the Queen of high renown :
Kings and Emperors attend her,
Humbled to a mightier Crown ;
While her sons, with loud acclaim,
Glory in her matchless fame.

Swift and strong the eagle's pinion,
Swifter, stronger, her decree :
Her invincible Dominion
Held the land and ruled the sea.
Radiant was the path she trod,
Majesty, who sleeps in God !

See the captains and the horses !
See the trappings and the guns !
Round the world her drum-beat courses,
Welcoming her waking sons ;
Trumpets sound the proud refrain—
Blood of Britain thrills the strain !

She, the Queen, in triumph riding,
Poised upon the trunnioned bier,
Still in sovereignty abiding,
Dies not yet, though Death be here :
Deathless, glorious, and sublime
Till the utter end of Time.

CHANT.

**“*Non nobis Domine,
Tibi autem gloria !*”**

We send our praise to Thee,
For that Thou graciously
Gave us, our Queen to be,
Well-loved Victoria !

All praise to Thee we bring,
While hearts and voices sing
“**GOD SAVE THE KING !**”

Daily Express.

Mrs. Doughty.

SPEAK not of death—when breathing that dear name
For in our hearts she liveth on the same !
Love that so long hath been a nation’s breath—
Hath power now to triumph over death !

Our sovereign still—by all her tender life,
As England’s Queen—as mother—widowed wife—
Our hearts are hers, her wishes to obey,
Nor do we fear the King will say us nay.

God bless her, she is only just asleep,
Why should we grieve ? The rest is sweet and deep,
So weary were the busy heart and brain,
’Twere time that peace should end the human strain.

Time for the sleep—the last long sleep of all,
That takes our Queen beyond her people’s call
Into the gates of that dear distant land,
Where loved ones wait to greet her hand in hand.

Think not of death—but only of her gain
Her life is writ in deeds that are not vain,
A legacy she leaves of sacred worth
The mem’ry of the truest Queen on earth !

W. Cope Devereux.

BELOVED Queen ! still throned in every heart,
Though dead ; and cannot take thy Queenly part
O'er this sad earth, where all thy loyal subjects mourn,
'Tis hard to realise thou art for ever gone !

Yet, 'tis true, weepingly we see thy lovèd form,
All that remains, alas ! across the Solent borne
'Tween great Britannia's lines of mighty ships of war
(Stronger by the escort of Kaiser-kinsman's love),
In stately pomp, mournful with cannon's dirgeful roar.

And then, when safe escorted over heaving wave—
Passing through the serried ranks of soldiers brave,
With muffled drum and requiem march the dead is borne
To-day to its long rest, till resurrection morn.

But her pure Queenly spirit, now with saints above,
(Will see those radiant angel faces smile,
Lov'd, greatly loved, long since, but lost awhile),
Enthroned with trusted God and Lord of love.

Our tears now ceased, we hear the distant triumph song,
And hearts are brave again, once more our arms strong
(By life example of our great and noble Queen,
Who, as fair things cannot die, still lives unseen)
To fight the good fight of faith, of truth, of right,
With prayer to God for His most kindly light.

And so, with grateful hearts for such a gracious Queen,
For greater blessings far than England erst had seen ;
Oh, let our earnest prayers ascend, and downward bring
God's blessing, light, and guidance to our Edward King.
God bless our King and Queen !

Miriam Drake.

DAUGHTER of England—Mother of the nation—

Orphaned are the hearts where thou so long didst
Kindly we turn to thee for consolation, [reign ;
Forgetting that thou never can'st weep with us again.

Daughter of England—Mother of the nation—

Can'st thou so soon have passed so far away,
As not to hear the voice of thy people's lamentation—
Thou whose queenly sympathy so freely flowed alway.

Daughter of England—Mother of the nation—

That thou hast not left us is sure no fond belief ;
We cannot see thee in thine exaltation, [grief.
But to know that thou are near us would assuage our

Daughter of England—Mother of the nation—

We would not recall thee to thy house of clay ;
Better for us this sudden desolation [decay.
Than for thee the clouds of suffering and lingering

Daughter of Heaven—Mother of the nation—

Only for a little we would hold thee here,
To lay thy mantle falling, ere thy coronation, [bier.
On him, who crowned by sorrow, is mourning o'er thy

Daughter of England—heiress of salvation—

Clasp upon his shoulder with thy departing hand
The strength that made thee strong and wise to rule the
nation—

The love that gave thee insight, so quick to understand.

Daughter of England—Mother of the nation—

May thy God be still the guide of him thy Royal son,
That when he, too, has served his generation,
Earth may, as now, re-echo Heaven's *dimmittus*—
“ Well done ! ”

Daughter of England—heiress of salvation—

Now, as we turn thy life's unsullied page,
Join thou with us to God in adoration,
Who formed thee from thy birth to lead His heritage.

Daughter of Heaven—Mother of the nations—

Passing through the closing gates into the Unseen ;
Hear but once more thy people's acclamations—

“Praise God for thee, Victoria—true woman—truest Queen.”

Belfast Northern Whig.

Maud Donaldson.

A NATION mourns—A nation's love to-day

Clings to a memory ; vacating earthly throne
Our Queen has passed, she could not stay,

Passed beyond to the great unknown.

An empire weeps.

Herself removed, her influence stays,

Her subjects' love surrounds the son,
“God Save King Edward” each one prays ;
Keep him till his reign be done
Enthroned in hearts.

Gone, the reign of lengthened years,

Dealing justice, mercy right ;
Cradled 'midst a people's tears
Like the new reign ; shining light
Of England's future.

Hereford Times.

Rev. Prof. J. Young Evans, M.A.

LORD God Omnipotent !
Who reignest evermore,
Upon the ruler Thou hast sent,
Thy Spirit pour.
For Britain now we pray,
The isles shall wait for Thee ;
May we behold anew to-day
Thy Majesty.

Thine handmaid Thou didst save,
By grief and care oppressed,
And lead victorious o'er the grave
To heavenly rest.
We for her length of days,
Her peerless power and fame,
Lift hands and voice of thanks and praise
To Thy blest name.

O comfort them that mourn,
Be sorrow overpast ;
Upon Thy wings be healing borne
And joys to last.
Guard, Lord, Thy heritage,
To see no setting sun,
To walk in justice through the Age
In tears begun.

Thy judgments give the King,
Thy law be his delight ;
Thy precepts seeking, may he cling
To Truth and Right.
May war's dread rumours cease,
And swords to ploughshares turn ;
May nations serve the Prince of Peace,
And of Him learn.

Albeit the kingdoms weep,
 The Lord of Hosts remains ;
 She who in Thee hath fall'n on sleep,
 A new crown gains.
 To Thee, sole Potentate,
 The prayer of faith we bring ;
 Our Prince, Thy servant, consecrate,—
 God save the King !

Brecon Express

Mrs. Hadrian Evans.

FAREWELL to the nation's darling
 Lies the heart of our Empire—Dead ?
 Ah me. How the people stood aghast
 Waiting the dreaded word—and last
 To come from that royal bed.

And over us all, as a blighting pall,
 Is a garment of sadness thrown
 While from end to end of the land we hear
 The echo of sobs, and encounter a tear
 In eyes which few have known.

'Tis the grief of a people orphaned
 Which ascends from earth to-day.
 For a glorious life whose work is done
 Has now a glorious victory won,
 And the shell they are laying away.

Shall we think of Victoria—buried ?
 Nay how could that ever be ?
 In gladdest rejoicing our noble Queen
 E'er now has the face of her loved one seen
 And for ever her spirit is free.

Southport Guardian

Kathleen Haydn Green.

SLEEP now and take Thy rest—sleep well, great Queen !
An Empire's tears about Thy tomb are shed
In costly homage ; while with hush'd, sad tread,
The Universe draws near with reverent mien
Viewing Thy obsequies. O ! Thou hast been
Our Sovereign and our Mother ! Thou hast spread
Great wings of love about the world, and fed
Thy people from Thy heart's great depths serene !

Thou passest hence ; but there abide with us
Unchanged through all the changes of all Time
Thy name beloved, Thy mem'ry glorious—
These—these ! remain a monument sublime
Reared in Thy people's hearts to stand for aye
And crowned with that great word VICTORIA.

The Ladies' Field.

W. G. Easton.

VICTORIA dead ! O ! Death, your cruel hand
Has plucked the purest flower of earth,
Claimed that sweet life of noble birth,
And cast a withering gloom upon our land.
The heart that thrilled with sympathy so grand ;
That voice that calmed full many a fear ;
Closed those dear eyes, oft moist with sorrow's tear ;
All now are still. Could'st thou not stay thy hand ?
Oh, widows you have lost a constant friend,
Who with such true affection mourned with you.
The orphan of this stricken nation weeps,
Their loss, how can they in its fulness comprehend ?
Let us in sorrow bow the head, with reverence due,
Whisper in accents low, the Mother of the Empire sleeps.

Kent Messenger.

Emilly Adela Exham.

THE earthly crown is laid aside,
 The Crown of Heaven is won ;
 The widow's garb is left behind,
 The bridal robe put on.
 The toil and care of State, long borne,
 Is now unknown, and rest,
 So nobly earned, so well deserved,
 Our glorious Queen has blest.
 The jewels in that heavenly crown
 Now sparkle on her brow,
 And in that robe of bridal white
 Her Lord she's meeting now.
 Her agèd form is young and fair,
 Her wrinkles fade away,
 With smiles of rapture, fond and bright,
 She greets in endless day
 The loved ones who have gone before :
 The waiting has been long,
 But duty filled the lonesome time,
 And now a world of song,
 The strains that peerless angels sing
 Welcome her to a throne,
 Where all her loved ones stand around,
 And claim her as their own,
 Whate'er we feel, we must not mourn ;
 The grief is yours, is mine ;
 She only leaves our earthly love,
 Lost in a love divine.

Newport Advertiser.

George Eastbury.

FAREWELL, belovèd Queen, farewell !
 The World in sorrow mourns for thee !
 No other Monarch's loss has been
 So deeply felt, or e'er will be.

Thy loving, kind, and tender heart
Throughout thy life has won thee fame
Which cannot die, for thou hast made
A great and everlasting name.

Farewell, illustrious Queen, farewell !
Thy work is done, thy toil is o'er,
And now thou'rt gone to that new Home,
To be at rest for evermore.
No more will worldly care or pain
Distress thy mind or mar thy rest,
Nor we on earth thy face behold,
For thou art numbered with the blessed.

Farewell, our Queen of Queens, farewell !
Thy memory shall for aye remain,
And though thy voice to us is still,
The earthly loss is heavenly gain.
Dear, loving Mother, Empress, Queen,
Thy noble life's reward will be
Our Father's love, a Crown above,
Throughout the vast eternity.

Bristol Mercury.

Violet G. Evans.

HUSH ! Hush ! there's a sound of mourning in the air,
A sound that seemed at first a still small voice,
Then rose in volume spreading far and near,
Giving our hoping hearts at last no choice
But to mourn. We cannot sorrow drown,
For Victoria ! our Queen has just laid down her crown.

Hush ! Hush ! our great White Queen's at rest,
The Reaper came, despite her queenly rank ;
And peacefully she fell asleep ; God knoweth best :
Full of glowing honours, she slowly sank
From our loving gaze. There she awaits a brighter day,
When the dawn shall "break, and the shadows flee
away."

Hush ! Hush ! she with us so long hath been,
 Man almost forgets Life's transient ray :
 A perfect model of a perfect Queen,
 Yet she could not always stay.
 "The leaves of Life fall gently one by one" ;
 How truly hath the Persian poet sung.

Hush ! Hush ! her feet were growing tired
 Of earthly sorrows, and the weary way ;
 So full of age, her people's love inspired ;
 How can we wish her back with us to-day ?
 But rather watch her sun in golden glory sink ;
 Why should we falter at the grave's dim brink ?

Hush ! Hush ! we hardly understand
 As yet the aching void she hath left ;
 So wisely she ruled o'er her vast land,
 In her loss her peoples doubly are bereft.
 Far and wide was she reverenced, by her virtues under-
 stood ;
 Long shall we mourn our Queen ! Victoria the Good !

Hereford Journal.

W. Ellwood.

BEYOND, beyond this vale of tears,
 Our lovèd Queen has passed ;
 And o'er a Nation bending low,
 A pall of gloom is cast.

From north to south, from east to west,
 Her peoples join in prayer ;
 And know that well-earned "Perfect rest"
 Their Sovereign now will share.

For nearly three-score years and ten,
 By God's good gracie she reigned ;
 And thus the life allotted men,
 As Monarch she attained.

Of sorrow's cup she drank full well,
And suffered many a loss;
And amplified, no cross, no crown—
Her crown had many a cross.

Her subjects all, both far and near,
In humble fervour pray
That they, tho' in a lowlier sphere,
Her pattern may convey.

The rising generations who
Her face have never seen,
That they may strive, their whole life through
To emulate their Queen.

On earth she reigned as Queen and Friend,
No just demand withstood;
And proved her title to the end—
“Victoria the Good!”

The perfect life she lived is done,
Her reign on earth is o'er;
The eternal reign is now begun,
And ceaseth nevermore.

And in sorrow true and deep,
Our sympathies extend
To those who by her bedside weep,
The loss of Mother, Friend!

Do Thou, O King of kings, impart,
To stricken Royal homes,
Thy soothing touch to aching hearts,
Thy love in tender tones.

To her descendants, one and all,
Who on Thy strength depend,
We pray Thy bounteous grace may fall,
Thy healing balm descend.

To those who shortly by decree,
Their earthly office take,
Do Thou with Heavenly grace endow,
Fit for their duties make.

And while we sorrow, while we weep,
Our voice goes out for one,
Who now the nation's honour keeps,
Our King, her well-loved son.

May he with glory carry on
Her work so well begun,
Thro' all dominions far and wide,
Where never sets the sun.

Long may he reign ! and grant, O Lord,
That warfare soon may cease ;
The friendly hand take place of sword,
And everywhere be peace.

Then fervently, with one accord,
Let all the homesteads ring,
Thro' his domains at home, abroad,
The prayer—"God save the King!"

Long may he reign, his consort too,
And on them both bestow
The power which Thou alone canst give,
To guide them here below.

Yet thro' the mist there comes a voice,
Borne on the angel's breath—
" My children, rather than weep, rejoice !
'Tis Life ! I taste, not Death !"

Thus with this message clear and sweet,
We cease the mournful tone,
Content to leave in One above
The future, all unknown.

Miss A. Farr.

Now our belovèd Queen has passed away,
And we can only mourn for that good life
Which now is ended. Full many a day
She did her duty both as Queen and Wife.

“ The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world ! ”
Her hand could rock the cradle and could guide
The doctrines of men. She quickly hurled
The sham from its false place, and humbled pride.

We may look back upon our hist'ry's page,
We will not see a monarch who will shine
In private, public life, in youth, in age,
Like her we mourn—the Sovereign most benign.

And though we mourn, yet must we thank the One
Who gave us this wise ruler. We must cease
To mourn too deeply. Her long life's work done,
Wearied, she enters into Perfect Peace:

Hert's Herald.

Marianne Farningham.

WE thank Thee, God ! Thou hast our dear Queen taken
Who through her long good life was not forsaken :
And now, beyond the reach of pain or sorrow,
She is with Thee for every glad to-morrow.

Because she was so great through Thine own blessing,
By lip and life her fealty confessing,
Because she served Thee first in true endeavour,
She will praise Thee, her Lord, and King, for ever.

Because she is at rest within Thy keeping,
Serene, and comforted, after much weeping,
Beyond the grief of war, the touch of sadness—
We thank Thee, O our God, for all her gladness.

Yet, pity England in our hour of sorrows,
Let not dark night hang over all our morrows.
Take not Thy Spirit from us, fail us never.
Oh, Lord of Hosts, still reign our King for ever.

E. G. Flower.

WHY do we shed these burning tears,
After so many golden years ?
Our breaking hearts, too plainly tell,
That, She is dead—we love so well !
Her loyal children, night and day,
Have waited by Her as She lay ;
Until summoned, o'er the border,
By God's solemn, final order.
Why do we dry our weeping eyes ?
Because we know in peace She lies ;
With Her loved ones, reunited,
All Her virtues are requited.
For ever happy, now immortal,
Having passed Death's dreaded portal !
Far beyond man's comprehension,
As the Scriptures plainly mention ;
Are the Heavenly joys in store,
For all the Faithful gone before.
Be sure Our Father, though unseen,
Has welcomed home—Our Mother Queen !

Dover Chronicle.

Rev. J. D. Fletcher.

FAREWELL, loved Queen, from the world's sad strife,
Enter, Christ's loved one, into heaven's glad life ;
Not as the vanquished dost thou enter in,
But as the victor over death and sin.

Enter, glad monarch, into heaven's own glory ;
 Join the immortals in their one grand story
 Of souls redeemed by Christ's own blood,
 Kings and priests for ever, and sons of God.

Rest thee, beloved, lay thine armour by ;
 Pass gently homeward, far beyond the sky ;
 Thy last fight is over, take thou thy crown
 Of Christ's own giving, of deathless renown.

Plymouth Weekly Mercury.

Jane Foxall.

WEEP ! England, weep ! Bow low thy stately head,
 But not because thy well-beloved Queen
 Doth crown the list of thy illustrious dead,
 So long alone her widowed heart hath been !
 Think what deep joy for her the "one clear call" implied,
 To join her long-lost spouse across death's flowing tide ?

Weep ! England weep ! 'Tis thou art widowed now,
 Her tender soul shall gather up thy tears
 And add them to the crown that decks her brow,
 Once more the youthful bride of bygone years !
 Eternal diadems, to show her people's love,
 Accepted, sanctified, immortalised above !

Weep ! England, weep ! In sorrow, joy, and pride ;
 Sorrow for loss, but joy that she was given
 To rule by right and love this Empire wide,
 Its pride, its glory, its best gift of heaven !
 To know that babes unborn shall lisp in babyhood,
 With love and reverence, " Victoria, the Good ! "

Dudley Advertiser.

Fred Fellows.

BRIGHT as a star that through the gloom
Thy life shines forth to day.
Victoria, we miss thee,
And sorrow takes the sway.
With us thy memory lingers,
Blest Queen of noble name ;
We never shall forget thee
Or thy undying fame.
As wife, as mother, and a queen
Thy wisdom didst abound ;
Thy fame is stretched from pole to pole,
The distant world around.
God give thee rest, Victoria,
But may thy peace remain
To bless our England onward still
And bless King Edward's reign.
We pray thy parting mantle
Might on our King descend,
That he might plant his footsteps
Where truth and peace attend.
Farewell, beloved Victoria,
Thy face no more we see,
But thou hast left an heritage
To all posterity.
We miss thee, ah! how truly,
Thy chair is vacant now,
The crown that England gave thee
Has left thy noble brow.
We know a crown thou wearest,
A crown of brightest hue.
Sweet rest at last, thy toil is o'er,
Thy duty thou didst do.
Farewell, most gracious monarch,
The nation weeps to-day
For her they loved—Victoria—
Whom God has called away.

Dudley Herald.

Alice Fildew.

“ VICTORIA, sweet mother, name peerless thro’ ages,
We praise thee, we thank thee for all thou hast been ;
Illustrious thy record in history’s bright pages,
God rest thee, receive thee, most dear revered Queen.”

Like the mist in chill winter, our tears are fast falling
As muffled bells requiem tolls world-wide for thee,
Affection mute, lingers, erst memories recalling
Thy brilliant reign thrice blest o’er Empire and Sea !

“ Mid the blithe choir of woodland thy Consort reposest,”
Reft sorrows forgot, youth supernal new born,
Earth’s cross—now a crown all smothered in Roses,
Old lovers’ gain have met in yon spring’s tearless morn.

“ Rest sweetly, beloved one, proud England will never
Forget thy devotion through life’s chequered scene,
Our hearts’ love we give thee—(A link nought may sever),
God rest thee, receive thee, most dear revered Queen.”

Devon Express.

Chas. F. Forshaw, LL.D.

No mortal sorrow is akin to ours,
Nor words, nor thoughts, our feelings can portray ;
Grim Death, ‘fore whom the mightiest shrinks and cowers,
Ne’er took a soul so much beloved away.
Language is weak; the very sense is numb,
We feel the awesomeness of Death’s abyss,
We strive to speak—the fluent tongue is dumb,
For never grief was likened unto this.
Well may we mourn a mighty monarch dead,
A world of anguish is our world to-night,
Yet comfort comes—her Queenly soul has fled
Into a lovelier land of Life and Light.
So dry the tears and hush the throbbing breast,
Peace now is hers—Peace, and Eternal Rest.

Frc. mason’s Chronicle.

W. A. G. Farquhar, L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S.

'Tis even ! hush ! the hour is past,
 Now to the weary cometh welcome rest :
 God's holy messenger hath called at last
 Our saintly Queen to reign among the blest.

Chime forth, ye bells, in solemn sadness chime,
 O'er city, town, and country village fair,
 And you, ye little birds, with notes sublime,
 Join in the mournful dirge that rends the air.

Weep, Caledonia, o'er thy Royal Dead !
 Weep, sons and daughters of our island home !
 Weep, fair Balmoral, 'mid thy pine-birch shade
 Nigh silvery Dee, where she no more shall come !

From humblest cot to highest rank and state,
 Lament, if lamentation aught avail,
 Lament for our dear Queen, the Good, the Great,
 Beloved, revered, whose fame shall never fail.

Throughout the British Empire, vast and wide,
 Millions of hearts at home and far away,
 By love and veneration closely tied,
 Repeat Victoria's hallowed name this day.

Sad hearts around her much-loved Highland home
 Recall some kindly act or word that she
 Bestowed on them e'er last departing from
 Her favourite glen, now joyless as may be.

How many there, now broken-hearted, feel
 That they have lost not only their good Queen,
 But their best friend on earth, aye true and leal,
 Who shared their joys or felt their sorrows keen ?

But do not call her bright translation Death ;
 Though gone from earth to realms beyond the sky,
 Her memory, wisdom, virtue, worth, and faith
 Live on for ever, never more to die.

O God ! we thank Thee for what she hath been,
'Mid regal splendour, glory, and renown—
A noble woman and a noble Queen,
Whose rich reward is Heaven's immortal crown.

Aberdeen Journal.

Rev. Thos. M. Freeman.

DREAD pow'r which we call death,
That steals away our breath,
Enters a royal home
And, lo ! all Britons mourn.
Victoria (great and good) our Queen,
No longer in our midst is seen.

Wide realms that own'd her sway
Will think of that sad day
In whose dark, ev'ning hours
A prostrate corpse was laid
The Sov'reign they did love so well—
What grief did in their bosoms dwell !

Fit time that mantling shade,
For that good life to fade,
Passing in peace and rest
To realms where live the blest—
Our aged Queen (of great renown)
Is crownèd with an heavenly crown.

God gave her high estate,
And talents rich and great.
He made her also good,
So a good Queen she stood ;
And that good life so brightly shone
In star-like radiance round her throne.

Now our good Queen is dead,
And countless tears are shed
Falling like Autumn leaves ;
But her bright spirit-sheaves
From good sown while on earth she's been
Joyous doth reap by us unseen.

A bright example she
Has giv'n for us to see.
Each in his little field
Can sow seed that will yield
A golden crop in years to come,
When we have reach'd the heav'nly home.

J. Fairweather.

GREAT God, we mourn the mighty dead—
An Empire of its Queen bereft ;
The gracious spirit Home hath sped ;
We praise Thee for the memories left.

Alike in peace and troubles keen,
The while encircled by Thy grace,
She testified, with faith serene,
For Thee, in her exalted place.

Full sixty years Thy wisdom vast
Instructed, guided, loved, and led ;
Great King of Kings, Thou ever hast
Thy lustre through Thy servants shed :

In freedom's march, in Gospel light,
In widening views of Brotherhood ;
In sympathy, in wrongs set right—
In all that makes for human good.

Whilst Thou anointest Kings and Queens
To rule the nations, under Thee—
We, loyal to Thy chosen means,
Yet own Thy greater Majesty !

So, Lord, may he, who now succeeds,
Thy subject be, Thy succour claim ;
And by his reign, in Christ-like deeds,
Reflect the glory of Thy name.

Newcastle Daily Journal.

The Rev. F. W. Ford, M.A.

THE great bell tolls to the night,
Measured, and deep, and slow,
And hushed and bowed is the mighty crowd
On the darkened earth below.
What soul of the many souls
That pass with the passing hour
Waketh this woe, as the knell falls low,
From the height of the temple tower ?

It is she who foremost stood,
Of the great ones greatest and head,
Leader of Light and Monarch of Might,
In the mighty age that is dead.
It is she to whose Throne there drew,
As the swell of the ocean draws
To the moon above, a people's love,
And a watchful world's applause.

Heart and brain of the best,
Statesman, and warrior, and seer,
Drew to her side, and lived and died
For the love of her land and her.
Statesman, and warrior, and seer,
Truest, and bravest, and best,
Fell in the fray from her side away,
And now she, too, is at rest.

And the great bell tolls to the night,
 Deep and measured and slow ;
 And hushed and bowed is the mighty crowd
 On the darkened earth below ;
 For a soul of the many souls,
 By the passing hour set free,
 Hath passed with the hour to a place of power
 In the life of the years to be.

Daily Graphic.

John D. Fox.

DEAD ! did you say ? no, no, she lives,
 And of her love she gives
 Just as of yore ;
 Such souls as hers do perish not,
 Nor ever are forgot—
 But loved the more.

Belovèd Queen ! of queens the queen,
 For thou indeed hast been
 Faithful and true.
 Thy name all nations shall revere,
 And hold thee ever dear
 The wide world through.

Within the archives of the dead,
 Then place that sovereign head
 In peace to rest.
 Guard if you will that sacred spot,
 But know—there she is not,
 But with God's best.

Mother—thine empire weeps for thee,
 Here and beyond the sea,
 In lands afar.
 As thou hast been, so wilt thou be,
 To true felicity—
 A guiding star.

Bingley Chronicle.

Rev. John Forster.

TOLL the bells slowly,
The Queen is dead!
Submissive and lowly,
Bow down the head!
He who gives breath to all,
He the breath doth recall,
The Queen is dead!

Mother of Queens and Kings,
Friend of the race;
Slowly the death-bell rings,
Let grief have place;
Monarch most great and good,
Envy and hate subdued,
Conquer'd the race.

Far as her Empire's bound,
East, West, and South,
Passes the mournful sound
From mouth to mouth—
“Weep for the good life sped,
“Weep for our Mother dead,
East, West, and South!”

On India's torrid plains
Swart toilers pause,
Counting the many gains
Of her just laws;
Empress and Mother-Queen,
Loved although never seen,
Grief for her flows.

In the wide Western land,
O'er ocean's foam,
Freedom's keen leaders stand,
Looking toward home;
Claiming their right to mourn,
Loyal hearts homeward turn,
Where'er they roam.

Far, far in Austral seas,
 New-born to-day,
 Cradled in her own peace,
 Under her sway,
 Earth's youngest Empire weeps,
 Weeps even while she keeps
 High holiday.

Afric, the conflict worn,
 With head bowed low,
 Afric, the crushed and torn,
 Weeps in her woe ;
 Weeps with divided pain,
 Sighs for sweet peace again,
 With head bow'd low.

So all the nations mourn
 Far-off and near.
 Czar, King, and Kaiser turn
 To that lone bier,
 In that fair island home,
 Set in the sparkling foam,
 And that form dear.

Slowly, more slowly,
 Let the bells ring !
 Bow the head lowly—
 “ God bless our King,
 “ Even as Thy blessing fell
 “ On her who ruled so well,
 “ God bless our King.”

Primitive Methodist.

John Fullerton.

THE Queen is dead !
 Her cares are ended, and in tears
 Her orphan children far and near
 Bend low the head.

Oh, Queenly Mother ! all these years—
 Loved and revered—Thou art not dead ;
 Thy memory will live for evermore
 Tender and green as loved One gone before :

And sires their sons will tell,
 With quivering lip, moist eyes, and hearts that swell,
 At mention of thy ever honoured name,

How fond and dear,
 To thy pure heart, of boundless sympathy,
 Thy children of these isles and other lands.

The Queen is dead !
 The crown is laid aside, and other hands
 Will bear her sceptre : May the King
 Whose praise to-day her tearful people sing,
 Wear the crown and the sceptre bear
 As righteously and peacefully
 As thou these sixty years and three !

The Queen is dead !
 Long live the King !
 Our homes are shadowed as if Death's dark wing
 Had silently enwrapt each hearth to-day :
 Thou art not dead ! The Spirit passed away,
 In word and smile and deed liveth for ever,
 And palace, hall, and cot, are lonesome never.

Christian Leader

Benjamin Goouch, B.A.

THE task is done, and nobly ; she is free ;
 The weary head long weighted with a crown,
 The sceptred hands that ruled so faithfully,
 Have laid their burden down ;
 A light that accompanied our lives has fled ;
 A life-long love is dead.

Dead, but not dead ; for in her people's heart
Her worth shall dwell, victorious o'er decay ;
True Queen, true Mother, she bequeaths her part,
Our heritage to-day,
In lofty record which embalms her name,
Enshrined with England's fame.

On the lone peak of Empire, seen afar,
She dwelt apart through many a widowed year,
Pointing the ship of State,—a steadfast star
In the cold light and clear ;
Wearing her splendour pure as morning's smile,
Meek beyond envy's wile.

Her Empire broadened over land and sea,
Sat on her sceptre glory and renown ;
Art, commerce, skill, their treasures lavishly
In England's lap poured down ;
For these she thanked ; but prized ; all gains above,
Peace, justice, truth, and love.

Death smote her sorely ; counsellor and sage,
Statesman and leader from her side were reft ;
The household loves, the friends endeared with age
Fell off, and she was left !
But from her loss her pity did but gain,
Reached out to others' pain.

She brought us peace ; she knew its gentle might ;
Its bounties blessed her,—warrior queen not she !
Her noon tide glory and her evening light
She prayed that peace might be ;
But war's grim shadows darkened round her close,
When most she sought repose.

Uprose she then to be her people's stay ;
How wise, how strong, she met the fateful hour !
By age undimmed, unmindful of decay,
She took her queenly power.
Now death has freed her ; she has gained her rest,—
Wife, daughter, mother blest !

Oh ! King of Kings, who guid'st the countless spheres,
And yet disdain'st not the affairs of men,
Wisest to give and take, hear Thou our prayers,—
Grant us her like again ;
For since our Alfred ruled, this realm has seen
None worthier, king or queen.

The Friend.

William Joseph Gallagher.

IRELAND's isles and valleys weep ;
England's dales sad vigils keep ;
Scotia's hills with sorrow deep
Mourn a queen who loved her kind !

Long in hearts she held her sway ;
Long we hailed her friendly ray ;
Truest gifts must pass away,—
We have lost her valued mind !

Those who sorrowed far or near,
Knew her sympathetic tear ;
In their gladness felt her cheer,—
But, alas ! in death she's shrined !

Dusky peoples from Ceylon ;
Flower-girt lands that greet the dawn,
Hear the wail, and speed it on,—
She is gone whose love could bind !

Troops who burned 'mid heats untold ;
Troops who shivered in the cold,
Knew her love for them unfold.—
Now, alas ! in death reclined !

Hush ! she rests in deeper peace
Than the earth could give ! Increase
Meets her step where sorrows cease,—
She has gained—to bliss assigned !

W. Gillon.

OUR dear and much loved Queen hath laid
Her earthly crown aside,
That she may reign with Christ on high,
And ever there abide.

Pure and illustrious was the reign
Of our most noble Queen,
Whose end is mourned, o'er all the world
As never Queen's hath been.

With wisdom, love, and sympathy,
She gained the nation's heart,
And in its memory long will live
Sweet influence to impart.

And oft in touching terms she sent,
With telegraphic speed,
Her soothing messages to cheer,
The suffering in their need.

Our tendrils that for long have grown,
And clung around our Queen,
Have now been cut, and O ! we feel
The severance most keen.

We mourn the loss, but thank our God,
Who gave us such a Queen,
Who for these three and sixty years
Hath ever faithful been.

Her subjects, filled with loyal love,
Shunned not the enemy's ire,
And that they might the V. C. gain,
Have gone through hottest fire.

We tender to the Royal House,
Our Sympathy and love,
And may our God them guide through life
Into the realms above.

Rev. D. F. Glassford, M.A.

THE Queen is dead. Like flake on flake
Of wintry snow the chill words sped
Across the earth, till all the land
Was white with anguish. She is dead.

God grant her rest. From heart to heart
The sorrow drifts, and every breast
Is numbed with grief, while eyes are glazed
With icy tears. God grant her rest.

A people's tears, a nation's sob,
An empire's grief, the wide world bears,
A fitting dirge for her who loved
Her people so—a people's tears,

God grant her rest. The Queen is dead
Yet live the woman. This is best,
Thron'd in the people's heart, and crown'd
With well earned love. God grant her rest.

Nottingham Guardian.

Charles Gibney.

OUR Queen is dead ! The Empire mourns aloud.
Closed is the record of a stainless life ;
Imperial robes discarded for the shroud ;
Sweet memories left of Empress, mother, wife.
And yet, wherever Britain's flag's unfurled
Do her dependents and her sons proclaim
In trumpet tones to an admiring world
The peaceful glories of her deathless name.

Thou first of Queens, as of all women first,
Thy shining virtues myriad bards have sung.
As when on England and the world you burst
In all your glory as a monarch young ;
So now the last poor tribute that we pay
Is the old tale, as it has ever been,
We hail you dead, as in your blithest day,
A matchless woman and a matchless Queen.

Wellington Journal.

R. S. Goldie.

God heard and marked deep universal sighing,
 Saw men and nations stand with bated breath,
 As flashed the news of Queen Victoria lying
 Awaiting that great change which men call death.

Majestic still by Grace, and more than Queenly,
 She trusted God, feared not her last great foe,
 In Jesus Christ by faith, she lay serenely,
 In that sweet calm God's loved ones only know.

She saw her Royal loved ones round her keeping
 Their last sad vigil o'er her, saw them weep ;
 Their's was not hopeless woe or hopeless weeping,
 For God Himself is Love, true, strong, and deep.

They knew "The King of Kings" in Love was leading
 As in the changeful days and years gone by ;
 She heard His voice as earth was fast receding,
 "Be not afraid, Victoria, it is I."

"No more shall war's grim horrors surge around thee,
 Nor erring statesmen give thee needless pain,
 I to myself with Love's best chords have wound thee,
 Will crown thee soon in Heaven, with me to reign."

"I know thy faith, love, wisdom, labours, patience,
 In wars, in famine, tumults, deaths, and strife ;
 Henceforth thou faithful, loving Queen of Nations,
 Shalt share my throne and wear a Crown of Life."

She left her Kingdom, Sceptre, Crown, behind her,
 Her awe-struck people gazing from this shore,
 No earthly mists or death's dark shades could blind her,
 She saw God, Christ, Heaven, Albert, on before.

Almighty God who made her aye victorious
 And glorious on earth, by Grace and Love,
 Has crowned her now Victorious and Glorious,
 To reign with Him for evermore above.

We would not lift the veil now intervening,
 That hides from us Victoria the Great ;
 But like her on Almighty God aye leaning,
 Go forward, King, Queen, Princes, Church, and State.

Our motto evermore be “ All for Jesus,”
 Whose Grace makes rich, wise, good, and best adorns,
 Who by His life and death from evil frees us,
 Who in our sins once crowned His head with thorns.

*God save the King and all who bear his name,
 Endow the King and all his Royal Heirs,
 To well maintain the Glorious, Peerless fame,
 The Gracious, Good Victoria won, and bears.*

* * *

As in a dream I hear the Pibroch wailing,
 Hear minute guns, and see that great array,
 The Royal yachts upon the Solent sailing,
 That bore the body of our Queen away.

And overwhelmed I sing again in sorrow,
 And feel love’s loyal woe that cannot cease
 Until we meet on Heaven’s eternal morrow,
 All in His likeness, Heaven’s Great Prince of Peace.

Earth bows in woe, creation all is sighing,
 Good Queen Victoria reigns on earth no more,
 Bright angels guard her sacred body lying
 Within the Mausoleum at Frogmore.

Safe with her God her spirit is in keeping,
 All through the merits of His Holy Son,
 And from the Heavens—above the sounds of weeping—
 Faith hears the echo of the Lord’s “ Well done.”

“ Enter the rest thy Heavenly Father giveth,
 Wear thou the Crown His loving hand bestows,
 Rest in the Lord thy God, who ever liveth,
 Reign, reign with Him above all cares and woes.”

)

Blessed be the Lord who made her great and glorious,
 Almighty Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Hear her last prayer, make love and peace victorious,
 Win back to all the love that war has lost.

God Save the King, by Sovereign Grace now reigning,
 May King and Kaiser still go marching on,
 Peace, Truth, and Love, and Righteousness maintaining,
 Aye Forward, upward to Heaven's Glorious dawn.

Mrs. Ella Mary Gordon, F.R.S.L.

ONCE more together : yet death had not divided,
 For when Thy spirit soared, her soul left earth with
 Thee ;
 Thy kingdom's her's, for her one glad awakening,
 The day dawn which on rising set earth's fetters free.

* * *

WHY are all voices hushed ?
 Why have the skies turned grey ?
 Why does the nation mourn ?
 Our Queen has passed away.

Why do our bulwarks shake ?
 Faith's strongholds seem to fall :
 The golden glow is gone
 With her who guided all.

Do we say only one
 Has gently sunk to rest ?
 The clouds have veiled the sun
 And died the moon's white crest.

Did not her people know
 White wings were round the throne ?
 God took the crown from them
 To change it for his own.

Aberdeen Journal.

Margaret Theodora Griffith.

VICTORIA, our Queen!—The mere
Sound of thy name had power to cheer
And strengthen, whether in the stress
Of battle, or the bitterness
Of grief for loved ones lost. How dear
Thy mother-sympathy, the tear
Shed for our pain! With love sincere
Daily thy children prayed—God bless
Victoria, our Queen.

And, though the Century's opening year
Ends thy victorious career
On earth as God's ambassadress,
Thy praise all nations will confess,
And unborn ages still revere
Victoria, our Queen.

Rev. A. J. Grant.

OUR Queen is dead! Prince, Princess, and Peer—
Millions of loyal subjects, far and near,
In heartfelt grief, now shed the mournful tear,
Victoria, beloved, to all her people dear.

Throughout our greater Britain's wide domain,
Where'er Old England's Flag denotes Her reign,
Long years of Righteous Rule must still remain,
A lasting heritage to lovers of Her name.

The world, Her faithful life and virtues great has seen,
She reigned to bless—good laws for all to screen.
Her reign is over now—passed like a pleasant dream,
Give glory to our God for such a Queen!

We know not what the coming years may bring,
The Lord still reigns! Let men His praises sing,
And ever pray, for time is on the wing,
Great God of Nations, bless and save our King.

Leighton Observer.

D. A. Gardiner.

VOCES are hush'd, a spirit fled,
In grief the nation bows its head.
Can it forget that she has been
The truest monarch, noblest Queen ?
Or her example handed down
Reflect but honour on the crown
In life so pure, so kind, so brave,
And she shall live beyond the grave.

Airdrie Advertiser.

John W. Gibson.

OUR Christian Queen has passed away,
Filling our hearts with gloom,
But she hath left a life of lives,
That will for ever bloom.
In spite of wars and tumults,
Her ideal life will stand
A pattern for all monarch's
In the future of our land.

As subjects who are mourning
O'er our belovèd Queen,
May we her virtues emulate
A Christian true she's been ;
Her life still shines resplendant
To our children as they grow ;
Let us then emulate their life,
And her true virtues show.

O'er sixty years she ruled us,
With our colonies abroad ;
She ruled us with a mother's love
Which spun the world's love cord.
But now that cord is broken,
From us our Queen is borne,
But we may meet our Queen again
On God's eternal dawn.

D. A. Griffiths.

VICTORIA great and good, alas ! no more,
I with all people still my grief outpour,
My lamentation rises with the throng,
Mute, who can be, who knows the power of song,
We know thee not as those to come will know,
Thy epic life shall make the muse then glow,
Thy name shall long inspire the muses song,
Extolling thee as time shall roll along ;
As the great Queen who ruled in peace her realm,
For more than sixty years chief at the helm.
Sad are our hearts, a nation weeps to-day,
Since she, the good, the just, has passed away,
Beloved by all, a nation's mother, Queen,
More loved than ruler heretofore hath been.
Not loved so much as Queen, throned Majesty,
As for thy heart so kind so womanly,
A model mother and a model wife,
Exalting o'er the world all woman's life.
Thy duty well performed, evil withstood
Thy name shall ever be—Victoria Great and Good.

Hereford Times.

William Gyde.

WHY should we mourn our Queen obeying God's behest
To leave her earthly toil for realms of heav'nly rest ?
An honoured crown she wore thro' life's long troubled
fight,
But now she wears a crown with celestial jewels bright.
Thro' her long span of years His guidance e'er she sought,
In prosp'rous times of peace, or when with trouble
fraught ;
And tho' the nation mourns, and others share its grief,
We can but thank our God for her torn heart's relief.
All mankind's common ills, added to cares of State,
Made a burden hard to bear—one of grievous weight.

What were our trials beside her gigantic task ?
 How did she bear so long, might all in wonder ask ?
 And yet, neglecting nought, our gentle lady Queen,
 As model wife and mother was by her people seen.
 From the day, as maiden Queen, she mounted Britain's
 throne,
 The nation's love for her has yearly greater grown.
 Its sorrow e'er was hers, and, with true woman's parts,
 Her sympathy and aid gave balm to aching hearts.
 As ruler ever just, and as judge ever kind,
 The deeds that made her loved, her love brought to her
 mind. [refrain—
 We loved her as our Queen—none could from that
 But ever in our hearts as "Mother" she will reign.
 Her gracious word and help she gave to all in need,
 With no regard to rank—true charity her creed.
 The wounded soldier, sick, and bearing cruel pain,
 At her kind words felt well—for her would fight again.
 Can we e'er forget how she, seeing such a one,
 With face all but destroyed by bursting shell of gun,
 Thanked his Netley nurse in her thoughtful words benign
 For her kind care "to this poor suffering son of mine ?"
 "Son of mine!" the words she said and as truly felt ;
 Rare recollection now makes hardest hearts to melt.
 Victoria, the Well-Beloved, our Mother and our Queen !
 Victoria, the Well-Beloved, now bright with heav'nly
 sheen,
 Has passed away, but in all loving hearts will reign
 As Mother-Queen of England, whose life ne'er had a stain.

Sussex Times.

William Grant.

OUR well-beloved Queen has passed away,
 We weep—we mourn ;
 Our tears fall fast, our hearts are sad to-day
 With anguish torn.
 Our Empress-Queen and Mother is no more,
 Passed o'er the stream to the Eternal Shore.

A Nation's grief—like clouds of incense rise
O'er the dread scene ;
Her prostrate form inanimate it lies
Calm and serene.
Thine earthly crown, O Queen, thou hast laid down
To wear a brighter and immortal crown.

All round the world, far over land and sea,
From every shore
Came loving, tender words of sympathy
The wide world o'er.
Wherever Queen Victoria's name was known
They to her memory, sweet allegiance own.

We thank Thee, Lord, for her unsullied life
While here below ;
A loving Mother—and devoted Wife,
Long years ago.
But as the memories of the past arise,
Fresh floods of sorrow dim our weeping eyes.

Illustrious Queen, thy ministries of love
Shall follow thee ;
And in the archives of the Court above,
Recorded be.
For thou wert ever gracious, good and kind,
Swift to relieve, and broken hearts to bind.

For long, long years, O Queen, beneath thy reign
We've dwelt secure ;
Thy noble character, without a stain,
So chaste and pure.
Now, full of years, she gently sinks to rest,
To wake in glory—with the ransomed blest.

Her sons and daughters venerate her name,
Still fresh and green ;
As they recall the greatness and the fame
Of their lov'd Queen.
God bless them all, be Thou their guide and stay,
God save the King, we most devoutly pray,

In solemn silence, Queen, around thy bier
We breathe farewell ;
And to thy memory drop a silent tear,
For all is well.
As in the tomb we lay thy sleeping dust,
To wait the resurrection of the just.

B. Courtenay Gidley.

VICTORIA, sleep ! Thy well-earned rest has come—
The rest which means re-union. Here we lay
Thy form insensate in its marble bed,
Beside the form of him so dearly loved—
So truly mourned. But while we deeply grieve
Our poverty and loss that thou art gone,
Thy spirit smiles compassion on our tears,
And fain would cheer our hearts with tender words,
And glad assurances of perfect peace.

Thy thankful people evermore will bless
The lengthened span of thy benignant sway,
Unequalled in the total of its years
By any sitting on our country's throne ;
Yet, in those years, what amplitude of good,
What wealth of purpose—what sublime results.
How dwarfed the longest of all other reigns
When set in true comparison with thine—
In arts, in science, in developed power,
In growth of Empire, in a nation's love
No kingly record can with thine compare.

And to the gentle influence that spread
And spread in ever widening control,
Making the throne the centre and the core
Of grace and goodness ; 'tis to this we owe
A moral Court, a clean Society ;
The bright reflection of a blameless life,
And though thy sheaf was full of well-spent years,
Thy will and energy had lost no force,

Nor had the lamp of love burnt down too low
To still hold Greater Britain in thy heart ;
To feel for all thy subjeets' joy and dole,
To sympathise with all their loss and gain.

And now, dear Lady, may the King of Kings,
Who holds you in His gracious keeping still,
Enable us to follow your sweet lead ;
And, leaving selfish greed and party strife,
To make your memory, as yourself, to be
To all the nations a white dove of Peace.

Surrey Comet.

Rev. John Gardiner.

WE loved her for Religion's sake,
She did so firmly stand,
The bulwark of the Nation's right,
The glory of our land.

We loved her for the Sabbath's sake,
Sacred to her and dear,
In honour of our Blessed Lord,
Whose memory we revere.

From worldly work and pleasure
Did carefully abstain,
While in her quiet and happy home
Devotion sweet did reign.

We loved her for the Bible's sake,
To her was all divine,
Her constant study and delight,
It made her face to shine.

Like pious princee of ancient time,
It was her wish and prayer,
In every dwelling of her realm,
God's Holy Book be there.

We loved her for the Church's sake,
 It lay near to her heart,
 With all its hallowed services,
 And those who took a part.

When at her Highland castle stayed,
 By beautiful Deeside,
 She was a humble worshipper
 Her peasant folk beside.

We loved her for Good Moral's sake,
 On what was pure her smile,
 While sternly was her frown upon
 Whatever did defile.

We loved her for her own dear self,
 With mind so clear and wise,
 A mother's tenderness to all,
 Oft tears were in her eyes.

We loved her most for Saviour's sake,
 Her trust in Him did place,
 She cast her crown down at His feet,
 Rich heiress was of grace.

Our good old Queen, we mourn her, dead,
 Her loss to us so sad,
 But when we think of her above,
 Her gain there makes us glad.

The impress of her virtuous life,
 And noble sovereign sway,
 Will sparkle bright o'er all the earth,
 Be Britain's fame for aye.

Galloway Gazette.

T. Graham.

BRITANNIA mourns ! throughout her vast domains
 A nation's bitter tears in anguish flow ;
 Our noble Queen, Victoria the Good,
 Sleeps peacefully, by death's decree laid low.

Yet 'midst our welling tears, what joy to know
The grace and splendour of that glorious reign,
That life so pure, that loving heart so kind,
That hand so soothing in the hour of pain.
'Mid all the glamour that surrounds a throne,
She reigned a Queen in more than name,
Till every nation learned to know her worth,
Her sterling goodness, and her spotless fame.
Methought I dreamed a happy vivid dream,
Where round the death-bed angels hovered near ;
Methought I heard the herald's voice proclaim,
" Well done, thou faithful servant ! enter here :"
And sailing through the sky on angel's wings,
That wakened soul was quickly heavenward borne,
To join the saints around the Great White Throne,
Where all is gentle peace, and none do mourn.
Farewell ! beloved Queen, in peaceful rest
With him thy tender heart did love so well ;
In memory dear within our grateful hearts
The record of thy noble life shall dwell.

For him, our noble King, we humbly pray
That on his kingly shoulders may descend
The power to wisely rule, the wish to be
The people's King, the people's faithful friend :

And for his gracious Consort, Lord, we ask
Thy tender guidance and Thy loving care,
That she may reign enshrined in every heart,
And with our honoured King Thy blessing share.

The Grocer.

Adam M. Greenlaw.

TOLL muffled bells with sad and solemn knell,
A nation's grief profound and keen to tell,
Our Queen most noble and revered is dead,
Weep bitter tears as she for others shed.

Her cares were ours, her love was keen,
More like a mother than a Sovereign Queen,
Where in this world can we e'er hope to find
A monarch half so good, so peaceful, and so kind ?
Her's was a noble soul, to all she gave
Unstintedly if she could only save.
For three score years and more
The cares of State she bore
Unflinchingly when sorrows stemmed the way,
E'en when her Consort could no longer stay.
Queen of an Empire vast, Queen of unbounded seas,
Her flag from countless masts flew proudly on the breeze.
The world is wrapt in gloom from shore to shore,
Weep, Nations, weep, Victoria is no more.
Still yet her spirit lives imbued o'er land and sea,
Where'er a Briton breathes there still is potency.
Queen of an Empire vast, Queen of a boundless sea,
Thy Spirit soars at last, to the realm of Eternity.

Whitehaven Advertiser.

Bertha F. Harrison.

A sound of mourning and of woe
Is heard to-day—
Of anguish deep as heart can know
On life's rough way :
From every island o'er the sea
To us is borne
A mighty wave of sympathy
This saddened dawn.

A noble, gentle spirit wings
Her way to God,
A Sovereign great o'er earthly thrones
Here and abroad ;
Pure in both heart and life, and true
Her Royal sway,
'As Mother, Wife and Queen' we knew
Her worth alway.

Boundless the wealth of trust and love
Her people gave ;
And supplications rose above
Our Queen to save
Yet all in vain ; the word was given
To meet her Lord,
And there receive within His heaven
Her great reward.

Gloriously happy was her reign
All through the years,
With untold blessings in its train ;
Through griefs and fears
Oft intermingled, like the rain,
Yet by-and-bye
The sunshine brightly streamed again
Across the sky.

Was there deep trouble anywhere,
'Mongst high or low ?
Her tender sympathy was there,
Softening the blow ;
In joy or grief her love forth shone
Through all her days,
Her kindness unto every one
Beyond all praise.

Praise to our God, Who spared so long
Our precious Queen,
Making her life "one grand, sweet song" ;
God bless our Queen !
And in that bright and holy sphere
Far, far away,
Crown her with radiant joy there
In endless day.

Comfort her sorrowing ones, O God,
Who mourn to-day
A Mother's loss—who now hath trod
The shining way :

“Faithful to death!” Life’s crown well won,
 For toil comes rest ;
 Our Father, let Thy will be done,
 For *it* is best.

Grant, Lord, to our new King and Queen,
 Her children dear,
 To follow in their Mother’s train
 Thy faith and fear ;
 Give wisdom true to rule each day
 For Thee above,
 That they may win and keep alway
 Their people’s love.

J. Hyslop.

How oft we sung the words ! how oft in prayer
 They fell from myriad lips in all the years,
 But now they number with the things that were,
 And song and prayer are hushed in silent tears.

We had her always, and she loved us all,
 Bestowing on us unremitting care ;
 Rejoicing in the joys of great and small,
 And in our sorrows helping us to bear.

She ruled us ever with a loving hand,
 And made her life a model for our own ;
 Sweetly benignant, gentle in command,
 A mother always worthy of her throne.

And now the lonely heart has entered rest,
 For heaven has opened with the opening year ;
 And He whose Name she faithfully confessed,
 Has wiped away her last remaining tear.

God save the Queen ! Our prayers are ended now
 For all we asked and ten-fold more is given ;
 Her throne is empty but enthroned anew
 She lives and reigns for evermore in heaven.

Airdrie Advertiser

Rev. F. G. Hume, M.A.

GREAT, tender, woman's heart : liest thou so still !

We would not waken thee. Rest, rest in peace.
Rest in the peace of God : whose holy will

Gave thee to bless us, and hath taken away,

That we may bless His Name, in our dark day
Of deepest sorrow, thankful. Rest in Peace !

* * * * *

Ah, those sweet maiden days, when the full heart

Breathed forth the promise-prayer " I will be good ! "

For home all love ; in Majesty all just ;
In sorrow noble ; in true woman's part

A world's example ; yielding the sacred trust
From thy brave hand kept faithful to the end ;
Great Queen, true wife, wise mother, gentle friend ;
God's smile hath welcomed thee, " Thou hast been
good. "

C. M. Handley.

OUR Gracious, Good, and Noble Queen—
Belov'd of all—is no more seen ;
The world's one great illustrious head
Lies numbered with the sacred dead ;
And while the whole world mourning weeps,
Peaceful at rest she calmly sleeps.
Grand specimen of womanhood,
Her life was one of doing good ;
While with her counsels wise and great,
She awed the world and ruled the state.
Though no more heard, she speaketh yet,
By blest example always set ;
Truth, right, and purity the goal,
The ideal pattern of her soul.
Her real worth will ne'er be known,
A tower of strength upon the throne,

Her sceptre round the world she swayed,
And with her people lived and prayed.
All Europe waited for her word,
And when she spoke each heart was stirred—
A bulwark in the evil hour,
Full well they knew her magic power.
By foresight, wisdom, tact and skill,
She held the “dogs of war” at will,
And more than once her peaceful aims
Averted war by righteous claims.
As wife and mother, Empress, Queen,
Her equal never has been seen.
Though great her troubles, always prone
To make our griefs and cares her own.
Right nobly has she done her part,
Though dead, she lives in every heart,
And ever will her name be heard,
In every home the household word.
The muffled drum and muffled peal,
The sadness of the fact reveal ;
Yet while, alas ! we needs must grieve,
With thankfulness our bosoms heave ;
For she hath left us not alone,—
Her Princely son ascends the throne,
And by his side his lovely Queen,
Great, good, and wise, of royal mien,
Adored by all on every hand,
On every sea, in every land.
Anon we hear the church bells ring,
Long live the Queen, God save the King,
And for the moment sorrow flies,
While shouts of admiration rise !
Again the sombre thought returns,
And inwardly the spirit yearns
Oh, may they follow where she trod,
Guided and guarded by our God.
God bless our Emperor-King and Queen,
And while the years shall intervene,
May mutual aims our ties increase,
In love and joy and lasting peace.

As ivy to the oak doth cling,
May we revere our new-made King.
May King and Queen our hearts entwine,
With all that can on earth combine
To make the Empire great and strong,
Which can alone their reign prolong ;
As sun and moon is to the world,
May they, where'er our flag's unfurled,
Shed rays of light and liberty,
That tells of England's homes and free ;
Sweet emblem of the fact well known,
The sun ne'er sets on England's throne.

T. Hobson, F.R.S.L.

LORD to-day we give Thee praise
For our dear departed Queen :
Our thanksgiving now we raise
For the Ruler she has been.

Loyal peoples far and near
In the West, East, South, and North—
All her well-known Name revere,
Paying tribute to her worth.

Far away from mortal eye
Now her soul has ta'en its flight,
Unto realms that know no sigh—
Living ever in Thy sight—

Lord, Thy grace has made it meet
She Thy blessed face should see :
If to her Thy work was sweet,
What will now Thy glory be ?

As it was Thy gracious will
Here no longer she should stay
She has served Thee—and shall, still
Where all tears are wiped away.

God, in her, a blessing gave
 Unto Him our praise we bring
 And that blessing we would crave
 Still may rest on England's King.

Rev. J. Housman, B.D.

WE knew we loved thee, but we did not know
 How much we loved thee till the tidings came
 That we must lose thee ; then into a flaine
 Rose the long-slumbering fire that deep and low
 Had lain within our heart ; yea then we knew
 How thy great love to us had wondrously
 Wrought in our heart an answering love to thee
 Deeper than words, devoted, stedfast, true.
 O God, we thank and praise Thee, not alone
 That Thou in answer to our prayers hast given
 Long life and all the choicest gifts of heaven
 To her we prayed for, but that Thou hast shown
 How beautiful and noble life can prove
 When self is lost in services of love.

Brighton Herald.

Everard Hopkins.

WE waited there
 Bareheaded as the summer sun poured down
 On all the gathered thousands of the town ;
 Gay banners fluttered on the delighted air ;
 The bright-hued hangings stirred
 What time was heard
 The onward-rushing storm of loud acclaim.
 A glittering flood the pageant moved along
 A wind-swept flower garden that bright throng,
 The day she came.

That day she came
A Queen to render thanks to God that He
Through sixty years had dealt thus lovingly
With her, and crowned with honour and saved from shame
Her people and her throne.

Nor we alone
Went with her on her way. Beside her rode
Princes of all the nations under heaven,
And kindred folk and subject peoples given
To her by God.

Once more we stand
Bareheaded now as then—She passes by
Who is not here, but far—and yet is nigh,
While reverent silence guards on either hand
On this pale winter day
Her tomb-ward way.

Above the solemn purple draperies, float
The flags at half-mast heavily. And a throb
Of sorrow that is half sigh and half sob
Chokes every throat.

And he rides here
Whom we would welcome otherwise than thus.
To-day it must not be—this day for us
Is sacred to the past that was so dear.

No more the subject-son
Is now this one,
But King who wears the crown she has put by,
You shall not find, Sir, we forget to pay
Our debt of homage—it is paid to-day
But silently.

The Pilot.

The Very Rev. Dean Hole, D.D.

BORNE by Thy angels, through the awful way,
To Paradise, where dawns the eternal day.

God rest our Queen !

Faith dares not doubt ; her prayer and ours is heard ;
 She claims the precious promise of Thy Word,
 God rest our Queen !

With those, her dearest, whom she mourned so long,
 She lives, and loves, and learns the triumph-song.—
 God rest our Queen !

Glory to Jesus—there remaineth still
 This rest for all who seek to do Thy will—
 With her our Queen.

Church Times.

C. Hassell.

THE streams were dried, and barren was the ground ;
 Cattle were perishing on hill and plain ;
 No pasturage nor water could be found :
 Year after year God had withheld the rain.
 The land was desolate, and loud the cry
 Of the sore stricken ones in agony.

Help there seemed none : the heavens were burning brass ;
 The earth a dreary desert scorched and brown,
 Like spectres men along the highways pass, [down.
 With trembling limbs, and heads with grief bowed
 No aid seemed near : their pains and fears increase,
 Those who forsake their God can find no peace !

An agèd form ascends the mountain side—
 Reaches the summit. Prostrate on the earth
 He cries to God—nor fears to be denied—
 Prays that soon showers may fall to end the dearth.
 He proved the power of prayer : God sent the rain ;
 And earth rejoicing yields her stores again.

A slender girlish form of eighteen years
 Was called to wield the sceptre of a realm
 On which the sun ne'er sets, and there were fears
 The task would that fair maiden's powers o'erwhelm.
 How was it possible so feeble hand
 The homage of an empire could command ?

Her soul rose to the task ; she raised her heart
To Him—the King of Kings and Lord of Lords :
Strength came, and nobly she performed her part,
Earth's greatest ones have listened to her words.
The mightiest monarch earth has ever seen
Became that youthful maid, our gracious Queen.

A feeble man was fleeing for his life,
And hidden in a cave, o'ercome by fear,
He hoped to find a shelter from the strife :
When suddenly a voice—“What dost thou here ? ”
Aroused him. He replied, “Thy prophets, Lord,
Thou knowest, all have perished by the sword.”

“ And, Lord, they seek my life.” Then the command
Is given by God, to calm the prophet's fears :
“ Go forth and on the mount before Me stand.”
A mighty and tempestuous wind he hears ;
A fearful earthquake threatens ruin dire ;
And next the earth around seems wrapt in fire.

These terrors pass away—and now is heard,
Speaking in accents clear “ a still, small voice.”
The prophet listens as each soothing word,
Like sweetest music, makes his heart rejoice ;
And he is taught that gentleness and love
Are the true powers the hearts of men to move.

A royal maiden meekly takes her place
Where nobles of an empire round her stand.
Frail is her form, and youthful is her face :
Can she obedience to her rule command ?
Soft is her voice, and yet its every sound,
Distinct and clear, is heard by all around.

She knew that men of might had gained a name
As conquerors, and by the blood they shed
Had found a place upon the roll of fame,
While by their deeds fair lands were overspread
With desolation, famine, and distress,
Deserted homes, hearts filled with bitterness.

She had from childhood made God's Holy Word
Her constant study, and throughout her youth
"The still small voice" from Him she daily heard
Speaking from that eternal Word of truth ;
And thence she learned the hearts of all to move
By that all conquering force—the power of love.

And her sweet influence spread the wide world o'er ;
Its power was felt in every distant land.
Never was monarch honoured thus before,
Never had ruler such a wide command.
Base tyranny from its high throne was hurled :
A tender-hearted woman ruled the world.

An infant form within a manger lay,
His natal place a humble cattle stall ;
Yet angels bright were sent to earth to say
This was the Saviour born to rule o'er all.
The great ones of the earth looked down in scorn
On Him, the feeble child so lowly born.

His was a humble life amidst the poor ;
Toiling with Joseph for His daily bread ;
No wealth He owned, nor had He earthly store ;
Oft not a place to lay His weary head :
Yet it is He, that one of lowly birth,
Who truly holds all power in heaven and earth.

And our loved noble Queen by Him was taught ;
Like one of old, she sat at Jesus' feet,
And learned from Him what wonders may be wrought
By love, which ever makes obedience sweet.
She learned the truth so strange to mortal eyes,
God works by feeble things which men despise.

"Tis this that makes to all her memory dear,
A heart so womanly that felt for all ;
The kindly smile, the sympathetic tear,
The cheerful readiness at duty's call,
The counsellor, the ever faithful friend ;
All virtues in her nature seemed to blend.

And while we cannot now restrain our tears—
We miss the loving heart and willing hand—
Let us give thanks to God, that for long years
He has with such a ruler blest our land :
That she has laid her earthly sceptre down
To take from Him a bright, unfading crown.

Stroud News.

Captain Henderson.

HEART of Gold ! that suffered sore ;
Heart to pain and grief inured ;
Heart that brake not but endured,
Though bereft of his who wore
Blamelessly unstained, the flower
Of his life, till that sad hour
When he passed for evermore.
Faithful Heart,
Joined with his for evermore !

Eyes of Love ! benign, serene ;
Tender eyes, to tears no strangers ;
Dauntless eyes, that looked at dangers
Bravely, as becomes, a Queen ;
Watching over Land and Billow :
Weeping o'er a soldier's pillow ;
Calm, through every changing scene.
Gracious Eyes,
Opening on a Heavenly scene !

Voice of Truth ! beloved, sincere ;
Tranquil voice, that stifled faction ;
Royal voice, that roused to action ;
Voice to Home and England dear ;
Perfect ways of Honour teaching ;
Widest range of Empire reaching
Through an ever-broadening sphere.
Angel Voice,
Borne to an unbounded sphere !

King of Kings ! from whom alone
 Earthly kings their graces borrow,
 Lo, in gratitude and sorrow
 Now we yield to Thee Thine own ;
 And our faults we come confessing,
 And we thank Thee for Thy blessing
 To the People and the Throne ;
 For our Queen,
 Called to a Celestial Throne !

Cleveland Mercury.

A. Holdsworth.

A NOBLE Queen has gone from us,
 They watched her droop and die ;
 The angel hands have borne her
 To fairer Home on high.

Beneath her outward form we saw
 The generous loving heart,
 Yet little thought we that ere long
 Her soul from us would part.

They miss her in the house of God,
 And by their own fire's light ;
 They listen late but still hear not
 Her welcome words, good night.

A shadow seems to cast around
 Its darkness where she trod,
 And in that shadow we may see
 The mysteries of God.

Entwine around her, Lord, Thine arms,
 And let her life still be
 A beacon light to lead us on
 To Heaven's blest home and Thee.

Bradford Daily Argus.

E. Gilbert Highton, M.A., F.R.S.L.

Losing Her smile, and letting fall our tear,
Ask we how best we may her name revere ?
Can we by mourning garb, or flower-wrought wreath,
Best show our grief, best signalise Her Death ?
Is it by funeral pomp, by silken pall,
By Sceptre, Orb, or Crown Imperial,
By arms reversed of troops in long array,
By crowds in silence stretching far away,
By the sad following of Her Royal Race,
In which ev'n Kings are proud to have a place ?
No ! not all these, symbolic though they be,
Can best immortalise Her memory !

Tribute, above all other, *is* to tread the paths She trod,
To justly do, to mercy love, and humbly walk with God.

Pall Mall Gazette.

Mrs. B. Hailes.

HUSH ! a mighty hush, o'er land and sea
Victoria the well beloved. Queen of our hearts and
As when of old the prophet died [homes is dead.
In Nebo's lonely heights
The people wept
So ran the tears from countless eyes
When tolled the solemn knell
Victoria slept.

In lofty palace and in humble cot
Where'er the sons of Britain cast their lot
Around the girdled earth sad news has spread
Our Queen so loved is numbered with the dead.

Hush—from afar there comes the sound of grief
Her hand was ever stretched to give relief
In famine or in plague, on stormy sea
Or where the war fiend banishes all glee

Soldier and sailor, Indian warrior brave
Where'er her flag waves to defend or save
One mighty cry goes up from every heart
Alas our Queen, must she the loved depart.

Where the star spangled banner waves with grace
In every home of all her kingly race
Re-echoes there from earth's most distant bound
The mournful oft repeated sound
 Our Queen is dead
 And dusky lips have said
 " Our Queen is dead "
 " We too are dead."

Pass silent Queen, where silence reigns profound
In that great city—oft-times rent with cheers
Pass to thy rest—beside the silent dead
To rest with him thy well beloved
Till the great trump shall sound
Then "rise with him" in Christ
To an inheritance divine—
 A crown that passeth not.

Rev. Arthur J. Heelis, M.A.

An Empire mourns, and with it mourns the world,
 Yielding spontaneous homage to the Queen,
Whom men, for more than three score years have seen.
Since first her regnant standard was unfurled,
 Calmly control, whatever chances whirled,
 Guiding her vessel to the peaceful mean,
 Whatever eddying currents swept between,
Whatever counter waves of purpose curled.

Armed to the teeth those other kingships stand,
 In mutual dread and fear of foes within,
 Victoria's Throne stood in her people's good,
And half a world leaped forward, sword in hand,
 To guard the Empire, which she proved one kin,
 Wielding the forceless sway of womanhood.

W. E. Henley, LL.D.

*Sceptre and orb and crown,
High ensigns of a sovereignty impaling
The beauty and strength and wealth of half a world,
Pass from her, and she fades
Into the old, inviolable peace.*

She had been ours so long
She seemed a piece of England: spirit and blood
And function England's self,
Home-coloured, England in look and deed and dream;
Like the good meadows and woods, and the mild rivers
And sea-charmed cliffs and beaches, that still bring
A gush of tender pride to the heart
That beats in England's airs, to England's ends;
August, familiar, irremovable,
Like the dear stars that shine
In the dear skies that only England knows:
So that we held it sure
God's aim, God's will, God's way,
When Empire from her footstool, realm on realm,
Spread, even as from her notable womb
Sprang line on line of kings;
For she was England—England and our Queen.

* * * * *

Be that your chief of mourning—that!—
England, O Mother, and you,
The daughter Prinedoms born and reared
Of England's travail and sweet blood;
And never will yon realms,
The live earth over and round,
Wherethrough for sixty royal and regnant years
Her drum-tap made the dawns
English—O, never, never will you
So fittingly and well have paid your debt
Of grief and gratitude to the souls
That sink in England's harness into the dream:
“I die for England's sake, and it is well:”

As now to this valiant, wonderful piece of earth,
To which the assembling nations bare the head
And bend the knee
In absolute veneration—once your Queen.

*Sceptre and orb and crown,
High ensigns of a sovereignty impaling
The glory and state and praise of a whole half-world,
Fall from her, and, preceding, she departs
Into the old, indissoluble peace.*

Morning Post.

Annie L. Hudspith.

THE muffled bells which ring across our lands
Have filled the very winds with mournful breath,
Which bowed in grief a mighty nation stands
Before the awful majesty of Death :
Victoria's reign has closed, and all seems hushed
Before the silence of the final scene ;
When Death's dark pinions 'gainst a sceptre brushed,
And freed from earth the spirit of a Queen.

Our Empress-Queen, who watched through six decades
Her England's glory widen year by year,
Crowned with the laurel wreath which never fades,
Lies motionless and still upon her bier.
With hearts too full for aught but tender thought
Her subjects lay their tributes at her feet ;
So let her rest, the final fight is fought,
The faith well kept, the course is now complete.

Strong ties were they which bound us to our Queen,
No empty act of homage to the great,
Nor was it pride to know that Virtue's sheen
Encircled her who ruled our " Ship of State ; "
A stronger, holier tie than those she found,
A tie held sacred in the Heavens above,
And with it to her woman's heart she bound
Her people in a universal love.

“ My people,” said the Queen with dying breath,
 “ Our Queen,” we whisper now in accents low ;
 Yet even as we sorrow o'er her death
 We feel that God is good Who willed it so.
 We learn the lessons of her noble life,
 And though across our lands the sad bells toll,
 We know beyond the echo of the strife
 A victor stands before the long sought Goal.

Her deeds shall live on history's brightest page,
 Amid the deeds we love and honour most ;
 Throughout the future the Victorian age
 Shall be an age of which we dare to boast ;
 The mem'ry of her courage still shall give
 Our heroes strength to do their loyal part,
 And evermore her matchless name shall live
 In the Valhalla of an empire's heart.

Hexham Herald.

Pees Hervey.

A HUSH on the earth had fallen,
 The revel—the laugh—were still,
 And the world had bowed in sorrow
 O'er a loss that was hard to fill.

For the greatest of earthly Sovereigns
 Had laid the sceptre down,
 And had gone to a wider Kingdom
 To receive a brighter crown.

And the placards edged with mourning
 Told the eager throng that day,
 In Dublin's busy highways,
 That the Queen had passed away.

He was small and ragged and dirty,
 A child of the streets—no more,
 Yet a subject's heart beat loyally
 'Neath the threadbare coat he wore.

He knew not the Empire's bound'ry,
 But he felt the Empire's pain,
 When he saw that his Queen had gone to rest
 From the toil of her mighty reign.

He had only a penny to purchase
 The violet blossoms dear,
 Yet a tiny bunch he bargained
 From a flower-girl standing near.

Later the gardens of Europe
 Will be stripped of their choicest bloom,
 To be placed with pomp of mourning
 In State on the Royal tomb.

His flowers were laid on the great Queen's name,
 To be crushed in the muddy street,
 To be trampled and soiled in the busy throng,
 And to lose their fragrance sweet.

But who shall say that the act is lost,
 And that angels have not smiled,
 Or that greater homage a Queen could win
 Than the love of this beggar child ?

Irish Times-

Emra Holmes, F.R.H.S.

An invisible presence broods over the land,
 Azrael, Angel of Death !
 Hush ! can you hear or can understand
 His mien, or that which he saith ?
 His wings spread out on either hand :
 We wait, bnt with bated breath.

Our Lady the Queen ! Oh ! no, some other,
 Take her not from us yet :

Victoria, Empress, our friend, our Mother,
 We pray—we ne'er fume nor fret :
 “ God of our fathers, hear our prayer,
 Take her not from us yet.”

The mighty heart of the Empire feels,
 As sick unto death she lies :
 Each of us at the altar kneels
 Each of us to God cries,
 Our prayers go up to Him who heals,
 And who our wants supplies.

The sands of a long and noble life
 Have now run out, and the end—
 Has come at last, and the stress and strife
 Are gone. Peace loseth a friend,
 The blameless mother, monarch and wife,
 Love shall no longer tend.

* * * * *

Hush ! it is over, she is at rest,
 What can we do but weep ?
 Cross her hands humbly over her breast,
 And leave her to her long sleep.
 “ Merciful Heaven take her home,
 In paradise safely keep.”

Peace for our Empire has not come ;
 Beyond the grave she has peace—
 She has gone from us to her long home ;
 The battle of life doth cease :
 She has nobly borne her part in the strife,
 And after the struggle—release.

Her Epitaph—What man shall write ?
 This we can truly say—
 She loved her people ; she strove for right ;
 Her duty did day by day.
 A peerless Queen : God has taken aright
 To the realms of endless day !

Freemason.

S. Jefferson.

THE solemn messenger who summons all,
 Hath called the first on earth, with one clear call,
 A sorrowing world, submissive, bows the head—
 Our Empress-Queen, Victoria, is dead !
 No ! Yet she lives, her name can never die,
 Through her long life she lived with purpose high ;
 Nobly hath she attained her lofty aim,
 Deathless the splendour of her spotless name,
 Not only where her standard floats unfurled
 O'er loving subjects, but through all the world
 The tide of sorrow swells in each true breast.
 For she, of earthly Queens, was bravest, best !

Thanks be to Him, the King of Kings,
 Mid mourning gloom His goodness flings
 The hopes of brighter, better life,

In other realms, with radiance rife.

Amid our grief we silence our true pride,
 In that Imperial sway of hers, world-wide,
 All other feelings are by sorrow crushed,
 All passion's voices are by mourning hushed.
 There is one prayer, that would be hers, we raise
 God save the King, give to him length of days ;
 Victoria, the Well-Beloved, may she
 The bright exemplar of the long reign be ;
 Thus shall her influence live, whose glorious life
 Shines perfect as a monarch, mother, widow, wife !

Harrogate Advertiser.

I. T. Jacob.

OUR good and well-belov'd Queen is dead !

And we in Wales the loss as deeply feel
 As any subjects in old England bred,
 For well we know throughout her reign the weal
 Of all she sought, and helped us to secure
 All that pure hearts could wish would long endure.

Her reign, unparalleled in length, was highly blest,
And over all the earth its glory spread ;
And now that Queen Victoria's gone to rest,
What sweet and noble things of her are said :
Just like a mother unto each she seemed,
With love more beautiful than any dreamed.

Our heart's desire was to see her live
A few years more, because we wished to see
Our land at perfect peace when death should give
His summons to depart, but God's will be
Our will, for He knows best what's good for all,
Whether it be new life, or funeral pall.

Deep among millions is the sorrow felt,
And long acutely hearts will throb with pain ;
Death, spite of prayers, a cruel blow has dealt,
But yet we'll pray, and 'twill not be in vain :
God grant her son may prove a good, wise King,
That out of grief we may arise and sing.

E. Y. Wilson Jones.

How can we best commemorate
Our late most gracious Queen ?
How best express our gratitude
For such a glorious reign ?

Amongst the stately works of art,
And plans of charity,
That spring to life when heroes die,
To shrine their memory,—

Can any offer nobler gift,
Or fairer tribute bring,
Than a resolve to make his life
A better, worthier thing ?

Can we not, as a nation, strive
 A monument to raise,
 Of high resolves and holier aims,
 And earnest, useful days ?

And while the outward tokens rise
 In stately majesty,
 To bear their witness to the great
 Victoria's memory, --

Let us as Britons not forget
 The fervour that imbued
 Her life, e'er since that fixed resolve
 She made : " I will be good ! "

Led by the hand that guided her
 Through all her glorious reign,
 May we, with her, a fadeless crown,
 " The crown of life," obtain.

Rhyl Journal.

G. Hunt Jackson.

O, most revered of Queens !
 A nation's heart embalms her name to-day,
 Weaving around her image many a spray
 Of memory's evergreens.

Through sixty years has grown
 An Empire's love enshrining fair renown ;
 No blush of shame betrayed a sullied Crown
 Or crept about her Throne.

Transparent light was there ;
 And all about her Court, in temperate rays,
 It moved along, to clothe life's gentle ways ;
 And make her palace fair.

Her sceptre woke no fear ;
It blossomed out in blessing, not with bane ;
Her sympathy was with her people's pain,
With many a mingling tear.

She wept with them that wept :
When in the place of tears rejoicing came
From out her heart rose the responsive flame
Whose Vestal never slept.

World-wide is England's story ;
And through the centuries, in light sublime,
Love's silvery waves upon the shores of time
Shall roll Victoria's glory.

Mrs. Grace Jordan.

SLEEP, noble Queen, and take thy well-earned rest !
Thy work is done, and thou art called away ;
Those tireless fingers now must quiet stay
In meek submission, folded o'er thy breast.

Thine heart has ceased to share our joy or pain,
Thine eyes are closed ; clear eyes where shone thy soul !
Their earnest gaze is fixed upon the goal
In one last smile—they will not weep again.

Thy voice is still. Its ever-gentle tone
Reached heart and home—we loved thee as a friend,
And now thy words remain to us alone,
For thou hast gained thy lifelong journey's end,
God give thee peace ! God comfort us that weep—
“So He giveth His beloved sleep.”

Rev. L. Klamborowski, M.A.

ADIEU great Empress-Queen ! Thy people's love
 Wont erst to list thy sympathetic word—
 Alas, now hush'd !—still follows thee above.
 The strife and turmoil of this lower world
 Vex not thy soul, nor stir thy slumber deep,
 For so He giveth His belovèd sleep.

Adieu dear Mother-Queen ! From infant years
 The only Queen our lives have ever known ;—
 What wonder if thy orphan'd children's tears
 Surround thy bier as erst their love thy throne :—
 Not hopeless tears,—well wot we tho' we weep,
 That so He giveth His belovèd sleep.

Adieu wise blameless Queen ! Our love for thee
 Grew with our growth, and strengthen'd with our strength
 “On this side of idolatry,” whilst we
 Forgot that thou wert mortal—till at length

The Reaper deems the shock, full ripe to reap,
 And so He giveth his belovèd sleep.

Bury Free Press.

G. Kitching.

The echo of the century past,
 Still rang upon the ear,
 The changes of an Empire vast
 Still filled the opening year,
 When solemnly, the muffled bell
 The nation's ears, dumbfounded, tell,
 The ruler of this mighty State
 Was numbered with the Silent Great,
 Had gone to dwell with those she loved
 To worship round the Throne above,
 Hand in hand with him so good
 Who long at her right hand had stood.

Oh ! could I tune my harp for song,
Oh ! could the inspiration come
To cheer the heart and soothe the soul
From sadness at the solemn dole
That o'er the crowded city street
And scattered hamlet bore so fleet
To hearts that fain would not believe
The solemn truth they must receive ;
The light had gone, the light that shone
So clearly on the British throne,
And like the gentle Northern Star
Many a helm did guide afar.

That name for more than three score years has stood
The synonym of all that's good ;
The terror of the base and vile,
The watchword of truth's sentinel.
E'en where the negro children dream
Of the noble white man's Queen,
And in her name pray not in vain
To break the despots chain in twain ;
That magic name, that word for right,
Barbarians even fear to slight ;
That name the tyrant holds in fear,
That name all righteous men revere.

In years to be, when sage's hand
Shall pen the history of our land,
To tell the race that is to come
The greatest on the British throne ;
Her reign on every lip will rise,
Victoria to immortalise,
With diadem of virtuous noble womanhood,
Victoria, the victorious Britain's best beloved,
Who twined the thistle with the rose,
Who sought the shamrock at life's close,
With tender hand to bind the three
Nations in true unity.

Sixty years and more in hand
Had ruled this mighty Empire land,
And sought for peace and truth and love—

All for dear old England's good.
 Our Queen has joined the realms of those
 Who rest in sweet, well-earned repose,
 From cares of State, joys oft destroyed,
 By pageant tumult so alloyed.
 Not with the breeze of birthday May,
 When flowering flakes of hawthorn stray,
 But when the storms of winter blow
 The starry flakes of heavenly snow—
 Victoria went to rest.

Arthur King.

Oh circling Dove !
 Oh emblem of Purity, Peace and of Love,
 That brought to the ark as of old
 The olive-branch message from Heaven above
 That backwards the waters had rolled ! [Queen,
 Oh Dove ! One whose pure life proclaimed her The
 Beyond e'en her own regal spheres,
 Loved, honoured, revered, as one never has been
 Goes hence, 'mid a nations sad tears !

*Then earthwards, oh come now thou White-winged Dove,
 And waft her pure soul to the realms above !*

Oh Fair, White Dove !
 Oh bear on thy pinions of radiant white
 Her soul, pure and white as thy wings,
 Through the Valley of Death, to Celestial Light,
 At the feet of The King of all Kings !
 There ever to dwell, but still leaving behind
 Her name, aye of memory blest
 Which e'er in our hearts a sweet symbol shall find
 In a Dove with a fair and white breast !

*Then earthwards, oh come now thou White-winged Dove,
 And waft her pure soul to the realms above !*

Elizabeth Kirlew.

“WEIBCHEN!” he said, when he lay dying,
And since, through forty years of sighing,
The dear old love-name has been hers no more.
“Victoria, Queen and Empress,” we’ve acclaimed her,
Mother and Lady we have proudly named her,
But the one only *equal* love was o’er.

Glory and empire, widowhood and sorrow,
These are her yesterday—on her to-morrow
The fadeless glories shine.
And, oh, I think, when the death-swoon was breaking,
The very first sound of her heavenly waking
Was *his* voice : “Weibchen mein!”

The People's Magazine.

Christopher King.

QUEEN-MOTHER! ’shrined in every loyal heart,
Sweet be thy rest when struggles here are o’er ;
Nobly and well, through life, thou did’st thy part,
Calm be thy voyage to yonder heavenly shore.
We mourn thy loss—a nation’s grief and tears
O’er thy sweet memory lays the tribute down ;
May earthly diadem be but exchanged
For Heaven’s fadeless and immortal crown.

Sweet be thy rest, life’s duties nobly done !
Earth’s shadows flee before the dawn of peace.
Death ends not all. Life’s journey now is run :
Then come the victor-songs which never cease !
Queen ! best beloved—thy memory ever green
Shall be to us a guide to life and light ;
This aye shall be thy last, thy choicest gift—
Life, fuller perfect life, beyond the night.

Aberdeen Journal.

Rev. P. H. Kirkham, M.A.

No mortal tongue can voice the grief
Which fills the hearts of those bereft :
The only comfort to them left
Is 'Death has given her relief.'

Relief from all the cares of State,
Which eat into a human head,
As though a crown of molten lead
Oppressed it as its constant mate.

From East to West, from South to North,
The universal grief resounds ;
The world to its remotest bounds
The cry of mourning bodies forth.

No empty mimicry of woe
Is this which stirs the nation's heart :
The lowliest felt the piercing smart
Of anguish at the sudden blow.

Yes, she is gone ; the hand is cold,
Which gently firm, controlled the helm
In storms which threatened to o'erwhelm :—
The hand so brave, yet ne'er o'erbold.

And now the lips are sealed in death :—
Those lips which often comfort gave
To mourners, courage to the brave
To yield for her their dying breath.

A sovereign without peer she stood,
By all beloved, despised by none ;
And though her work on earth is done,
Her voice still speaks 'I will be good.'

For such who would not shed their blood ?
Whose heart unthrilled could bear her name ?
The world resounded with her fame,—
Our Queen, Victoria the good.

Mrs. E. A. Lempriere Knight.

THE mighty heart of nations
Pulsates beneath the sway
Of one great throb of sorrow,
That makes all "kin" to-day !

Oh ! Queen of noblest purpose !
Oh ! mother-heart so kind !
A legacy of blessing
Thy life hath left behind !

We find no words befitting
Thy virtues to pourtray ;
We only know WE LOVED THEE !
And are bereft to-day !

Yet He who led thee onward,
Through light and shade knew best
Just when His child grew weary,
And called thee home to rest !

Sweet "Rest" and glad re-union !
Shall we not say "'tis well ?"
And to our children's children
Thy grand life-story tell !

Tell of the high-souled maiden,
At dawning womanhood,
To setting sun majestic !
"Victoria the Good ! "

Thus shalt thou live for ever !
A people's heart thy throne,
Where memory will enshrine thee,
A kingdom all thine own.

God bless our new-made Sovereign,
And grant his reign may see
Ere long, sweet peace unbroken !
And true prosperity !

Kent Messenger.

Edward King.

BELOVED, lamented, venerable Queen,
 Empress of millions in far distant lands,
 The gentlest monarch earth has ever seen,
 Whose loss her people's sorrow now demands.

A life so beautiful, a death so calm,
 A reign so bounteous, loyal hearts admire ;
 Her Queenly virtues, with majestic charm,
 The world's abounding gratitude inspire.

Enlightened energies her soul employed
 To civilize and bless the world around,
 Long life and Royal honours she enjoyed,
 She died with high imperial glory crowned.

Toll solemn bells, a mighty Empire's moan,
 No worthier Sovereign ever graced an earthly throne.

Coventry Standard.

Herbert A. Knowles.

God Save the Queen ! Yea, though her carnal earth
 We cannot from the ghoul, Corruption, save :
 Death proves how little all the pomps are worth,
 For which we crave.

When timid babes, we tremble at the dark,
 Fly to our mother's arms, breathless and pale ;
 When grey in years, we shudder to embark
 Beyond the veil.

We cry for Light—the pallid glow of Faith
 Fails to illuminate the dark Unseen ;
 Has ought escaped the tyranny of Death
 Of Britain's Queen ?

Yes, by the sanctity of human prayers,
 By the world's tears, by her life's pure renown—
 Blest in love's immortality, she wears
 Once more a crown.

Marylebone Mercury.

David A. King.

VICTORIA, Queen and Empress, now no more
To grace the scene of earth's uncertain shore,
No more that kindly light, the beaming face,
With welcome smile, the loved one's fond embrace.

Death's weirdly symbol wafts upon the breeze
From home and foreign leagues, by land and seas,
Crown-bond and free, the serf, as with his lord,
From life's enraptured normal pleasures marred.

Her spirit's fled to dwell with God above,
To wear a brighter crown, where all is love,
And have alike withal, a brighter Throne,
With brighter life, in that eternal home.

Sovereign, friend of nations, even of random foes,
That now with rev'rence plead her soul's repose,
While legion millions, sad in grief are hurled,
Electric o'er the universal world.

Why weep or grieve, or shed those bitter tears !
Our Queen was good, and virtuous, full of years,
Matured, and faithful, her allotted span
Traversed divinely time's consistent plan.

And now, God bless our Edward, King,
Commend with favour, Lord, his Consort Queen,
Long life, with honour, joy, and peace maintain
A repetition of a glorious reign.

Bridge of Allan Gazette.

J. Line.

THE voice is hushed, the spirit still'd,
And the nation weeps full sore,
For ne'er again that voice which will'd
Shall will again once more.

Sad is the blow, the nation heeds,
That the Queen of Queens the best—
But not Victoria's noble deeds—
Has quietly sunk to rest.

Nay ! deeds live after life has gone,
And sweet memories will recall,
They'll speak the life which brightly shone
Through cottage and through hall.

They'll spread a sunshine o'er the land,
Bring warmth to many a hearth,
And bind more closely friendship's hand,
Linked by a queenly heart.

Our children's children, in their day,
Will read with keen delight,
How noble deeds and queenly sway,
Built up an Empire's might.

This Queen of Queens, of noble mien,
Shall ne'er forgotten be,
For never Ruler has there been,
With rule more pure and free.

Bucks Standard.

Thomas Kay, J.P.

DULL and drear is the waning year, meeting its end at
last ;
Sweet and low is the evening glow, after the storm is
past ;
The Queen we loved, now gone before ; the day's long
work, now done :
Dark is the prospect of the night, when light and love are
gone.

Oh ! for the wings of angels light, mounting to realms of bliss,
Soaring to the Sun's great orb, and brighter world than this,
The future life and new domain, the sage's dream of rest,
Set as a jewel in the skies, resplendent of the blest.

Stockport Advertiser.

Rev. C. S. Lowry, M.A.

GREAT King of kings, in dire distress
We bow before Thy throne ;
Thou wilt not leave us comfortless,
Who trust in Thee alone.

In every clime with one accord
The nations mourn to-day ;
Thy will be done : Thou gavest, Lord,
And Thou dost take away.

Thy will be done : though fall our tears,
'Tis blessed to have seen
A life so true through all its years—
Our Mother and our Queen ;

Our Mother-Queen, who all our love
With larger love repaid ;
Grant us with her to know above
That Love which cannot fade.

Oh hallow, Lord, the dawning reign,
And guard our royal line ;
May Britain's crown, kept free from stain,
With undimmed lustre shine.

Sore stricken, yet not comfortless,
Before Thy throne we fall ;
Have pity, Lord, on our distress :
Oh save and help us all.

Church Times.

John Lloyd.

We mourn to-day our Queen, the greatest Queen
That Britain's famous Isles have ever seen,
Though of Queen Bess our fathers proud have been.

Strong in thy frame, and of an active mind,
And powerful, and with a heart so kind,
Where shall we in the world thine equal find ?

A mother, foundress of a kingly race,
World-wide almost, we in her children traee
Her very look and counterpart of face.

From gentle youth, she ruled to ripe old age,
Ever the Sovereign, brave, far-seeing sage,
Her storied life shall fill the greatest page.

And trust me, in the future of the State,
Our King, though comes he to the throne but late,
Will like her be the noble and the great !

David Lawton.

QUEEN-MOTHER of her people, she has won
The hearts of all her subjects far and wide ;
White, brown, and black are weeping side by side
For her whose honoured course at last is run.
How well her high exalted part she's done ;
Regal in royal sphere, yet woman true ;
And living as she'd have her people do.
Her death is like an eclipse of the sun,
For when the orb of day is hid from sight
We then begin to feel how great his power,
And how beneficent his genial light :
Our eyes are opened in bereavement's hour—
Death, the revealer, gives us vision clear,
To see how great a soul dwelt 'mongst us here.

Rest from thy labours, royal toiler, rest ;
 For thou hast served us till thy latest breath,
 Discharged thy office faithfully till death
 Hath laid his icy hand upon thy breast.
 This sweet release for thee we feel is best,
 To us a sense of utter loss it brings,
 A shadow o'er the nation's life it flings.
 Grief fills our hearts which cannot be exprest.
 Thy gracious sway was felt the wide-world round,
 For freedom flourished 'neath thy gentle wings ;
 Where'er our race a resting-place hath found,
 Thy death to-day a load of sorrow brings.
 Thine earthly sovereignty with life laid down,
 Be thine a fadeless everlasting crown.

Co-operative News.

L. Lewis.

REST noble heart, thy work is done ;
 All care is o'er, thy rest begun
 In brighter worlds beyond the sun—
 Dear Mother Queen !

Thy life a ship, has sailed to port,
 Laden with years and gems of thought,
 And golden deeds so queenly wrought—
 Our Noble Queen !

Thy glorious reign has shed its light
 O'er distant lands with power and might
 On clouded minds which knew no light—
 Our Noble Queen !

Sleep calmly on amidst the gloom,
 The muffled peal, the cannons' boom,
 The aching void, the silent tomb—
 Dear Mother Queen !

Kettering Guardian.

Miss L. M. Little.

WHEN the word was flashed to Dublin that the Queen
was dead— [said ;
“ Shure 'twill be a world-wide sorra ! ” all the grand folk
Till St. Patrick's great bell hushed them, tollin', tollin'
solemnly.

But a wee boy at the corner, sorra word said he ;
Not a shoe or stockin' on him, through the mud he wint
To the flower-girl was nighest, and wan coin he spint ;
Not a shoe or stockin' on him, through the mud he came—
Softly, sadly, laid his “ vi'lets ” on the dead Queen's
name. [cold breast,

An' if *I* were Queen of England wid the Cross on me
Though the poets sang their sweetest, and the big guns
roared their best, [word was said—
I would better love those “ vi'lets ” bought—though sorra
When the news was flashed to Dublin that the Queen
was dead.

— — — — — *Westminster Gazette.*

Frances Lloyd.

A NATION mourneth ! going heavily.
Sad voices sound of sorrow, mournful, slow ;
For the great heart of England lieth low.
Oh Queen of many summers !
When thy bright face first dawned on England's isle,
Fair Hope arose with bright and sunny smile :
And thou art gone !
Gone from this life of mutability
To spread thy soul's great wings unfalteringly ;
Thy life's work done.
And yet, locked in thy people's memory,
Encompassed by a nation's loyalty,
Thou dead, art living still !
Crowned in thy children's heart's undyingly,
Thy nation's sons shall aye remember thee
Their Mother Queen.

We loved thee, and we love thee still, dear Queen !
We loved thee in thy gentle womanhood,
When thou didst strive for all that was most good,
Oh Maid of many prayers.
We loved thee in thy steadfast maidenhood,
When by thy throne a dreary sorrow stood,
Sad widowed Queen.
When thou didst strive to still thine own heart's woes,
In sympathy with a great Nation's throes,
A noble selfless Queen.
In thine old age than in thy youth still more
Our love has grown, firmer than e'er before,
Belovèd Queen !
And thus our love shall ever follow thee
Through life, through death, and through eternity,
Oh, Mighty Queen !

Francis C. Legge.

HUSH ! " Peace, perfect peace,"
Whilst angels wait
With open gate,
And harbingers of white
Bear to the realms of light
That full great soul. Let silence reign,
Whilst seraphs on their course chant the refrain.

In the ripeness of a grand old age
Victoria ends her pilgrimage.

Hush ! " Peace, perfect peace."
Life's conflict o'er
Wars vex no more,
Nor colour, race, or caste will dare to-day
To think of else but that which shall display
Those broken depths of world-wide grief,
Felt only when their falls so great a chief ;
For all that Queen loves most or Mother cares,
Victoria made the subject of her prayers.

Hush ! " Peace, perfect peace."
 Victoria sleeps,
 The nation weeps.
 And England's gallant sons with one accord
 Glow as her eager offspring to record
 The merits of her spotless reign ;
 And those who sought its prestige to maintain,
 But most of all to her solitude
 For all that touched her people, who imbued
 With th' sense of life's fierce light and shade
 Her sympathy called forth, her friendship made,
 Upon her subjects' prayers, her mem'ry blest,
 Victoria enters now upon her rest.

Birkenhead Advertis:r.

Isaac Leech.

SYMBOLS of sorrow and of grief
 On every hand are seen.
 Great Britain bows its head and weeps
 For its belovèd Queen.
 The rumbling of the muffled peals,
 The Union Jack half-mast,
 Proclaim the gloom Victoria's death
 Hath o'er the nation cast.

To-day, in spirit round her bier,
 We take one final view
 Of all that now remains of her
 Whose life was good and true ;
 And though we never more may see
 Her queenly form again,
 Fond mem'ries of her name shall still
 In grateful hearts remain.

Victoria was the people's Queen ;
 Their welfare was her care.
 Upon her dying bed she asked
 " How doth my people fare ? "

Such loving thought and kindly words
Will live though she is dead,
And children yet unborn shall learn
What good Victoria said.

Beloved by all, misprised by none,
No enemy had she,
E'en those who hate the land she ruled
Have nought but love for thee.
May her successor emulate
The honoured name we sing,
While with united heart and voice
We shout "Long live the King."

Huddersfield Examiner.

Rev. William Lush, A.K.C.

How sudden the announcement comes !
How sad the tidings fall !
"The Queen lies dead at Osborne,"
Brings grief to one and all.

Our gracious Sovereign's gone,
Victoria's race is run !
"The Queen lies dead at Osborne,"
Her noble life-work done !

From mansion and from humblest cot,
From peasant and from peer,
"The Queen lies dead at Osborne,"
Draws forth the loving tear.

Though spared beyond th' allotted time,
For God would have it so ;
"The Queen lies dead at Osborne,"
Has stunned us by its blow.

Her aim through life has always been
Her people's heart to gain ;
"The Queen lies dead at Osborne,"
Will cause acutest pain.

True Wisdom, joined with Mother Love,
Has graced her lengthened reign,
“The Queen lies dead at Osborne,”
Her voice not heard again !

The sombre news, flash’d by the wire,
To earth’s remotest end,
“The Queen lies dead at Osborne,”
To all will sorrow send.

The black man and the white alike,
Victoria called a friend.
“The Queen lies dead at Osborne,”
The hardest heart will rend.

Last week a Bishop’s sad decease,
Drew forth a painful sigh ;
“The Queen lies dead at Osborne,”
Is this week’s sadder cry.

The nation has sustained a loss,
Irreparable indeed !
“The Queen lies dead at Osborne,”
And every heart will bleed.

Her spirit has returned to God,
Her body to the dust ;
Waiting the Resurrection morn,
The rising of the just.

Then joined by one, alike beloved
By all of England’s nation,
May Queen and Consort both be found,
Heirs of God’s “Great Salvation.”

Reigning alike with King’s and Priests,
Where Earth’s distinctions cease ;
And all the “Ransomed of the Lord,”
Enjoy “Eternal Peace.”

Kent Messenger.

Elizabeth Wade Longfellow.

ENGLAND's heart is grieving,
Her nation's eyes are sad,
Their heads are bowed in mourning,
How could they now be glad ?
When through the wide dominions
Of Britain's Empire strong,
Four words of mournful cadence
Have swiftly passed along.
As from each Church's tower,
And Cathedral's massive dome,
The solemn dong of power
Proclaims the Queen is gone.
In every land the message
Is received with heartfelt woe,
And Empires proud, and austere,
Their heads in silence bow,
To pay respectful homage
To England's best-loved Queen,
Whose sweet and blessed memory
Will evermore be green.
Oh woman ! brave and tender,
Oh Monarch ! kind and true,
What tribute shall we render
To give to thee thy due ?
No Royal Crown was ever worn
With such becoming grace,
As that which dignified thy throne,
And blessed the Saxon race !
No Dynasty of foreign fame
Such power as thine could boast,
Nor has thine own ancestral line
E'er been more pure and just.
Victoria, the "all-conquering,"
Is known the wide-world o'er,
And like a radiant halo
Will shine for evermore.

The memorable reign just ended,
 Will History's pages flood,
 Inscribing deeds that have blended
 Much for the people's good.
 We mourn thy loss, Queen Mother,
 We own thy time had come,
 And so to Him, whom thou didst love,
 We now commend thy son,
 Beseeching God most earnestly,
 On Edward's manly form,
 His sainted mother's mantle
 May be long and truly worn ;
 Bestowing on his people
 That broad, peculiar love,
 Which, freely given to nations,
 Is like to that above.

Shifley Express.

Alfred E. Lean, F.R.G.S.

DEAREST and best, beloved Queen,
 Honoured, revered in every clime,
 Noblest of Monarchs earth has seen,
 We weep for thee, Victoria !

Queen of our childhood's happy days,
 Queen of our youth's beguiling morn,
 Queen of our manhood's love and praise,
 We weep for thee, Victoria !

Queen of our soldiers, brave and true,
 Queen of our sailors, staunch and strong,
 Queen of our sorrowing hearts—Adieu !
 We weep for thee, Victoria !

Portsmouth Times.

R. G. Luke.

MID mournful strains, and cannon's boom,
 With heavy hearts and solemn mien,
 To-day we follow to the tomb
 All that is mortal of our Queen.

Oh, could her children one and all,
 Stand by the bier on which she lies,
 What tears would gush forth on the pall,
 That hides her from our weeping eyes.

Great is our loss—a peerless Queen
 Has left our world of care and strife,
 Whose long and glorious reign has been
 A beacon on the sea of life.

No Monarch ever left a Throne,
 Or Mother died more deeply mourned,
 Than her, whose pure love for our own
 Was ever graciously returned.

“God save the Queen” has oft been sung,
 Where'er the Union Jack's unfurled
 On land and sea, in every tongue
 By loyal subjects round the world.

Now God the Guardian of her crown,
 Has called her to His peaceful rest;
 And she the sceptre has laid down
 To wave the palm among the blest.

Lothian Express.

Josh Macrae.

BOWED doun the day my loyal head—
 Her Majesty, oor Queen, is dead;
 I mind weel when, in burstin' blade,
 Sae fresh and snod,
 She first cam' North, and Heaven-like made
 The Great North Road.

Since then—though that time's far back noo—
 She ruled our country staunch and true ;
 And Scotland's flag—white cross on blue—
 Whaure'er it bleezed—
 She's to its honour stuck like glue,
 And it upheezed.

It's every Scot, whate'er his name—
 Be't kenned in lear or sodger fame,
 Or tinkler-trauehlin'—a' the same
 Sad tribute brings ;
 While of the nation's lost loved Dame,
 Josh, croonin', sings :—

“ She's gone to joys far, far abune
 Our world-winged whirls round sun and mune ;
 Nae mair she needs earth-trumpet tune—
 ‘ God save the Queen ’—
 God's gien to her a saintly crown,
 And wiped her een.”

Scotsman.

Rev. C. E. Scott Moncrieff, M.A.

THROUGH the deep thunder of her ships of war
 It moves amid a world-wide Empire's tears
 Asleep, that form beloved, which three-score years
 The gracious loving queenly spirit bore,
 So calm above the din of party strife,
 So meekly bending down to share the woe
 Of countless suffering subjects high and low,
 So sweet an influence in the nation's life ?
 And we, who scarce can fancy there has been
 In all the long roll of the ages past
 An England thriving without England's Queen,
 Must turn and face the dreary truth at last ;
 Then, where she laid her sorrow, lay our own,
 Like her to draw fresh strength from the Eternal Throne.

Newcastle Journal.

Rev. J. B. McGovern.

TEN times a hundred Kings passed on their blood
To course full warmly in her royal heart,
Yet had her people in it lot and part,
From that high moment when a Queen she stood
O'er Britain first ; wide her domain o'er flood
And land, yet flash'd her thought as lightning's dart
In touch with mortal's ev'ry joy and smart—
In story named Victoria the Good.
Calmly thy Sun, O ! Mother-Queen, has set
Amid the purple splendours of thine end,
Whilst we, in thickest gloom enshrouded, raise
Tear-laden eyes in search of light that yet
Shone not awhile, when lo ! our brows we bend
In the bright mem'ry of thy golden days.

Manchester Weekly Times.

Geo. Morland.

OUR Queen is dead ! the Nation's helm is gone
That steered us faithfully o'er many seas ;
But no, we shall not drift ; the ship anon
Shall still be guided wheresoe'er we please.

Has she not marked a course o'er all these years,
And shewn a steadfast watch unto the world,
That will avail us much—and fewer fears—
And keep her flag of liberty unfurled ?

And for our Queen her nation feels its loss,
In that her life she lived for common weal ;
She well could steer when wrath was like to toss
And wreck the ship, or rend, or grate its keel !

God help the King to follow in her track,
And be a helmsman worthy of our Queen ;
That when the wheel shall, as his mother's, crack,
The Nation's grief will be what he has seen.

Rev. J. Schofield Morris.

“THE Queen is dead,” nay, sleeps at last, worn out
 By many toils, by care, and strokes of loss ;
 And we, the children whom she mothered, mourn,
 The island-brood that peoples half the world.
 Yet mourn we not, as she, long since, for him,
 Her Albert, called from labour incomplete,
 From love, and joy, and hope, from life itself,
 When all that makes life dear brimmed high his cup.
 By length of days, ripe wisdom, tender heart,
 And strength, sustained thro’ fourscore patient years,
 Well had she earned her rest, our Mother-Queen ;
 Her course well finished, her good fight well fought.
 We do not passionately mourn, but are
 As those on whom there falls a solemn hush,
 When an event, long feared, comes late to pass.
 A whisper reached us : “Our dear Queen is gone !”
 The nation sighed, but in its grief gave thanks
 For all the benediction of her reign,
 And this last grace to her, that, weary with her load,
 Glad she had seen and entered the Eternal Rest.

*Methodist Recorder.***H. C. Miller.**

“OH ! where, tell us where you are going ?”
 Cried the Angels of Sorrow and Love,
 As Death, with his hour glass, low whispered,
 “The order has come from above.”

“I tremble, sweet Angels of pity,
 But the great Master’s will must be done :
 I’m sent to bring back to His presence,
 The Sorrowful Star’s dearest one.”

“Victoria ! alas ; ’tis Victoria !
 But I must my mission fulfil,
 And forward her soul unto heaven,
 For that is the great Master’s will.”

Softly Love claspèd poor Sorrow,
 And tears mingled hot on each breast ;
 Then swiftly they went to their duty
 On the poor stricken earth to bring rest.

When the duty of Sorrow is finished,
 And Love's holy comfort brings balm ;
 When the tempest, O Father, is stillèd,
 May the Soul of our Queen guard the calm.

George Macdonald.

THE Queen is gone ! She'll come nae mair ;
 A mourning nation's tears doon-fa' !
 The news is flashed from pole to pole—
 “ The British Queen is worn awa' ! ”

Ye minster bells in sadness toll
 For her whose praises stirred you a' ;
 You'll chime her noble deeds nae mair !
 Oor gracious Queen is worn awa' !

The eydant reaper gangs his roons,
 And calls alike at cot an ha' !
 He spared oor noble Queen for lang ;
 But noo—alas ! she's ta'en awa' !

She lo'ed the lan' ayont the Tweed,
 She kent its mountains ane an' a' ;
 She'll tread their purple sides nae mair,
 For noo—alas ! she's worn awa' !

Tak' a' the Sovereigns i' the warl,
 An' set them in a gorgeous raw ;
 Wha wadna choose the British Queen !
 But noo—alas ! she's worn awa' !

But yesterday she wore a croon !
 An' noo—alas ! she's like the snaw,
 For Death has cut the silver cord—
 Oor noble Queen is worn awa' !

When shall we see her like again ?
 The best an' noblest e'er we saw !
 A lang farewell ! God's will be done !
 Oor gracious Queen is worn awa !

Banffshire Journal.

Rev. J. Mountain.

SLEEP, noble Queen ! Thy care and sorrow ended ;
 Closed are thine eyes that oft for sufferers wept ;
 Low lies thy head, by all thine Empire tended ;
 Stilled is thy heart its solemn charge that kept.

Leave thou thy crown—unsullied and untarnished ;
 Thou hast adorned it by thy life so pure ;
 Take thou the crown by heavenly lustre garnished—
 Christ giveth those who patiently endure.

Thou art not dead ; thou livest on for ever,
 Radiant in mansions of eternal day ;
 And from our hearts thy memory fadeth never ;
 Thy People's love enshrines it there for aye.

Heaven's perfect peace through Jesus Christ receiving,
 Clad in the robe of His own spotlessness ;
 Ne'er canst thou fail to think of us, still grieving ;
 Loving Christ more, thou wilt not love us less.

Queen of all queens ! To us may grace be given
 Like thee to learn whence all true greatness springs ;
 Chains which would bind to self and sin be riven—
 Bound by the love of Christ, the King of kings.

Sleep, noble Queen ! Farewell, but not for ever !
 Thy mantle fall on our succeeding King !
 And when we all are called from earth to sever,
 God in His grace to His sweet presence bring.

Perth Advertiser.

Rev. J. Moden.

THERE, in a world of mystic light,
Where neither pain nor death affright,
Does our late Sovereign dwell ;
Seraphic music floods the sky,
Its theme a subject far too high
For human lips to tell.

“ Behind the veil,” oh ! wondrous thought,
Where souls, at peace, God’s ways are taught
‘Mid scenes unknown to Earth ;
Where pain its sad, strange work has done,
As restful evening’s setting sun—
A land of spirit birth.

May not our much-loved Queen behold
Earth’s life its drama still unfold,
In sweetest sympathy ?
May not her spirit feel a thrill
Of joy to learn God’s higher Will,
And thus enraptured be ?

Alas ! these things we cannot know,
Though strangely they within us grow
To banish all our fears ;
Or when the soul, in solemn scenes,
May mourn, perchance, Earth’s Kings or Queens,
To wipe away our tears.

Darlington Times.

Eva M. Martin.

OH, greatest, noblest Queen the world has ever seen !
Thou art in every heart this mournful day.
To thee we sing, and homage bring,
Respect and reverence, love without decay.
We speak of thee with voices hushed and tear-fi led eyes,
We think of thee, at rest, beyond the skies,
And thinking, bless thee, for thy rule so wondrous wise.

Oh, Queen, look down upon thy weeping land !
Couldst thou but see us as we sorrowing stand
In God's great House of Prayer,
Thou wouldest surely thank us with a smile,
For this our heartfelt grief, and pity us awhile,
That we are left, whilst thou art free from care.
The funeral music fills the black-draped church ;
We listen tearfully, and yet rejoice
That thou at last art softly sleeping.
Thou wert so pure, so free from evil smirch.
The Lord hath called thee with His loving voice,
And placed thee far away from earthly weeping.

Oh, gentle Queen, thy name has been
A household word in many a happy home.
Thy people miss thee ; yet thy memory
Will live with us for long, long years to come.
We pray to God that thou mayst gain reward
For all thy loving deeds, thy sympathy,
Thy tender words to all in misery,
We bless thy long-loved name with one accord.
How nobly thou hast wrought thy country good !
Thy great pure life has taught us
What a Queen can be, and should.
We hold our breath, and think, and cannot understand
Nor judge the wondrous influence of thy life,
So simple, yet so grand !

Dear Queen ! thy people mourn.
Oh, let them mourn awhile unstay'd !
We loved thee one and all
So truly. This has made
Thy loss a great, a cruel grief,
Yet bid us hope again.
Yea, bid us hope, and forward look
Into the future's unread book,
And looking, bid us vow, with firm belief
In God's great power to succour and to guard,
To keep our England peaceful, true, and good,
As thou hadst wished it—stainless and unmarr'd,
As was thine own all-radiant womanhood.

Nottingham Guardian.

Mrs. Ella Fuller Maitland.

A QUEEN is being buried ;
The greatest Queen of earth—
Great in all queenly wisdom,
Great in all Christian worth.

Her bier is a gun carriage,
Her pall it is of white :
Life pure and life heroic
Did in her life unite.

Spectator.

Albert Midlane.

I SAW her e'er the crown was placed
Upon her maiden brow ;
And still in mental vision bright,
With ever fond and dear delight,
Retain her beauty now.

I saw her in her queenly state,
A wife and mother dear :
With him she loved, her joy, her pride,
Her constant Albert, by her side,
Raised high above all fear.

I saw her as a widow, lone,
In mourning, deep and true :
The light of life had passed away,
Yet still her peoples love her stay—
A love which, deepening, grew.

I saw her as she called to greet,
A servant at his home ;
Her radiant face and cheery voice,
Made other saddened hearts rejoice,
Though shaded her's with gloom.

I saw her at her Jubilee,
 When sixty years had flown,
 Still strengthened by the Hand above,
 The centre of an Empire's love,
 So worthy of her crown.

I saw her when her face was wan,
 Our streets then passing through ;
 It seemed to speak a saddening tale,
 The presage of the deep, deep wail—
 The agonised “adieu !”

I'll see her yet—where tears are dried,
 Where all in Christ are one ;
 Oh, what a host is gathering there,
 Crowns, brighter than earth's crowns, to wear,
 By Jesu's conflict won.

We cannot mingle with the great,
 The grand, the noble, here ;
 But earthly thrones find ne'er a place
 Where each one stands alone in grace—
 Oh, may our lives be there !

Hampshire Independent.

W. H. Moyes.

WEEP not for her—the Queen no more—
 Who's gladly laid her pomp aside
 To join her loved one—gone before—
 The bridegroom waiting for his bride.

Throughout her long and glorious life
 Her power extended far and wide ;
 As Royal maid and Queenly wife,
 Her virtues household words abide.

The nation's tribute hath been paid
 To her great name and mem'ry dear,
 And Kings from other realms hath laid
 Their wreaths around her stately bier.

Her sceptre now a King doth wield,
Who "in her steps will strive to tread ;"
Oh ! may the Heavenly Monarch shield
Him from all plots and dangers dread.

Surrey Magazine.

Miss Jane Mitchell.

"THE Queen ! " and " She is dead ! " Alas ! that we
This doleful day these thoughts must woeful wed,
And faltering speak the words, which, being said,
Make of so much only a memory !

While all that she has been to us we see
As ne'er before in vision fair outspread,
Transfigured through the reign of tears we shed,
To know that what hath been no more can be !

"The Queen is dead ! " Sudden, o'er land and sea,
With awful swiftness speeds the message dread,
Girdling the earth with grief ; and every head
Bows low before the crushing thought that she,
So royal throned, so loyal loved, is dead,
And that another reigneth in her stead !

* * * * *

So hopeless is the grief, so sore the amaze,
So sad the saying of this great good-bye.
Only the past is bright, till, by and by,
As drearily into the gloom we gaze,
Fair lights of loyal love in beauty blaze,
And, lo ! they show her, not afar but nigh,
Set on a throne which doth Death's power defy,
Pillared in splendour on a people's praise !
Our Queen we hail her, as in bygone days,
Only more grandly crowned and throned more high
Above the chance and change which erst did lie
Like shadows round her feet. Her royal place
No other taketh, while Love's heralds cry—
" She is our Queen, and shall be till we die ! "

* * * * *

And then the vision greatness, till, behold !
The future vast outstretching, far and free,
Horizonless in its immensity,
Before our tear-dimmed eyes is swift enrolled !
And there we find her, crowned with finest gold,
For still she is "the Queen," and loyally
The lieges of the future bend the knee,
And kiss the hand which doth the sceptre hold.
Still hearts enthrone her as in days of old,
And ever as a gracious memory
She reigns upon the page of history
Where the long story of the past is told.
So in our sorrow from afar we see
"The crowning of the centuries to be."

Perthshire Constituent.

Rev. H. A. Martin, M.A.

THERE is a solemn grandeur of the skies,
Strange pomp of cloud, and mist, and shifting light,
That falls, some straight in columns weirdly bright,
Some slanting through a tumult of all dies ;
While, to the dark plain's furthest boundaries,
On right hand and on left, the labouring sight
Essays to track the patchwork infinite
Of gold, and dusk, which, spellbound, it descries.
How doth the wondrous vision of to-day
Chime with to-day's one, overmastering thought,
Which hath o'er British hearts a sovereign sway,
With hopes, fears, sorrow, resignation fraught,
Full of the beauty of the Royal life,
Now passing, through the Veil, beyond the strife.

Yes ! she is gone, gone with departing day,
Vanish'd the light of our one Ruling star,
That shed its healing influence afar,
Into all hearts and homes its guiding ray ;
And we are left to the uncertain sway
Of thoughts that crowd upon us, as we are,

Anxious, 'twixt old and new, crossing the bar,
And venturing a perilous, untried way.
—Yet still she speaks : Can we not hear her speak ?
 Bidding us guard the brightness of her crown ;
 Bidding us never lay the burden down ;
Do the day's work ; think for the poor and weak ;
Send thro' all darkness beams of loving light,
As the brave sun round Malvern's airy height.

Malvern Parish Magazine.

Miss E. Marriott.

“ His Majesty the King.”

Brief words—but such
As first pronounced had startling force to send
A deeper thrill thro' England's stricken heart
Than aught that yet had met or eye or ear.
All other tokens of our grievous loss—
Slow tolling bells, hushed Halls, or silent streets—
Had gathered round one central thought—recalled
One sole event—one name belov'd alone.

But in these words—“ His Majesty the King ”
We heard the closing of the coffin lid,
The sad “ sic transit ” of all earthly life.
Our thoughts, by sudden bound, were onward borne
To future years—another Sovereign reigns.
“ Sic transit ! ”—even so, but all the more
Rest we on that which no transition knows,
The Providence Divine, o'er-ruling all.
O King of kings ! Be with our Ruler still ;
Stern tasks and highest duties now are his.
Be Thou his trust, his Counsellor, his Guide ;
So he, with that sweet Consort at his side,
His people's love and reverence shall win,
And evermore from a vast Empire's heart
Shall rise the fervent prayer,

God Save the King !

The Church Times.

Julia A. Mann.

FROM the highest to the lowest,
In all her sea-girt isles,
And where the Greater Britain
In peace and plenty smiles ;
Aye ! where the foe is thickest
Upon the southern veldt,
In all her wide dominions
Will deepest grief be felt.

There is one thought in England,
One spot to which we turn,
One throb of heartfelt sorrow,
One face for which we yearn ;
As on this winter morning,
We meet with one accord :
A nation bowed and stricken,
But strong in faith in God.

Strong, too, in the example,
That you have ever been ;
Oh ! noble Royal lady,
Oh ! mother-hearted Queen !
Your people will remember,
That ever through the years
The lustre of your faith flashed forth
Through sorrow's blinding tears.

Oh ! we are rich in memories,
And we are proud to-day,
Though from our sight for ever
Your Royal form we lay.
Yet we can face the morrow,
Because of what has been ;
And challenge all the ages
To show us such a Queen !

Therefore we will enshrine you
Within our loyal hearts,
And crown you with the untold love
Which only death imparts.
More potent than all forces,
All other powers above,
The one thing that endureth,
Your people's reverent love !

Stanley A. Mellor.

GENTLY came the hand of sorrow,
Gently passed the last earth-breath,
Softly dawned the long to-morrow,
Softly fell the touch of death.

So calm and still, an end of peace,
Surely it seems in God's intent
Last touches to that ornament,
A life well-lived which shall not cease.

A mourning Empire cannot show
How much it feels fierce sorrows dart ;
It has but strength its piercèd heart
And bitter ecstacies to know.

'Tis hard for mortal lips to tell
The praises of thy life so sweet ;
Angelic harps would be more meet,
Angelic voices truer swell.

The poet of thy later prime,
Who spoke the feeling of his age,
Has written large upon his page
An epitaph to last through time.

No words have we to add to his,
Save that, when onward years have rolled,
Our "children's children" may be told
How thy life shone 'neath sorrow's kiss.

Not only "Mother, wife, and Queen,"
But widow also—one whose heart
Had felt the pain where Death has part,
Had found the void where love has been.

Thou wast well fitted for thy throne ;
So lowly in thy noble blood,
So careful for thy people's good,
As if their lives had been thine own.

Now has thy path on earth been trod,
We know not what may be behind,
But we have faith that thou wilt find
Rewarding at the hands of God.

In fancy we can turn our face,
And pierce earth's dusk to higher things,
And see thee in the line of kings,
Glory of God ! the foremost place !

Huddersfield Examiner.

Eglantine Maxwell.

VICTORIA ! our Queen, the well-beloved,
Thou by God's grace hast ruled through all the years
One with thy people in our joy or tears,
And as each lustre passed, our hearts have proved
That righteous rule by governance upbears
A nation's soul, and from low sin and fears
Doth save, and men to noble deeds are moved ;
And e'en as 'neath the Heaven's gentle rain
And the sweet morning light, the evening dew,
The sleeping flowers in fragrance spring again,
So 'neath thy gracious rule have flowered anew
All loyal virtues, honour, valour true ;
And for all time thy memory shall sustain
These in our land, Victoria well-beloved.

Sir Lewis Morris.

THE days, the years, the centuries decay,
Decease, and pass away ;
And we, whose brief lives fleeting seem
No longer than a dream,
Fade and decease as they.

Virtue, nor piety, nor regal State,
Nor all a nation's prayers can delay
The pitiless march of Fate.

We have our destined term, both small and great ;
We fade, and pass away.

Belov'd thin-drawn life, who now at last,
Life's chequered fortunes past,
Ceasing from care and labours nobly borne,
Hast entered willing on thy well-earned rest ;
Who, longest of all Monarchs of our race,
Unmatched in dignity and grace,
Thy pure, untarnished Diadem hast worn ;
Not pitiable thou, but blest,
Such weight of anxious cares thou layest down
With thy sad earthly crown ;
A woman vowed to duty, lonely, tried,
Unhelped, with no protecting arm to guide.
Thro' many a civil broil, and storm of war
Thou shovest a single star
Shining serene above the gathering strife,
The clouds, the troubles of thy people's life ;
For thee to-day thy countless millions yearn
With hearts and lips that burn.

From North to South, from East to West,
Where'er thy gracious Empire is confest,
O'er every subject land, o'er all the Earth ;
Thy Austral-Britain newly come to birth ;
Thy great dominion of the snow-clad North ;
Thy tropic isles ; thy Orient's storied plain, [main,
From the Himalayan peaks to the blue serged-fringed
O'er that new realm, scarce won by British blood,
Swept still by hopeless war's retreating flood ;

All know and mourn thee, and revere
Their Queen and hold thee dear
Who know in her, as we,
A righteous life unstained, a blessed memory !

But nearer than their homage, and more dear
To every loyal ear
Than titular splendours or Imperial State,
Sounds thy new name, which loving hearts create,
"The Mother ;" this the universal word
By which all hearts, all hues, all creeds are stirred.
"The Mother ! " Not from suffering lives alone
Flinging their sorrows down before thy throne
In this sad, toil-worn Britain, but where'er,
In either hemisphere,
By palm, or pine, tropic or Arctic sky,
Our English Standards fly,
Or that great West, thy grandsire's stubborn pride
Lost, by thee re-allied ;
This welds the race in one, this name can bind
The peoples, heart and mind,
This symbol of Imperial Unity
Which links, yet leaves men free.

To-day the golden cord is loosed at last
Which long time bound men fast.
The star is set, which in the East, long time,
Men gazing, held sublime !
Ah ! be it thine ! pure heart and steadfast will !
To guide our Britain still.
The Times are restless, the unquiet Earth
Moves to some new mysterious birth ;
The curse of war still vexes, and our race
Seems sinking to disgrace.
For peace the widow and the orphan cry,
With torture-pains Christ's innocent martyrs die.
Thou who hast known so many a piercing pain,
Love, children, children's children, wept in vain,
Friend following friend, and thou still left alone
Upon thy lonely throne ;

Who mournedst last, thy people's life blood shed,
Their high, their lowly, manhood, maimed and dead.
Think of us still, if God so wills, and plead !
As daily thou wert wont indeed,
For this thy people which must toil and bleed.
Plead thou for Peace for all the suffering Earth
Till comes at last Man's new Millennial Birth ;
Plead, tender, aged voice, till all is well !
Friend ! Sovereign ! Mother ! Oh, Farewell ! Farewell !

The Graphic.

Charlotte Murray.

SHE rests in peace,
The monarch wearied with a nation's cares ;
All troubles cease
Within the glory that, through Christ, she shares.

For us she spent
Herself, her time, her talents, yea ! her all ;
And since she went
Our tears, for very loneliness, must fall.

So great a Queen !
So good a mother ! pitiful and pure.
Of judgment keen,
And ready, though she suffered, to endure.

Most knew her worth,
And loved her in proportion as they knew ;
Her place on earth
Was that accorded but to chosen few.

God gave her rank ;
He gave her also strength for all her need,
And Him we thank
For such a life, immortalized indeed !

On Him we lean
 In this our nation's bitter, sorest grief,
 We mourn our Queen,
 And God, ay, God alone, can send relief.

To Him we pray
 For her loved son, who now her place doth take ;
 Our King to-day,
 Who seeks to wisely rule, for her dear sake.

With her 'tis well,
 A higher Court doth claim our Sovereign now ;
 And who can tell
 What everlasting honours wreathè her brow ?

Her life-work o'er,
 At Jesus' feet she lays her sceptre down,
 To know no more
 The heavy burden of an earthly crown.

Christian.

The Rev. W. Morgan, B.A.

“REVERED, beloved.” So he of “Idyll” fame,
 Prophetic in the long ago :
 More than fulfill’d—the tear doth show
 Bedewing now the mem’ry of thy name.

Revered, belov’d beyond a common love,
 Queen-Empress, greatest of all time !
 Thou camest in thy morning prime
 With sov’reign grace inspired of Him above.

In maiden nobleness, not unmixed with fear,
 But with a firmness all thine own,
 To mount the steps of Britain’s Throne,
 Thou camest. Nations hail’d in accents clear.

As God's own trust, the Sceptre of thy sires
 Thou tookest with the hand of pray'r ;
 Made strong that Royalty to bear—
 Strong with the Pow'r that praying Hope inspires.

Thus hallow'd with the pray'r at early morn,
 Ere yet was heard the hum of strife
 Or faction, thy young Royal life
 Was pledg'd to noble deeds, thou nobly born.

Doubt we it not that Might Divine, inwrought
 In the young dawn of the selfsame hour,
 Girt thine Hereafter with God's Pow'r,
 And with it Heaven's Benediction brought.

And now, tho' past, while thro' the mist of tears,
 Thy Royal, course, we fain would scan,
 More brightly ends than it began,
 Shedding an after-glow for coming years.

We view with eecstasy, akin to awe,
 The glory of thy setting sun ;
 Thy Royal deeds so nobly done
 Leave us with Love, Content, Respect for law.

O Mother-Queen ! great, noble as thou art,
 In Royal Majesty supreme,
 Thy Love shall be thy people's theme—
 The noble greatness of thy Royal heart.

One with thy people ! they in sorrow stood,
 Touch'd by thy grief and mute with awe,
 One in thy tears ; as when they saw
 Westering thy star of morn—“ Albert the Good.”

One with thy people : thou didst more than reign,
 For in their hearts thou wilt abide
 In love, thro' change of time and tide,—
 Thou who hast felt, thou who has sooth'd their pain.

Amid the cares of Empire, grandly round
 Two hemispheres, from sea to sea,
 Victoria, more it was to thee
 To cheer the sad, to loose the sorrow-bound.

In Council great, the nations far and wide
 Lent ready ear to thy decree,
 For ever would they find in thee
 Of Peace a Queen indeed, of States a Guide.

The Ensign of thy gentle sway unfurled
 Brought races near, and made them glad,
 Set captives free, revived the sad,
 And signall'd Love and Concord to the world.

And now, belovèd Mother-Queen, in tears
 Thy people leavest thou below,
 Mourning their loss : they do not know
 What may betide, betwixt their hopes and fears.

O King of Kings ! whate'er the hour may bring
 Of Thine omnipotent decree,
 Guard, guide us in perplexity,
 And hear a nation's cry—Save Thou our King.

Conway Weekly News.

H. J. Midwinter, J.P.

1837.

Our Fathers crowned their Queen,
 Singing " Long live the Queen,"
 Fair maiden Queen ;
 Obedient, thoughtful, wise,
 Modest in regal guise,
 The nation's hope and prize,
 Victoria—Queen.

1840.

Orange and jessamine
The bridal veil entwine,
 Of Britain's Queen ;
While years of wedded bliss
Bring strength and happiness
And children rise to bless
 Consort and Queen.

1861.

But years their tale have told,
Silvern the hair once gold,
 Widowed the Queen.
Though sorrows filled thy heart,
Sorrows with keenest smart,
Well thou hast borne thy part,
 Victorious Queen.

1887.

Now children's children sing
God save our gracious Queen,
 True mother Queen.
May heaven forfend and bless
And crown in righteousness
Thy lengthened day of grace.
 Belovèd Queen.

1897.

Millions this day acclaim
Thy world-wide honoured name,
 Empress and Queen.
Thy faith and godly fear,
Thee to our hearts endear,
A thousand-fold this year,
 God bless our Queen.

1899-1900.

But months of stress and strife
Cast shadows o'er thy life,
 Dear agèd Queen.

Yet still 'twas thine to bless
 In deepest tenderness,
 Widow and fatherless,
 Strong loving Queen.

1901.

Soon came the sweet release
 And Heaven's eternal peace,
 God saved the Queen.
 Resigned we bow and pray
 Thy mercy, Lord ! alway,
 For him we hail this day,
 Edward the King.

Newbury Weekly News.

Miss Mina Moir.

'Tis eventide, deep shadows fall within the darkened room,
 With hovering wings Death's Angel awaits amid the
 deepening gloom,
 Watching the quivering eyelid and the scarcely conscious
 sigh,
 Ready to bear the soul away to its Home beyond the sky.
 She sleeps ! the message passes on, and myriad hosts
 proclaim
 Heaven's glad right royal welcome, as they breathe
 Victoria's name.
 The golden gates are opened wide while countless voices
 sing
 As they usher her in gladness to the presence of the King.
 She sleeps ! 'mid changing scenes of earth no more she'll
 reign as Queen,
 But brighter diadem adorns her noble brow, I ween,
 The King of Kings has crowned her, and right royally
 she yields
 A reverent homage now to Him who Heaven's sceptre
 wields.

She sleeps ! But tho' we know 'tis well, the cold dark
shadows creep
Across our sorrowing spirits and their chilling vigils keep.
We miss her, Oh we miss her—how much, words fail to tell!
As God's great gift we loved her, and she loved us
passing well.

She sleeps ! But while the echoes from the harps of gold
we hear
A-ringing from the Home above, in cadence sweet and
clear,
Our harps respond but sadly in a quivering minor strain
For these hearts of ours are heavy—they have felt the
touch of pain.

“God save the Queen !” And can it be we'll sing it
nevermore
For her who now has “crossed the bourne” and reached
that other shore,
The blank has touched our spirits with a sorrow sharp
and keen,
That nevermore for her we'll pray, “God save our
gracious Queen !”

Our noble Queen ! Thro' cloud and sun, she bravely
stood alone,
Leal strong and true in that “fierce light that beats upon
a throne,”
Thro' all life's varying circumstance, thro' all its peace
and strife.
She ever wore the pure “white flower of a blameless life.”

Sleep on, our gracious Queen ! But tho' the years roll
quickly by
And somewhat soothe our grief—for thee our love will
never die,
An Empire's heart enthrones thee now, in thine unsullied
fame,
And aye with loving pride we'll speak Victoria's honoured
name.

Stonehaven Journal.

Rev. W. W. Mason, B.A.

WHAT means this pageant, solemn, stately, slow ?
These multitudes all clad in garb of woe ?
Those tolling bells, this melancholy scene ?—
A nation mourns its greatest, best-loved, Queen.

Why thus is Queen Victoria's name so dear
To all her myriad subjects far and near ?
Why all this sad unprecedented grief,
These universal tears, without relief ?

It is not merely that a Queen we mourn,
But *such* a Queen, who all her life has borne
A character adorned by virtues rare,
Ennobled by the grace of faith and prayer.

Farewell, farewell, our noble gracious Queen,
Whose life to all thy people long hath been
A bright example ! Thine illustrious reign
Thou hast done naught to tarnish or to stain.

Along the future far, from age to age,
The record of thy times on history's page
Shall be imprinted in undying fame,
And long shall live the glory of thy name.

Cares and afflictions mingled in thy lot,
And e'en thy royal palaces were not
Secure from troubles, but in all thy cares
Thou hadst thy people's sympathy and prayers.

A nation, nay, a world, laments thee now,
And Britain's sons and daughters, grieving, bow
In sad submission to that God Whose hand
Hath sent this sudden sorrow o'er our land.

But praise we God that threescore years and three
Thou shouldst the Ruler of our people be ;
And pray we, too, that, when our sun goes down,
We may, with thee, wear an immortal crown.

Bootle Times.

H. Morrison.

THE Queen is dead. O'er all the world a solemn hush
has crept,
The tidings of her passing hath a myriad heart-strings
swept;
The noblest woman of our race has left her earthly
Throne,
The King of Kings hath spoken—and bade her share
His own.

The Queen is dead. Her high estate she held for three-
score years,
Now bright with heavenly radiance, now dimmed with
earthly tears;
The longest, grandest, greatest reign the world has ever
seen,
A wise, belovèd Ruler, at heart our Mother-Queen.

The Queen is dead. Full oft 'twas her's to feel life's
deepest woes,
To watch her loving Consort sink unto his last repose;
To see her children dear embark for the Land beyond the
sea,
And bid them wait her coming in that fairer clime to be.

The Queen is dead. Yet had she too her hours of happy
pride,
When all her best, at England's fane, were gathered at
her side;
When from her Empire's farthest bounds there thronged
with eager feet,
A countless, loyal, happy host, their honoured Queen to
greet.

The Queen is dead. 'Tis fitting that the armaments'
deep roar
Should thunder forth her requiem as they bear her to the
shore;

'Tis meet that 'twixt those martial ranks, aflame with
loyal fire,
Onward she passes to her rest—a soldier was her sire.

The Queen is dead. We leave her now until her tranquil
sleep,
Until the King shall beckon her from out His palace keep;
To wait, with her belovèd, till the shadows flee away,
And earth's long night of sorrow gives place to endless day.

Bedfordshire Observer.

Jas. Mackintosh.

We feel as if a great protecting wing
Were lifted off our land,
Or were removed its one refreshing spring
From out some desert sand,
As if, indeed, the golden beams that bring
Fair morn were bann'd,—

As if the sun himself had just withdrawn
Behind a great eclipse,
Or that deep sorrow brought a weeping dawn
That blanched our quivering lips ;
And how my willow, o'er its fringing lawn,
The cloud-drop drips !

So, too, the Empire's heart is in its eyes ;
Its grief is great, for keen,
Intensely keen its loss, in that its wise
And good and noble Queen,
The brightest star of all the royal skies,
No more is seen !

Alas, thus hath the infant century
To weep in early weeds,
Sending across all seas its sympathy
To this great heart that bleeds
Within its foam-wreath fringe of ambient sea—
Home of great deeds.

Why thus? Victoria is dead! Dear name!
In harness to the last!
Great shepherdess of peoples, building fame,
Through the eventful past,
With deeds of love and kindness; note the same—
How fair, how vast!

The best of majesty, without its pride
And vain imperiousness;
The first of women, where the world is wide
And angels come to bless;
The tenderest of mothers, true and tried—
All this, nought less.

Than jewels of her crown those of her heart
Were surely purer far;
Her life a dream of angels, every part
Free from or taint or jar;
Up to its tranquil finish from its start,
A lovely star.

How still the casket, *that* how deeply still
In which were long enshrined
The rarest gifts, the givings of His will,
Who thus filled heart and mind
With His endowments, that she might fulfil
The task assigned!

Nobly fulfilled were all. Then peaceful death,
The time-ripe, full adieu;
No angry bolt shot from the bow of scath
At our 'loved Sovereign flew—
'Twas the departure of a child of faith,
Beloved and true.

The loss is ours, not hers, for hope is strong
That hers is glorious rest;
We cannot, then, her worthy memory wrong
Who knew with Christ 'twere best;
And now, who sang on earth Hope's peaceful song,
Is Heaven's guest.

May He, who giveth kingdoms unto whom
 He will, the King of kings,
 Be th' Empire's trust ; so in perennial bloom
 Be nursed by fostering springs ;
 Long guarded from th' inevitable doom
 That evil brings.

And may the branch be as the parent stem—
 In wisdom, everything ;
 Edward the Seventh be the best of them ;
 For now the children sing
 And old men pray, touching Hope's mantle hem—
 “God save the King !”

Banffshire Journal.

John G. Marshall.

BELOVED, peerless, gracious Queen,
 Noble in life, sublime in death,
 The subject's heart thy throne hast been,
 As peer and peasant witnesseth.
 In thee a virtuous womanhood
 Enhanced the wealth of Royal blood.

As wife and mother thou didst know
 The blissful heart, the careworn breast ;
 This was the crown that decked thy brow,
 The charm thy people's hearts possessed,
 Who willingly were drawn to thee
 By cords of love and sympathy.

Peculiar glories closed in thee
 As senior Monarch of the earth,
 But to a nobler dynasty
 Thy gracious God has called thee forth
 To rule with Him o'er many things,
 Who served Him first as King of kings.

Bereft of thee thy subjects mourn,
Hope's fire in them no longer burns.
For thou hast gained *that* distant bourne
From which no traveller returns,
Beyond this earth's remotest shore,
Where Time and Death are known no more.

No sea on its storm-ridden path
Can envious foemen there convey
A city that foundations hath,
Which Empire ne'er can pass away.
In measureless immensity
Secure it stands by God's decree.

What Empire can with that compare,
Whose Monarch is its maker—God ?
Eternal verities are there,
And God Himself is understood.
This henceforth shall thy kingdom be,
For which God hath preparèd thee.

Wharfedale Observer.

Rev. J. McConnell, M.A.

To-DAY Britannia stricken mourns,
Prostrate to earth she bends her frame,
Tear-clouded eyes, dishevelled hair,
Her woe, her agony proclaim.

Around in love, true e'en till death,
From utmost bounds of land and sea
Her children stand, and with her weep
In earnest yearning sympathy.

And strangers, too, 'neath foreign skies,
Look on with chastened soul and kind ;
Her grief is theirs, one sorrow knits
Mankind as one, in heart and mind.

For dead, within her Palace Halls,
 The Empress-Queen, her mother, lies ;
 With bleeding heart she mourns her loss,
 Disconsolate in anguish sighs.

O God, the Father, Guardian, Friend,
 Of England's home in days of old ;
 Vouchsafe in tender mercy now
 To pity, succour, and uphold.

Uphold the State, Thy grace hath bless'd
 Bid evil in our midst to cease,
 Abroad the cause of right maintain,
 And send our nation calm and peace.

Bless him who now the sceptre sways,
 O'er peoples' countless as the sand,
 That, as with Mother, so with Son,
 His rule may shew Thy guiding hand.

Give him that wisdom, which through her
 Did'st work so gentle, free and wide,
 That children's children, yet unborn,
 May see Thee still our stay and guide.

So shall we praise Thee, Lord, as now—
 Though grief commingles with our praise,
 Pardon our weakness—tears will come—
 Father to Thee our hearts we raise.

Kendal Mercury.

Mary Mattocks.

“THE Queen is dead”—from quivering lips the words—
 Fell on our straining ears
 With crushing, sickening sense of hopeless loss—
 Too deep for flow of tears.

So few the days since she was all our own,
 Working with heart and brain
 Unto the last—until life's fretted cords
 Could bear no more the strain.

Our hearts are wrung, yet still our God we praise
In deepest thankfulness,
Who spared that lofty soul the slow decay
Of humbling helplessness.

The sun of her long summer day went down
Shining with mellowed light;
Rising, we trust, elsewhere in clearer skies,
E'en though for us be night.

For through the world-wide realm that owned her sway
Sorrow is reigning now,
With solemn boom of guns and deep-toned bells,
And banners drooping low.

And meet for thee, Victoria, who hast been
Of all our strength the chief—
In strength and not in weakness to be mourned
With majesty of grief.

The pivot, not the fly-wheel, of the State—
Must England's monarch be,
And on the altar of her freedom bound—
The only one not free.

But 'twas thy wisdom still to turn to power
The limits of thy state—
Inspire and crown the deeds thou couldst not do—
Be greatest of thy great.

Thy thread of life ran through thy people's life,
And, that out-drawn, no more
Can hue or texture ever be the same
As they have been before.

Yet love would scarcely ask thy toil-worn soul
Longer with toil to dwell,
Life of our life—pass on to higher life—
Heart of our hearts—farewell!

A. M. Nadin.

SUNSHINE—sunshine all the way !
From thy childhood's happy day ;
Tho' the shadow of a Throne
Swiftly made its presence known.
While a crown of joy and sorrow,
Waited for thy bright to-morrow ;
And, full soon, thy tender hand
Sway'd the sceptre o'er the land.

Sunshine, sunshine all the while !
In thy gracious kindly smile,
In the love thy people gave,
In thy heart, so true and brave ;
Wisely thine own burden bearing,
Britain's joys and sorrows sharing.
Who can be what thou hast been,
Heart of England—Mother—Queen ?

In our sorrowing homes to-day,
Sunshine may not find a way.
Queneh'd the light of many a year,
Still'd the voice we loved to hear.
Hark ! the solemn bells are pealing,
And the snow-flakes softly stealing
Cover all things with a pall,
While the bitter tear-drops fall.

Thou hast left us—but we know,
As the long years come and go,
Still our hearts will own thy sway,
Hearts that now feel cold and grey.
Thy sweet sympathy will cheer us,
And thy presence still seems near us,
For thy influence serene,
Ne'er can die, belovèd Queen !

And for thee—we know 'tis best,
Sinking to thy well-earned rest.
Bless'd with wisdom, honour, power,
From thy happy childhood's hour.

Love has crowned thy earthly glory,
 From the dawn of life's long story,
 To the gates of God's bright day,
 Sunshine—sunshine all the way.

Burton Chronicle.

Rev. S. MacNaughton, M.A.

VICTORIA, the Well-beloved, the Great,
 We hail with pride thy long and gracious reign ;
 For three and sixty years enthroned in state,
 In rule benignant o'er thy wide domain.

To-day an Empire mourns its noble Queen,
 And bows, uncovered, stricken in its grief ;
 The world has never gazed on such a scene,
 While nations sorrowed for a fallen chief.

In every land, 'mong nations far and near,
 A surging tide of sorrow fills each heart ;
 Our great, good Queen to every race was dear,
 And in our grief all peoples bear their part.

Most noble Queen ! thy work on earth well done,
 We would not grudge thee to the heavenly choir ;
 The Lord had need of thee beside His throne,
 And softly whispered, "Friend, come thou up higher."

Bright diadem of glory thou dost wear,
 High-seated yonder 'mid the angel throng ;
 No earthly crown or honour can compare
 With heaven's welcome and the seraphs' song.

Since God took him, thy spouse of early years,
 A heavy burden crushed thy lonely heart ;
 But God has bottled up thy patient tears :
 Re-union now will endless joys impart.

Most gracious Queen, our Sovereign and our friend,
 Eternity will not eclipse thy name ;
 Thy God o'er thy posterity will bend
 With blessings greater far than earthly fame.

Preston Herald.

Mrs. MacNaughton.

WE stand with tearful eyes beside a bier,
 Where lies, in mystic sleep, the form revered,
 Of England's Queen. Bereft of one so dear,
 Her people mourn with hearts now sorrow-seared.

Of queens the queenliest, her royal state
 Did still the grace of womanhood unfold ;
 And Majesty has been the chalice great,
 A wealth of tender sympathy to hold.

The glory shed abroad by life so high
 Has flashed through all the world its holy sheen ;
 And dusky peoples 'neath a southern sky,
 Will mourn with us to-day "The Great White Queen."

Death may not take the crown from off her brow,
 Nor wrest the sceptre from her gentle sway ;
 While Time endures mankind will ever bow
 Before her royal worth, and homage pay.

When in the light of blest eternal day
 She sweetly wakes, not crownless will she stand ;
 The Crown of Life, that fadeth not away,
 Will glisten o'er her head serenely grand.

And, faithful found o'er common earthly things,
 Now, "ruler over many things," she reigns
 In that fair land where dwells the King of kings,
 Where joy abides, and pleasure never wanes.

Preston Herald.

F. A. Northall.

THE Lords anointed temple is o'erthrown,
 The sacred shrine is empty, the mighty soul is gone.
 Death, the grim despoiler of all the common foe,
 Hath laid our noble Queen, our royal Mother low.

The nation mourns her loss, all lands their tributes bring,
Peoples of every realm, Victoria's requiem sing.

Victoria the Great ! her throne, her reign, her might,
Were founded on the eternal laws of God, and truth,
and right.

Victoria the Good ! pure, chaste in heart and life,
The monarch lost in woman, true mother, loving wife.
The stronghold of her kingdom, the basis of her throne,
Was the love of loyal subjects her love had made her own.
She lived to succour want and pain, to soothe and
sympathise,

She felt her people's sorrows, and shared her people's
joys.

Defender of the Christian Faith, she held inviolate
The principles developed by the martyrs at the stake.
She was faithful to her people, because faithful to her
God,

Goodness was her greatness, saintly, virtuous woman-
hood.

The peerless, dazzling monarch, to her far reaching fame,
The world accords an harmony of reverent acclaim.

The incarnate form with all its charms, will grace the
world no more,

But the influence of that Godly life will live for evermore.
Her earthly reign is ended, her finished charge laid down,
But now she sits on greater throne, and wears immortal
crown.

We mourn our Queen, but hail her son, we raise our
voice and sing

Long live the Seventh Edward, "God save our noble
King."

Elizabeth Harcourt Mitchell.

WE are mourning our Queen, our Mother,
With all her glory and grace ;
And we pray from our hearts another
May worthily fill her place.

With the flag of Old England o'er her,
 To the sound of the minute guns,
 She goes where we still adore her,
 Great chief of our glorious ones !

Though the dear, kind eyes must darken,
 And the soft hand greet no more,
 And the nations no longer hearken
 To her message from shore to shore.

Thank God that He sent so brightly
 For our Sovereign Lady the Queen ;
 Thank God that He touched so lightly
 That sacred parting scene.

O lover of music and beauty,
 Rest with all beauteous things !
 O martyr of Love and Duty,
 Rest with the King of kings !

Everlasting light be upon thee,
 And Eternal Peace be thine :
 Some day our eyes may be on thee
 In the joy of the Eyes Divine !

Court Journal.

George Morton.

COME grief, and touch the lyre with solemn dirge,
 Pensive and sad like moan of ocean's surge,
 That breaks upon the rocks with sad sea-wail
 Like sorrow's tears, and thus tell out the tale :
 The Queen is dead.

Queen, Empress, Mother, loved in all the spheres
 Where Britain's rule holds sway, and other spheres
 Beyond, where modest virtue holds a place
 And moral worth esteemed the highest grace
 Of her now dead.

A nation's tears fall thick around the bier,
 A nation's sobs arise from child and seer,
 A nation dons habiliments of woe,
 A nation bows its head, its grief to show
 For her now dead.

Oh, ye of high degree ! her virtues learn,
 Learn thus to do the good, and vice to spurn,
 Remember her ! and ever keep in view
 The noble heritage bequeathed to you
 By her now dead.

And ye in humbler spheres ; the goodness see
 In her, as gentle heart both kind and free.
 That long and noble reign hath opened wide
 The gates of freedom with its fuller tide
 Through her now dead.

“God bless the King !” May he her footsteps tread
 And by the virtues of her life be led
 To kindly deeds and acts of high behest,
 That, when his race is run, his name be blest
 Like her now dead.

Hereford Times.

Charles P. Newman.

UNFURL the flag of liberty,
 Wide let it waft on every breeze,
 O'er island, continent, and seas,
 But raise it only half-mast high.

For she is gone, who o'er the land
 That boasts that she is freedom's isle,
 And slavery ne'er shall taint her soil,
 Ruled as our Queen with gentle hand.

Vast was her Empire, great her power,
 Her armies culled from many a race ;
 Her navies holding foremost place,
 And yet she shrank from battle's hour.

And shuddered at the bloody strife,
The trumpet's blast and cannon's din,
She loved by kindness men to win,
And lead them on to nobler life.

And other nations than our own
Hung on her words, admired her laws,
Who ne'er forgot the people's cause,
Who made their sorrows all her own.

Each mourns thee Mother-Queen to-day,
Colonial Empires mourn thee too ;
And thy pure life, so good and true,
Shall ne'er from memory fade away.

Though Death hath made thy toil to cease,
He hath not reached thy lofty soul,
Which ever looked for as its goal
The land of love where all is peace.

For, ever 'twas thy people's prayer,
When thou should'st lay thy sceptre down,
That thou should'st wear a brighter crown
Than any here on earth can wear.

And, therefore, shall it well be seen,
Though deep and full thy people's grief,
Steadfast and strong is our belief
That thou art now a greater Queen.

O Prince, whate'er thy Kingship brings,
Her Royal Standard proudly raise,
And follow in her gracious ways,
True subject of the King of Kings.

So shall that ever-searching light,
Which round a throne will fiercely shine,
Serve only to illumine thine,
And raise thee to a loftier height.

O people, while we her deplore,
Whose place we feel none e'er can fill,
Let us beseech Our Father's will
To guide us now, and evermore.

And while we lay her 'neath the sod,
With roar of guns, and muffled beat
Of drums, and tread of mournful feet,
Lift up our hearts in praise to God.

For her, and those who fought and bled
In freedom's cause, both hers and ours
And wreathed in laurel, and in flowers,
Bedeck the dwellings of our dead.

For crowns and sceptres pass away,
Death's hand at last must shadow all,
But 'neath the shadow and the pall,
Breaks the new light of perfect day.

When far and wide grim war shall cease,
And nations thirst no more for blood,
But seeking universal good,
O'er all shall rule the Prince of Peace.

Where perfect love shall draw the cords
Round Queen and Peasant, Prince and Peer,
And all we mourn and miss so here,
Shall bow before the Lord of Lords.

Midland Daily Telegraph.

Alice V. Norman.

VICTORIA the Well-Beloved is dead,
Well may a nation's tears for her be shed,
Well may the heart of Britain burn,
When, through her tears, she can discern,

Millions, world-wide, who mourn to learn
Victoria is dead.

Victoria, the tender-hearted—dead.

Those who on Afric's plains their blood have shed,
Were mourned by her with sympathetic tears,
For from her girlhood, through advaneing years,
Her motto—“Peace, goodwill to men,” appears
Fostered and spread.

Victoria, our Empress Queen, is dead,
Not hers the fault that willing blood was shed.
Those whose high destiny it is to reign,
Must, like the humblest bear their meed of pain.
A crown, with Britain's honour, to sustain,
Wearies the head.

Victoria, our Mother-Queen, is dead,
A saintly crown adorns that regal head,
Which lately bore the cares and toils of state.
She, who for three score years did dedicate
Her life, her talents, to make England great,
Alas ! is dead.

Victoria the Well-Beloved is dead,
And when her golden history is read,
Millions to come will reverence her name.
O'er all the world the great White Sovereign's fame
Will live in light, a never-dying flame,
With mem'ries fed.

Now that Victoria our Queen is dead,
May we, by her example bright, be led
To live the higher life, which upward leads,
Proving ourselves by virtue of good deeds,
Grasping the faith which Queen or peasant needs,
With Christ the Head.

Barnsley Independent.

A. Bergius Norman.

THE nation mourns with silent grief,
The nation's silent tears are shed,
It scarcely comprehends the words—
Victoria is dead!
Victoria the Great, the Good!
Who in her cause would not have bled?

Whom e'en her enemies admired!
Victoria is dead!
The God who made her, while she lived,
Showered blessings on her head.
Now he has taken her back to Him,
Victoria is dead!

Yet, although life is fled,
Victoria is not dead!
The memory of the greatest Queen
Whom ever God did give,
Shall for undying ages
In every country live!

T. Percy Noble.

ATHWART the threshold of the Century
The shadows fall,
And from the veil of dim futurity
The voices call.
Upon the glowing Western skies
Day's fading splendour dies.

The purple twilight—harbinger of peace—
Now deepens fast.
Life's task complete—toils, tears, and troubles cease—
Rest comes at last.
The dark creeps on—the gloom shall pass away,
And dawn shall usher in an endless day.

Sleep on now—
Above this world of storm and strife.

The angels wait to place upon thy brow
Death's starry coronal of deathless life ;
And far beyond the dusk of sunless skies,
Faith's eye can see the gleam of Paradise.

James Nicol.

BRITANNIA stands and braves the salt winds driven,
Mourning the setting of her royal sun,
The loftiest figure e'er let salt tears run
Since light was formed and darkness deep was riven.
To her the beauty of true grief is given,
The majesty of sorrow deified.
She whom she mourns the noblest ruler died
'Mongst all the rulers who sought light from Heaven,
And she is proud, facing the untrod blue,
That these, her mourning days, might well be glad,
Knowing full well the joys Victoria had,
The long life virtuous, and the subjects true,
And, smiling softly, lo ! she dries her tears—
The Queen is dead ; her greatness now appears.

Glasgow Herald.

Harold Owen.

I.

THE Queen is coming to town to-day
(With a Hi ! and a Hey ! and a cheer) ;
The Queen is coming to town to-day—
God bless the old lady dear !

She comes in no great state,
With nothing of pomp or show,
Save a galloping guard to indicate
She's Queen after all, you know.

She's Queen for all to see
Who wait in park or street ;
She's a Queen to be seen, and memory
Will keep her image sweet !

There's a murmur in the air—
And a tension in your face—
She's coming ! she's come ! she's here ! she's there !
And gone is the smiling face.

A flash ! and a welcoming cry !
Have you either heard or seen ?
And the galloping guard goes clang ing by,
And guards and hides the Queen.

The Queen came up to town to-day.
We gave her a British cheer !
To-morrow the Queen will go away—
God bless the old lady dear !

II.

The Queen is passing through town to-day
(With a cry and a sob and a tear !) ;
The Queen is passing through town to-day
On a Monarch's martial bier.

She comes with roll of drum.
And tramp of armèd men—
She comes who ne'er in all time will come
Among her own again !

She comes with a last farewell
For our last benison—
To the sound of the searching passing bell
And the boom of the minute gun.

She comes with a mute farewell
Whilst a silent world stands still,
And its deathly silence the Dead will tell
Of that Death cannot kill.

She comes, whom God has led—
 Queen, mother, woman, wife!
 Now widow wedded to the waiting dead
 In eternal after-life.

With us an hour to be
 And then with him to bide,
 From the guardian love of her ships at sea
 She comes at full noontide.

The sea yields up its dead,
 And we take up the trust ;
 And earth unto earth by earth is led,
 And dust goes unto dust.

The Queen is passing through town to-day
 With our love and our hearts' despair.
 The Queen is passing for ever and aye !
 God keep her in His care !

Westminster Gazette.

R. O'Neal.

WHAT death has left, O mother earth receive ;
 We give to thee what we have lov'd for years ;
 We give it sorrowing, with sobs and tears—
 Upon thy breast that precious form we leave.

In life, she was so gentle, pure, and good,
 Responsive to a nation's joys and woes ;
 In death, the nation lov'd by her, but shows
 Its heartfelt sorrow and its gratitude.

That mind e'er labor'd for the nation's weal
 And ever strove to make it great in name ;
 She, wise and noble, had one thought and aim—
 To make the nation clean, its sores to heal.

To make it strong, so that should there be need
It would with voice and arms uphold the right,
That it would shield, defend, with all its might
The lesser nations which for friendship plead.

O mother earth, receive from us our best :
Her like, the ages past have never seen—
The noble woman and the nobler Queen ;
Oh ! take and keep her clasped upon thy breast.

Made hallow'd by a nation's tears, the spot
Will be resplendent with the light of Fame,
And in the time to come Victoria's name,
Her greatness, worth, will never be forgot.

R. Orchard Old.

THE muffled toll of bells throughout the land is heard,
Through Britain's Empire, length and breadth the same ;
She, who so lately was the Queen, is dead,
She, who but now was dying, is no more ;
Her wearied spirit, ill and sick from toil,
From cares of State, has entered into rest ;
A nation's tears and sad, sad sigh,
Attesting to her worth, and love of human kind.

Though Queen she was, Queen of a mighty realm,
And could with dignity her rule assert ;
Yet for the lowly poor, as well as high,
Her heart in sympathy for others' woes
Would beat, and could a sad, sad fate bemoan,
And act herself a lowly, tender part ;
For woman, mother, ne'er to her did life
Seem her's, as if her all to only live and reign.

In Regal State her mortal body lies,
In once her palace-home, surrounding friends
Of highest station, Prince and Potentate,
Mourn the departed dead—their kindred dead ;

So is it thus, as with the wide world's poor,
 The great of earth must travel th' self same road ;
 To whom, with one as with the other, Death
 Shows no respect of person—tramp or sire—
 As fully oft the Queen from her experience proved.

Unlike old times and old environments,
 Her people's good she loyally subserved ;
 Her Queenly life, her years of happy rule,
 Making for betterment of lands and homes ;
 So that 'twas something to have grandly lived,
 Leaving behind a memory of deeds,
 That in their stretch of influence everywhere,
 Must aptly show how fittingly around
 Her laurel wreath the name, "Victorian Age," entwines.

Upon the son succeeding her as King,
 May all the mother qualities of heart
 Transmitted be, and in the "Edward" line
 Of Royalty descend, and what in her
 Was held to grace her reign, be held by him
 As trustingly with equal Kingly grace ;
 And may the "Seventh" in name of that long line
 Of Monarch Sovereignty be ever loved,
 As lovingly as King as when a Prince,
 With freedom and self-government enjoyed
 In all Colonial lands, as Canada
 And the far off Australian Commonwealth enjoys,
 That thus the mother-rule and reign in him
 May broaden, broaden down the avenue of time.

Southern Echo.

Jeannie G. Patterson.

OH, Mother-Queen ! oh, dearly Well-Beloved !
 To-day the nations mourn, for thou art gone ;
 Sweet was thy reign, from bitter strife removed ;
 Pure was thy life, a brilliant star it shone.

Before high Heaven we humbly bend the knee,
And grief is mixed with joy and grateful prayer ;
The world is better far for knowing thee—
Thy life's sweet fragrance breathes upon the air.

Duty well done, wrongs righted, suffering spared,
Sweet acts of kindness speak of thy true worth ;
Thou wert a Royal Sovereign, one who shared
In all thy people's sorrows, and their mirth.

Sweet be thy sleep upon the Father's breast,
While nations blend their tears for loss of thee,
Well hast thou won the long eternal rest,
Still must we mourn our Queen through years to be.

E. Owen.

LORD God, on bended knee,
This mighty empire cries to Thee ;
In the darkest hour hear our plea,
Send help and light.

Bid all resign to Thy wise will,
Whether in weal or direst ill,
Our stay is in Thee alone,
Who governs all.

Shed forth Thy love as in the days of yore,
Guide, guard this nation for evermore ;
And teach us to cling to Thee the more,
In every hour of need.

We owe allegiance to God alone,
All kingdoms bow before His throne,
And homage to Him for ever own,
From pole to pole.

The Queen whose loss we now deplore,
Has reigned well nigh three score and four,
But grew in love immensely more,
Who wept to wear a crown.

No monarch grew deeper in a Briton's love,
 Christ's pierced hand from heaven above
 Shall hand thee a sceptre which none can move,
 From now till deathless dawn.

Rest, rest, in that historic mausoleum,
 Beside thine honoured Consort's side,
 Till the glorious resurrection morn,
 Shall find thee in perpetual eventide,
 Beneath God's eternal sway.

Sleep, revered and gentle soul,
 Slumber midway on the verge of eternity's goal ;
 Peace, peace, thou art gone beyond recall,
 Beyond the bar, where Christ Himself doth rule,
 In cloudless, endless day.

Colwyn Weekly News.

George Parker, C.C.

In the kind hand of Christ, sweet death is life,
 A fair end to the sorrow and the strife ;
 The quiet grave becomes a safe abode
 Beneath the eye of the unchanging God.

Since Jesus died upon the Roman Cross,
 What a large dream has covered human loss !
 The race embracing, Lord, with boundless love,
 Kisses pure souls to higher life above.

Our Queen, so tender, and so true of heart,
 Learnt of that Master who such aids impart ;
 'Tis thus the spirit of the man-killed Christ
 Becomes to man a motive power, unpriced !

So, pondering o'er Victoria's bier to-day,
 We praise her Lord and ours, and gladly say—
 Thanks be to God, who giveth victory
 To all believers—over Death's decree.

Myriads and myriads of the human race
Think kindly thoughts of her whose friendly face
Sleeps its last sleep—until the solemn day—
When every life shall answer for its way.

O, people of the Empire ! grasp the aid
Of the Eternal Helper—lest you fade ;
Casting indulgence and all sin aside,
Fight the good fight, with Jesus as your Guide.

Southern Echo.

Mary E. Peppin.

Is there never a rent in the leaden skies ?
No sweet lovelight in the closing eyes ?
Nay, clouds fall low o'er the sunset fire,
And God hath spoken—“ Friend, come up higher.”
Yet, stay ! a gleam from the afterglow—
While storm-winds sink to a sobbing low,
And a wistful glance thro' the clouds of death
From a soul uplifted on Prayer's deep breath.
Then the salt waves roll,
And our sad hearts toll
A dirge for the Monarch we loved so well.
But the Angels' singing
Afar is ringing,
Its echoes steal thro' the booming knell :
“ Light dieth not with set of sun ;
Servant of God, well done, well done ! ”

Moan, storm winds, moan, for a nation weeps,
Yet softly moan, for a Sovereign sleeps.
The sceptre falls from her weary hand,
And silence lies on a waiting land,
Till the solemn tread of martial feet,
And wail of music, sorrowful, sweet.

Tenderly bear her, ye sons of war,
 A braver soldier ye ne'er bore ;
 Yet the heart of a woman lies, still and low,
 Under the sheen of the silken snow.
 This is the bourne of her widowhood ;
 He waits for her coming—Albert the Good.
 Oh, noble mother ! Oh, spotless wife !
 Sleep till the day-dawn of new, sweet Life,
 Salt waves may roll,
 And our sad hearts toll
 A dirge for the Monarch we loved so well,
 But the Angels' singing
 Afar is ringing,
 And its echoes steal through the booming knell :
 "Light dieth not with set of sun ;
 Servant of God, well done, well done ! "

Church Family Newspaper.

J. W. Poe, B.A.

An Empire joins in mourning for its Queen,
 The noblest of all Royal womankind,
 Who, summoned by One greater, has resigned
 The sceptre she upheld with gracious mien ;
 Yet, while she may no more by them be seen,
 She still lives in her people's hearts enshrined,
 And love and reverence in every mind.
 Will keep remembrance of her ever green.

We, too lament, who, sundered by the sea,
 In fair Ierne's shadowed island dwell,
 And yet, as scarce we hoped that this would be,
 Are thankful that so lately it befel.
 She came once more among us here, though we
 But little thought it was to say farewell.

Weekly Irish Times.

Mrs. Phillips.

A NATION's sorrow and a World's acclaim
 Are thine, O Queen, belovèd, gone to rest ;
 For Death could never touch a spirit blest
 With Love's devotion as was thine—the fame
 Whereof, throughout all time, engraved in flame
 Of glory, shall thy name record : caressed
 By loving memory as thy People's best
 And wisest Sovereign, devoid of blame.

Our tears now flow for thee—of thee bereft !
 Yet not from us hath gone thine influence ;
 For stronger, grander, sweeter—having cleft
 The veil of Life beyond—shalt thou, from whence
 Thou art, remember us—thy loved ones left,
 And help us still—who mourn thy passing hence.

The Queen.

Earl Percy.

SHE comes ! her people's pride and boast,
 Up the thronged silent street :
 Around her rolls, from coast to coast,
 The thunder of her Fleet,
 The music of her gallant host
 That never owned defeat.

Captains and kings before her ride ;
 Nations of East and West,
 Of every continent and tide,
 That bowed to her behest—
 Children and aliens, far and wide,
 Rise up and call her blest.

No need of pen for her to trace
 The scroll of mortal fame !
 She passes to her resting place
 “ Fearless and free from blame : ”
 The victories of her land and race
 Are written in her name.

O Head Supreme of earthly powers,
 Lord of the land and sea !
 Her epitaph, her wreath of flowers,
 Pledge of Thy love are we :
 The honour that we have is ours
 Because she honoured Thee.

Times.

Rev. William Parry.

A NOBLER woman never trod the earth,
 There never reigned a more illustrious Queen ;
 For sixty years her throne hath spotless been,
 Her noble life adorned her royal birth.

Her glorious world-wide Empire loved her well ;
 The mother of her people, she loved them,
 And prized more highly than her diadem ;
 Her pride in them no seraph's tongue could tell.

The Empire's guardian angel, wise and brave,
 Her people's welfare lay upon her heart ;
 In all their joys and sorrows took her part,
 Until they, weeping, laid her in her grave.

Among the angels, now, she's crowned again,
 Immortal, entered on an endless reign.

The Baptist.

Rev. Thomas Paxton.

THE nation's heart is troubled,
 Her many children weep :
 Their widowed Queen and mother
 In peace has gone to sleep.

Along the wires the message leaps
 'Neath sea, from Pole to Pole ;
 The sympathetic current runs
 Connecting soul with soul.

Britain's heart is heavy,
Bowed is every head,
Her children all in mourning
For Britain's Queen now dead.

Mother of thy people, we weep for thee,
Thy life's course now is run ;
Loved and ador'd—we bid farewell,
And gently whisper our " Well done ! "

We think of thee—thy love was great ;
Thy heart so noble, good, and kind,
Was never closed to human woes,
Endeared thee in thy people's mind.

Victoria ! thy name shall live
When many memories fade,
And when we, too, shall sleep at last,
Lost in the dim, eternal shade.

Farewell ! thou art safe, we know,
Our Father each of His loved ones keeps ;
Strengthened with hope in His trust and love,
Britannia mourns—Victoria sleeps.

Railway Review.

Arthur Francis Paterson.

WHITE are the wings that circle round
The eternal throne on high :
White are the vanguard peaks of snow
The north winds hurtle by :
White are the flowers that droop their bells
When winter flakes them o'er ;
But whiter is the soul of her
These eyes shall see no more.

Pure are the wells that glass the sun
Where blue hills roll to blue :
Pure are the fountains in the wild
That tempt the lone curlew :

Pure is the life the dwellers live
Where sylvan streamlets roam ;
But purer was the light she threw
Around her sceptred home.

Fair is the Dee by Birkwood's banks
And in the haughs of Sluie,
And melting in the mavis in
The woods of Ballochbuie ;
But fairer than the curves of Dee—
More melting than the mavis—
Tho story of idyllic love
Two royal lovers gave us.

Sad-eyed, grief-worn, and motherless ;
Anguished and yet serene ;
In silence and in solitude
Britannia mourns her Queen.
Only a toll the silence breaks
From some lone belfry where
A dolorous bell, with aching throb,
Swings in the dolorous air.

O woeful bell, Britannia !
Well may thy heart be sore !
The noblest woman God has planned
Now sleeps within Frogmore.
Beneath the slab she lies with him ;
Here keeps her holy tryst—
“ Farewell, beloved ; here will I rest,
And with thee rise in Christ.”

Likewise farewell. Thy task is o'er.
Earth glooms but angels smile.
The bonds of Nature can but bind
Our souls a little while :
Soon, soon to break ; soon, soon to soar
On skylark wings above,
Where God and Christ are waiting,
And the Queen—the Queen we love !

A thousand years may come and go,
 A hundred sceptres fall,
 But she shall reign in tender love
 The mistress of them all !
 Succeeding times shall times succeed,
 But yet behold that star !
 The Queen whose home was washed by Dee
 And frowned by Lochnagar !

Aberdeen Journal.

William A. Pitt.

WHY do we mourn Victoria's death,
 And trouble not tho' each pulse-beat
 Marks some tired spirit's breath
 Trembling aloft its God to meet ?
 The roughest hind that ploughs the sod,
 The captive, moaning in his cell,
 Alike are known and dear to God,
 Who loves and serves His children well.

Yet those may die, and who will heed ?
 Or, heeding, who will stay to mourn ?
 One glance, one sigh, and on he'll speed,
 A pilgrim to the self-same bourne.

There are who worship rank and gold,
 And bow thereto on reverent knee.
 To love alone our hearts unfold,
 As flowers to the sun make fealty.

O mother's heart ! thy people mourn
 To lose so true a love as thine.
 Thy bruised soul could well relieve
 A nation's woes with calm benign.

For this we mourn while friends fall fast
 Like leaves in an autumnal gale.
 We are the poorer since you passed,
 And we are human, so bewail.

Bristol Press.

Albert William Quill, M.A.

A LAMENT.

WHEN the soul is charged with grief,
'Neath the darkling cloud of sorrow,
Hardly hoping for relief,
 Half-afraid to face the morrow ;
Looking in upon herself,
 There she sees, as in a mirror
Polish'd by some mystic elf,
 Images of all the thoughts within her.

MORNING.

There arising with the dawn,
 On the beams of early morning,
Like the dewdrops on the lawn,
 Nature's gems the world adorning ;
There the youthful Queen ascends,
 Thron'd within the regal minster,
Crown'd with all that Fortune sends,
 In that famous shrine of old Westminster.

NOON.

There she sees the rose in June,
 Ripening in unclouded weather,
While the happy wedding-tune
 Binds the Queen and Prince together.
There she sees the buds around,
 Rosebuds clustering round their mother,
While the joyous woods resound
 With the birds that sing to one another.

EVENING.

There she sees the gloaming nigh,
 And the mournful mists of even
Shroud the visage of the sky,
 Veiling all the face of Heaven.

There she sees the widow's weeds,
 Spreading o'er the drooping roses ;
 Like a nun that tells her beads,
 By his grave that lonely heart reposes.

NIGHT.

Now she sees the cloak of Night,
 Night array'd in all her sadness ;
 In that garb no streak of light,
 In that voice no note of gladness.
 Weep, ye sons of Erin's Isle ;
 Weep, ye daughters of Ierne,
 Ne'er again to see her smile :
 Your belov'd is gone the last long journey.

Dublin Warden.

J. Rayner.

ENTOMBED ! and all is o'er—the tolling bell,
 The martial pomp and pagentry of woe,
 The muffled drums, the Navy's booming knell,
 The royal regalia—Dead March wailing low—
 And kings, and kin, loved with a mother's pride,
 All quit this spot where thou hast often trod ;
 Cold marble clasps thee by thy husband's side,
 And all is left to solitude and God.
 Almighty Ruler ! Unseen Kings of kings !
 We own Thy hand—forgive our falling tears ;
 We bless thy love from which each blessing springs,
 That spared so rare a life to such ripe years,
 And taught through her how nations best unite,
 When Freedom reigns with holy love and light.

Entombed ! One more the brotherhood of dust
 (Each moment swelling) claims. Thou must depart !—
 The trumpet of thy fame will never rust—
 Thy rule was love—thy throne an Empire's heart ;

Thy wealth of virtue shall endure for aye,
 Though moulders monumental brass and stone ;
 And grateful monarchs learn from thy sweet sway,
 A guard of Goodness best secures a throne—
 Though wealth and pomp may dazzle—power may erush,
 And bravery strike the rebel heart with awe,
 There comes a sudden end, and awful hush,
 All, all, must die—but Good lives evermore.
 Adieu, loved Queen ! departed spirit blest !
 All angels guard thy earthly place of rest.

Surbiton Times.

James Rhoades.

LAY her to rest. O hour of grief and awe !
 We say not England's happier days are done ;
 But who with that magnetic touch shall draw
 And weld our world-spread Empire into one ?—
 May He, who gave the mother, graee the son !

So simply noble that almost she made
 Of earth-born sovereignty a thing divine.
 Love was her law, by purity she swayed,
 A power nor grief nor age could undermine—
 Her throne an altar, and her hearth a shrine.

Queen, wife, and mother peerless : even so :
 And this shall be her fame in after years—
 Or alien or akin, or friend or foe,
 Old jealousies forgot, old feuds and fears,
 The whole earth wrote her epitaph in tears.

Lay her to rest. Her memory shall be blown
 Like pure sweet air upon a tortured clime.
 She made for peace, and passes to her own
 With those who reign—O recompense sublime !—
 Beyond the folding gates of space and time.

Times.

James Rushton.

THE mightiest Empire earth has ever seen,
Now mourns the loss of its belovèd Queen ;
And e'en beyond the limits of her sway
Are countless signs of deep regret to-day.

Unique her reign, she holds the premier place
In length of rule of all the regal race ;
Unique her many acts of kindness, too,
For more than sixty years before our view.

Not these alone, our love and homage claim,
The mighty changes clustering round her name
Will gild the era with a halo fair ;
No other epoch can alone compare.

Her peaceful arts, her commerce and her trade,
With giant strides have wondrous progress made,
Her merchant fleets the mighty oceans span—
The true precursors of the rights of man.

In times to come, when nations yet unborn,
Shall speak with glowing pride of freedom's morn ;
The place of honour, then, as now, we ween,
Shall still be given to our beloved Queen.

Accrington Observer.

Jane Reid.

Gathered round her were her loved, her own,
But she must pass the way of Death alone.

“ She wept to wear a crown,”

But not to lay it down,

For Heaven's reward is better than a throne.

A mighty Empire stands with bated breath,
For thou hast conquered, ever-mighty Death.

We weep, for hope is fled,

Our loving Queen is dead—

The mother-heart lies still : nought comforteth.

Lord God, look on the world, which Thou hast made,
In this dread hour, so stricken and dismayed.

The future is unknown,
But Thou art on the Throne ;
We look to Thee for guidance and for aid.

Kilmarnock Standard.

T. Robinson.

VICTORIA, the Queen, is dead !
Sad words afar were borne ;
The Empire's guiding star has fled,
Which o'er our homes soft radiance shed ;
And untold millions mourn.

Most noble Queen, of virtues rare,
Thine was the power of love ;
Thy people's burdens thou did'st bear,
Their joys and sorrows ever share—
E'en like thy Lord above.

Though dead thou speakest from the skies,
“ Be good, be just, be kind,”
For Widows' tears, for orphan's cries,
For dying soldiers' patient sighs,
Thine was the heavenly mind.

Victoria the Good, our Queen,
The greatest and the best,
No reign so blest the world has seen,
Three score and three the years have been
Thou hast thy crown possessed.

Pure, humble, and victorious—
Thy virtues, who can tell ?
Finished thy toils laborious,
Enter thy rest so glorious,—
Victoria, farewell !

Barrow Herald.

Rev. James M. Russell, M.A.

WE mourn, but not alone ; a watching world
Is with us 'neath the flag that is unfurl'd
At half-mast, and so droops o'er differing men,
Whom Sorrow binds in Brotherhood again.

Our Sovereign Lady's Life and Death, how great
They loom'd upon us as she lay in state,
And 'shrined in hall and cottage—nay, enthroned
Forever in the subject-hearts she own'd.

Victoria ! Her memory is a claim
That all the nature answered to the name ;
The conquests that have made her sceptre shine
Were those which blend the human and divine.

Victoria ! Yes, the nature sent the name
Round with the sun, and wrought a world-wide fame ;
Millions of varying colour, but one blood,
Hailing her " Mother : the Beloved, the Good."

That last word we, with our late laureate, said
Of her great Consort when we mourned him dead ;
Now tell we how the Girl-Queen, rev'rent, will'd
To be it, and, wife-widow, all fulfill'd.

So prompt, wise, patient at the heat of State ;
As thoughtful towards the lowly as the great ;
As quick to soothe the sorrow from afar.
As that beheld through nearer doors ajar.

Call her not widow, but the Glorious Bride
Of sons of Empire flocking to her side ;
To her " the land " was married, for she gave
Herself to all its progress—till the grave !

Victoria's Grave ! We pause before its brink,
Thankful, amid our bitter tears, to think
What two-fold truth, as here at last she lies,
Sounds in the words : " The Monarch never dies ! "

Newcastle Journal.

T. W. Reuberson.

GONE ! but to live in all our people's hearts,
" The priceless treasure of our native land."
Loved and revered by all on earth below,
She reigned and reigneth still at God's right hand.
Nought can replace a Queen so good and true,
Who loved her people as she loved her own,
At last rewarded for the love she bore,
With still a brighter and a happier throne.

Her joy was ours, she helped to bear our pain.
" Our Mother Queen," the loving name she bore,
Endeared to us, as naught on earth beside,
'Twas *love* made light the heavy crown she wore.
We still must grieve and cannot soon forget,
Our loss—her gain though it may surely be.
But cherish her dear face for evermore,
And praise her ever, both on land and sea.

Farewell, dear Queen, rest on in peace for aye,
Thy people's hearts with love still o'erflow.
Like thee, some day, we all shall " cross the bar,"
When " Death " shall beckon, and we all must go.
Thy duty's done, well done, 'twas good to die,
To lose a crown, and gain a greater one.
God grant thy throne on earth may long be filled,
By " Edward," now *our* King, thy sorrowing son.

Bournemouth Guardian.

Miss May Roland.

How can we speak the grief that mourns our Queen ?
Great sorrow hath no words, and yet its sound
Seems like the sobbing echo of the sea,
The full-voiced tide of those encircling waves
That flow with tender force unceasingly,
Around the island home in which she sleeps.

O deep-toned cadence of eternal sound !
Break into tears O sea, and weep with us,
Speak forth the sadness that we cannot say,
Speak forth a nation's sorrow, nay—tell more,
Chime greater truth and say the *world* is sad !
Speak forth the depth of all our love for her,
Our loyal love that death can never quench,
For she was ours by ties of firmer strength
Than those of Royal pow'r, not only Queen
But mother of her people and their joy ;
Their comforter in grief ; their kindly friend ;
Their never-failing strength in times of need ;
Their guiding light, to lead them ever on
In paths of nobleness and Christian love.
True to the last—the sceptre only fell
From that loved hand because, with stronger might,
She felt the touch of God.

We have no voice.

The humblest and the noblest singer fails
To speak her worth—or shadow forth our love,
Our tributes have no music, they are lost
In trembling accents, broken, incomplete.

O while we mourn, may he who now ascends
Her vacant throne, forgive us, if we pause
To dry our tears before we turn once more
To cry, with loyal hearts, “God save the King.”

Newbury Weekly News

Miss C. E. Rowe.

GONE !

Our beloved !

Our Lady, our Queen !

Never was known, never was seen,
Woman so reverenced, Queen so adored !

Through her vast empire

Her myriad children

Speak her name softly in accents of sorrow ;
Question, despondingly, “What of to-morrow ?

What was the charm of her ?

Magical womanhood ?

Tenderest ties of the wife and the mother ?

Others have borne them loyally, royally.

Was it the majesty daily enfolding her,

Empress and Queen of a world-wide dominion ?

Others have worn it with wisdom befitting.

Was it the faith of her Fathers ! that holding,

Held up the faith of her people, unfolding

A new Faith in duty ?

Faith broader and deeper,

Faith living and loving,

The Faith of the Master.

Nay, 'twas her love for her people that drew them,
Circling a centre so true and so tender,

Simple and womanly.

All her swift heart-throbs

Pulsing to them with the instinct of motherhood ;

Winning from them the love and devotion

Of answering loyalty, deep and unswerving.

All that is mortal,

Lay, as she wished it,

Casket by casket, now wedded for ever,

Telling of Death the divider, of Love the eternal ;

Sign of consummate and perfect re-union.

Earth has that right to her

Crown of her daughters.

Fling wide the portals,

The spirit-world closing !

There may thought venture in reverent vision.

The good Queen has left us, disconsolate, mourning ;

There is the joy and the rapture of greeting.

Through the wide courts of the world of immortals,

Thousands arriving, have brought the glad tidings,

“ The great Queen is coming !

The loved Queen of England !

Of England the Free !

Mother of nations as yet in their childhood! "

Queen! she lay dying,

Queen! 'mid the living

Wakens again!

Gone! all the sorrow,

The pain of her widowhood;

Gone! in the glory of new life about her;

Life from within enfolding, caressing her;

Bathed in full sunshine,

God's Providence over her!

He gave and He takes her.

In His hand lie nations,

They and the rulers He gives for their guidance.

Has she no message,

No word for her people?

Ah! it is this!

"England!

My country, my people,

I love thee

Now, as before.

Dear country, great and free,

Be great as of yore!

Lo! it is God's command,

He who loves not his land

Enters not heaven!"

Morning Light.

Edith Robertson.

ROYAL mother heart, and Queen, within our English homes

And Empire in the East, thy people mourn, and cry
Alas! alas! our Empress, Queen, and Mother,

In this sad hour, the nation's tears do mingle with
thy children's,

And thy children's children's. But we will not
grudge thy rest,

Thou, who hast borne so long, and nobly, the burden
of Imperial Royalty,
Thy name to be a beacon set on high. Example of
a pure and lofty life.
So, in the years to come, the children of a later age
will ever ask,
Tell me again of that good Queen Victoria and of
her reign.

We will not grudge her rest, but rather dwell upon
the joy of hers
In meeting those she loved, who passed before, and
expectant wait her coming.
The husband of her youth, and children of her love.
So let us leave her. And may her memory in our
hearts keep green,
Victoria, our loved, lamented, Mother, Empress.
Queen.

West London Observer.

A. E. Richards.

GREAT woman, greater Queen, because as each un-
challenged best,
Borne in the Argosy of Love safe o'er the smirching
waters
Of worldly strife to disembark upon the Isle of Rest
That forms the voyage-end of Earth's full-tested sons
and daughters,
Thy epitaph marks not the close of sixty brimmed year's
task,
For from it has commenced to flow a noble-teaching
sequel
That shalt not die in "Finis" till the lesser people's ask
How long were Might and Right divorced as things
unequal.

Thy epitaph—enfurrowed deep throughout the field of Time

That yield the richest harvest or the storehouse of the ages—

Shall read eye-clear without decay or memory-killing grime

Till Destiny has printed all Earth's God-allotted pages.

Thy grave—it is no real grave that cannot corral in

Its cubic compass and the year that dates its preparation

The motive spirit of the flesh—will index for thy kin

The virtues necessary for the parent of the nation.

Arch-mistress of the great Past Grands, repositress of power,

Beneath whose sceptre all the seas commingled in one ocean,

We lay thy coffin down in this supremely dreadful hour

In perfect faith that thou in thy unparalleled devotion

Wilt yet, though formally unseen, maintain the exercise

Of thy pure influence upon Britannia's mighty

“Gloria”

Until the full completion of the Empire's enterprise

Is jubilated in a stately anthem of Victoria.

Exeter Flying Post.

P. Rennie.

THE nation is filled with mourning,

For a Queen that it loved so well;

How deep and sincere it's sorrow,

No language or words can tell.

In the mansion and cottage alike,

A cloud of sorrow is seen;

For none were too humble, none too great,

To love and be loved by the Queen.

She ruled with a sceptre of love,
 The nation's sensitive heart ;
 While in all her people's griefs and woes,
 She willingly bore her part.

How oft in the homes of the poor,
 Near to the bed of the dying,
 Has been found this great-hearted Queen,
 Life's little wants supplying.

She loved all the creatures of God,
 From man to the humblest beast,
 None she neglected, none she despised,
 None did she treat as the least.

All felt the warmth of her motherly love,
 And the smile of her queenly face ;
 Through all her long and glorious reign,
 Of vice we find no trace.

Sadly the nation will miss her,
 Through the long, long years to come,
 While we hope and pray her example,
 Will be followed by her son.

All her sorrows now are past
 And her heavy crown laid by ;
 She feels no more life's trying blast,
 In that home beyond the sky.

Galloway Gazette

George E. J. Roberts.

GOD rest her soul. The spirit now ascended,
 Leaves us the moral her desire intended.
 Each loving memory human minds recall,
 Each tender recollection lips let fall—
 Betoken sorrow, love, and idolation
 Of her whose perfect wisdom ruled the nation.

Such sympathy—each wish brought with it cheer ;
Benevolence, that made sad hearts endear
And bless her name, that symbol of the free,
By which all nations of the world agree.
What peace was hers ! The knowledge gained of right,
Brought liberty and progress into light,
To cultivate, expand, and open higher
Those distant lands, bound now in One Empire !
Her strong endeavour for her country's good,
The reverence of Faith, by which she stood,
Are left to history—borne to every clime
As priceless treasure, on the wings of Time,
Her name is honoured : Soon the world will ring
Of "Good King Edward," so, "Long live the King!"

Marylebone Mercury.

Donald Robertson.

VICTORIA the Well-Beloved is dead,
Her loss is mourned by peasant, prince, and peer,
Well may for her the nation's tears be shed,
Her loss be mourned as for a mother dear.

Victoria the Well-Beloved is gone,
How true her loving subjects all can say,
The clearest light that beat upon her throne,
Has only shown her worth in every way.

Victoria the Well-Beloved's no more,
But, ah ! her life through that long glorious reign,
Has set example for all time, a score
That kings may ever envy to attain.

From infancy through girlhood the same,
The loving wife, the Christian Mother Queen,
God given to us, without a flaw she came,
Without a spot her life has ever been.

How little what we feel has been expressed

By poets, statesmen, emperors, kings, or czars,
The simple Hindoo magnifies it best,
Who looks for what we lost among the stars.

Thus we rejoice that thou art with the blest,

And free from all thy earthly cares and pain
Oh ! enter thou into thy quiet rest
For surely all our loss must be thy gain.

Galloway Gazette.

F. R. Romeril.

OUR Queen has laid her sceptre down,
Has left her earthly throne ;
She's gone to wear that brighter crown
Our Saviour gives His own.

Her spirit now from earth released,
Has fled on angels' wings,
Far over Jordan's chilling tide,
To meet the King of Kings.

She's gone to reign through endless years,
A royal robe to wear,
With the true Royal Family,
In Heaven's Palace fair.

We mourn her loss ; ah ! well we might,
True mother, lady, Queen ;
How happy and how glorious
Her lengthened reign has been.

We mourn our Queen, our gracious Queen,
Endowed with grace divine !
Her life on earth was pure, and now
She with the saints will shine.

We mourn our Queen, our widowed Queen,
 She's gone to join her love,
 United now, for endless years,
 In Heaven's Courts above.

We mourn our Queen, our aged Queen,
 'Twas her's, the longest reign,
 And never did a Monarch here
 Such noble age attain.

We mourn our Queen, our loving Queen,
 She loved her children well—
 Her people, nation, soldiers, home.
 The men who for her fell.

Her memory will ever live,
 And rightly so it should ;
 Can we forget her ? justly named :
 Victoria the Good.

Jersey Express.

Canon H. D. Rawnsley, M.A.

SHE comes. Before her every ensign dips—
 Such majesty has Death—she still is Queen ;
 Pale shines the Solent, as it sobs between
 Her islands—dumb beneath the dark eclipse
 Of Britain's noblest Sovereignty—her ships
 Lie sorrowing on the waters ; silent lean
 Her seamen on the yards, and what they mean
 The guns forth-tell from melancholy lips.

Across the flood—how drear the water-way
 The very heavens do seem to feel grief's mood,
 And the winds sigh, as if by pain possessed ;
 So to the island of perpetual rest
 She comes ! Ah, well ! for she has crossed the flood,
 And we this side in lamentation stay.

Yorkshire Weekly Post.

Miss R. J. Raine.

FROM the throbbing heart of an Empire
 Goes up the cry of the sorrowful,
 Goes up the sound of weeping,
 Like a mighty deluge sweeping
 Through all the land !

The bell of doom strikes sharply on the night,
 Falling on sad hearts like molten lead,
 For our Queen has passed away
 Beyond the night, beyond the day,
 And hopes lie dead !

* * * * *

When the tumult of grief is hushed to rest
 Through Resignation's patient sighing,
 A thanksgiving prayer will rise
 For the "lasting good"—which never dies—
 Brought by our Queen !

Scarborough Gazette.

Eliza H. Rozier.

VICTORIA the Good ! So shall her name
 Go down through all the ages, and her fame
 Shall be proclaimed by millions yet unborn,
 Throughout our world-wide Empire. Of her morn
 And noon and eve and loving rule shall sing
 Unnumbered voices, and their tribute bring
 To her blest memory ; while on History's page
 The glorious annals of the Golden Age
 Of our loved Empress-Queen shall brightly gleam,
 Shedding a lustre o'er the historic stream
 Of England's Monarch—while all surpassing far,
 As radiant noon the eve, as sun the star.

Shrewsbury Chronicle.

Douglas Russell.

Two generations speak her praise—
'Tis echoed back from every clime ;
Her kindly, gracious, queenly ways
Her people sing in mellowed lays,
And men unborn their voice will raise
To spread her fame to end of Time.

When called, a maid, to fill the throne,
"I will be good !" avowed the Queen ;
Both good and bad has England known
Of Kings and Queens, we frankly own :
Above the best she stands alone ;
She has been good—has ever been.

Long lived the Queen, by Sovereign will ;
Abounding grace did ne'er abate ;
Till reached the summit of life's hill,
A hand Divine preserved from ill ;
"With Christ," at Home, she liveth still ;
His gentleness hath made her great.

But, ah ! how desolate the way
That we are left behind to tread !
We wake with each returning day
To find a blank. We sigh and say,
"The Queen is gone." We weep and pray,
We pay love's tribute to the dead.

Weston-Super-Mare Gazette.

Gertrude A. Southam.

TOLL on, ye bells, for all is gloom to-day,
Lay down our clubs, we have no heart to play,
Such wide-spread grief before has never been,
Toll on, ye bells, for we have lost our Queen !

In every country, whether friend or foe,
 All mourn with us in universal woe,
 In every home, however poor and mean,
 All hearts are sad, for *all* have lost their Queen.

Her people's welfare ever next her heart,
 In all their griefs prepared to take her part,
 Her rich reward to have earned a Nation's love,
 Her Empire's worship and a world's approve.

Watching to hail the Twentieth Century in,
 Waiting to see her gallant soldiers win,
 To greet Earl Roberts from his long campaign,
 The Nunc Dimitis of her glorious Reign !

Down the grim passage of her ships of war,
 We watch the dead Queen pass in silent awe,
 But though the lips of loyal crowds are mute,
 A thousand guns boom forth their last salute.

The first strange time for sixty applauding years,
 She passes by the unwelcomed of our cheers,
 No radiant faee, no waving hands are seen,
 The voice of silent weeping greets our Queen.

Golphing.

Harriette Surrey.

SHE sleeps ! our much-loved Queen ;
 And ah ! methinks I see the victor's crown
 Now settling on her brow—that crown of
 Fadeless glory. The triumph song of
 White-robed seraphs sounds within mine ears,
 The gates thrown open wide, and e'en
 Bewildering visions now beholds the
 Golden streets of that great City, where
 The King of Kings in tender accents,
 Bids her—“ Enter in.”

Newbury Weekly News.

Flora Annie Steel.

HAVE a care, all of ye ! Never a tear must fall
 Over the garlands we string in her praise ;
 I, Veru, will it so—Veru, the oldest here,
 Grand-dam to half of ye, wise in long days.
 For, see you, sisterlings ! though she was new to us
 Here in the villages, though the glad word
 That she would help us folk, ease the Birth-gates for us,
 Widen all life for us, scarce had been heard ;
 Yet she was old, they say, weary as women grow,
 Weary as I am ! So speed her to rest
 After the ancient way as to her bridal bed
 Seeing Death holds all her dearest, her best.

Chuh ! little daughterling ! What means yon crystal drop
 Gemming the *champak*-bud ? Is this thy dread—
 Bride of my grandson's son—lest in the Birthgiving
 Death close the door on thee, now she is dead ?
 Fear not Suheli—child ! E'en if it close on thee,
 Truly her guardianship now is twice worth ;
 Living or dying she now keeps the gates for us,
 Mother-of-Many in Death as in Birth.

Lo ! Are our garlands strung ? Then let us forth with them,
 Raise high our platters, and sing as we go,
 Swinging the petticoats, clashing the anklet-bells,
 Challenging *Kali*, our Mother-of-Woe,
 Right to her altar-steps ; there let us lay our gifts
 After old fashion, to make the gods kind,
 Offerings twice given to both our great mothers,
 Fearing no whit if the older should mind,
 Since queens know a queen's touch, and hath not Victoria
 Claimed us of *Kali* again and again ?
 Is she not equal ? And is not Parameshwar
 Giver to queens of their joy or their pain ?
 Raise our brass platters, then ! clashing our anklet-bells,
 Swinging our petticoats as for a bride,
 Mothers-of-Many for Death or Life-giving,
Kali ! Victoria ! Stand side by side !

Sheila.

Do you hear the children weeping for the mother who
has left them—

The voice of lamentation from the islands of the sea ?
Ah, once her presence blessed us, and her woman's smile
caressed us,

And in all the wide creation there was none so loved
as she !

Do you hear a sound of mourning from the eastlands and
the westlands,

From the southlands and the northlands, across the
surging sea ?

It is the cry of trouble for a great Queen and a noble,
For in all the wide creation there was none so great
as she !

Have you left us, O belovèd, to the midnight of our
sorrow ?

Your queenly crown and sceptre are they nevermore
to be ?

She has left her crown and sceptre at the footstool of the
Father,

For in all the wide creation there was none so good as she !

Were you tired, Queen-belovèd, of the solemn weight of
empire,

And had your head grown weary to wear the golden
crown

(So wisely you had worn it, and so grandly you had
borne it !)

And your arm to wield the sceptre, that thus you laid
them down ?

Then rest thee, O belovèd, from earthly crown and
sceptre ;

We may read adown the annals of ev'ry lustrous line,
But earth never gave another, oh, Queen ! oh, Wife !
oh, Mother !

To shine upon the ages with a lustre like to thine.

So let her sleep, undying, in the heart-depths of her people,
From life's loud clang and clamour there comes a sweet release,
And when ev'ning's light was falling, and Heaven's bell was calling,
She passed beyond the war-star to a Paradise of peace.

Belfast News Letter.

David Small.

AH! why are the great bells tolling?
And what is it they say?
The great, the good Victoria
Our God hath called away.

There has left us to our sorrow
An Empress and a Queen—
The peer of the noblest woman
The world has ever seen.

For not only as an Empress,
Not only as a Queen,
But as mother, wife, and widow
Her nobleness was seen.

In joyous times, in shadowed years,
She held our hearts in thrall,
And in her tender sympathy
Was mother to us all.

Our Father greatly blessed her reign
Throughout the rolling years;
In all her sore affliction,
He wiped away her tears.

She has gained a heavenly kingdom
In blissful realms above,
And has left her people all
An inheritance of love.

The fragrance of her memory
 Through ages shall remain ;
 God grant that all the nations round
 May know her like again.

Blairgowrie Advertiser.

Ellie Sweetman, F.R.S.L.

SEND this little crown of shamrocks far across the briny
 wave,
 Perhaps they'd let the green leaves flutter on a Royal
 new made grave,
 If they knew the love I bore her, that I'm old, and worn,
 and grey,
 That my sons are loyal soldiers, they would never say
 me nay.

I remember, I remember, how we claimed her for our
 own,
 When she came to dwell among us from the glories of
 her throne,
 But the sobs, I thought they'd choke me as I saw her
 tender smile,
 Yet the sunbeams of the summer flooded all my heart the
 while.

She was passing in her carriage and I gazed across the
 crowd,
 My heart was beating wildly, yet how glad I felt and
 proud,
 As gracefully she nodded, ah, she looked into my eyes,
 I'm sure she knew my boys were hers, beyond, 'neath
 Afric's skies.

I remember, I remember, how I felt I'd like to press
 With my old lips the shamrock sprays that rested on her
 dress,
 But I only said God bless you, God bless you, o'er and
 o'er,
 And may you soon come back again to see us, Queen
 Asthore.

But no, she'll never come again though seasons wane and
pass
Yet still whene'er these leaves peep up upon the velvet
grass,
I'll see again that blessed face as in the days gone by,
I'll hear the wild hurrahs that rent the vaulted azure sky.

Ab, no, she'll never come again to this our Em'rald shore,
Our cry's in vain, come back, come back to Erin, Queen
Asthore,
But may this crown of triple leaves baptised with sighs
and tears
Tell of a love sincere and true through all the passing
years.

Alas, there's crape upon each heart, the sky is cleft with
sighs,
And tears, like crystal jewels, are in the children's eyes.
For sorrow's brooding wing has touched the peasant and
the peer,
Oh, comfort, Lord, the hearts that mourn this saddest,
latest year.

Then send these Irish shamrocks, perchance they yet
may rest
Upon the piping grass that waves above her noble breast.
Oh, let them tell their story of our loneliness and grief,
God bless upon its mission each little triple leaf.

Irish Times.

Nina Serette.

RING out, ye bells—ye cannon roar—waft, all ye flags,
unfurled,
Your mournful message far and wide to all the awe-
struck world :
In grief and love and sympathy, the nations gather round
T' attend the obsequies of Her, beloved and world-
renowned.

The world has sent her stateliest ships, her most illustrious sons—

Hark ! hear ye not the fleets pour forth the heavy minute guns ?

Lo ! how the mighty squadrons line the sea from shore to shore ;

An avenue o'er the waves for Her, their Ruler erst of yore. She comes ! Where yonder mast gives Her great Ensign to the breeze,

In pageant proud, and solemn state, the Sovereign of the Seas

Comes, voyaging again, as oft of yore, across the foam Which parts Her land of England from Her quiet island-home.

Hark ! hark ! The ships of all the world salute Her coming now !—

Yet She no recognition deigns ! No more that queenly brow Shall courteous bend, with kindly smile, prized where-so'er it fell—

The mighty pageant hails Her corse—the cannon voice Her knell !

* * * * *

Through Her fair land of England winds the mournful sombre train

Which bears back to Her capital its well-loved Queen again :

Ah ! who shall voice the voiceless woe all England feels to-day ?

Childhood, and youth, maturity, and old age, worn and gray,

Emperors, and Kings, and Princes great, nobles of lineage proud,

Mingle their mourning with the motley multitudinous crowd

Whom Love and Grief—those levellers—have gathered at the bier

Of Her whom all men honoured, Her whom all men held so dear !

* * * * *

And now the goal is reach'd at last, its sumptuous portals
loom—
Her long predestined resting-place, Her Royal husband's
tomb,
Where forty solitary years within that solemn fane
In widow'd slumber waiting Her, her spouse belov'd
hath lain.
Ope wide, ye gates! Your Queen receive, no more of
earthly breath,
But more than earthly majesty—the majesty of Death!

* * * * *

The last dread rites are over now, commingling dust with
dust,
In surest hope awaiting the glad rising of the just;
And as we leave Her peaceful there, beneath the Holy
Cross,
Not for Her, but ourselves, we weep, with absorbing
sense of loss.
'Tis as if the loving Mother, o'er our infancy who watch'd,
Had from us, her helpless children, by untimely Death
been snatch'd.
In deepest grief we murmur, while our tears rain bitter
show'rs,
" What loss was ever like our loss—what sorrow great
as ours? "

* * * * *

The slow years only can reveal, or plumb the depths
profound,
Of what Her people lose in Her, whose wisdom hedg'd
them round,
With tendrils strong as flesh and blood, around Victoria
clung
The hearts of Britons wheresoe'er was Britain's standard
flung:
And though of Time no instant is but some loved soul
departs,
No soul since Time began was e'er mourned by so many
hearts.

She ruled supreme and absolute by justice, love—not fear—
As ruled no other monarch e'er, o'er nation far or near ;
Her life the secret of that hold She o'er the world could
claim—

Unswerving truth and purity, duty its chiefest aim.

* * * * *

Tis not the stately cenotaph, nor sumptuous marble tomb,
Shall stand th' memorial fittest, or shall most splendid
loom

In honour to the mightiest Queen that ever nation knew—
A prouder monument is Her's than e'er did sculptor hew ;
More costly than the chrysolite, or gems of dazzling light ;
Than bronze or granite durable ; than diamond more
bright :

Herself has grav'd Her record—one that will not pass
away—

For the whole world bears the impress of Her saintly life
to-day :

To Her great memory is rear'd a fair memorial—

Art ne'er hath framed a monument like this magnifical ;
Her people with one soul inspired, e'en though half earth
them parts,

Her living monument hath raised within their grateful
hearts !

Burton Gazette.

George Hill Smith.

In silence, and in sadness,
The crowds have gathered round
The “Home” where, in bygone days,
Both life and joy were found.
To-day a stillness reigneth
Which almost can be felt,
Telling how, for Queen departed,
Her people's heart doth melt.

Out, from the stately portals,
The sad procession streams ;
While, on the Royal coffin,
The Sun so brightly beams ;
And our Queen's "own" weather
Is with her to the end,
To bring one touch of brightness
To those who, mourning, bend
Uncovered heads, as passes
That cavalcade, so grand
Of Kings and foreign Princes,
From West and Eastern land ;
Of Ladies, high and noble,
Who knew her inner life,
Who felt that our Victoria
Proved model Queen and wife.

And those who hear the music,
Of pipes and muffled drum,
Float from the house at Osborne,
Knew that the end was come.
No more would walk amongst them
Their Sovereign, good and kind ;
Sweet memory of her presence
Is all that's left behind !

Across the narrow Solent
The body's slowly borne,
Placed high on the Alberta,
In view of all who mourn.
Never before, in ages past,
Has such a sight been seen,
As tens of thousands saw that day
At the funeral of our Queen.
The ships of war from many a clime
Took part in the great display ;
Germany, Spain, and la belle France
Were there in grand array.

The giants of Britain's naval power
Were anchored down the line ;
Each crew, at attention, on the deck,
Awaiting the looked for sign.
Then, as Alberta passed each one,
It's band outspoke its dirge,
It's guns discharged the sad salute
From off-side bulwarks verge.

Meanwhile those who stood on shore,
All clad in mourning hue,
Uncovered heads, and keenly looked
At the Bier, when in their view.
There aloft, on Alberta's deck,
O'er-topped by Sceptre and Crown,
It lay—the Casket wherein there slept
One who had Life laid down.
No wonder that tears were freely shed
By thousands of sternly form,
Who, ever to Queen, loyal had been,
In sunshine and in storm.
And many a woman's heart beat fast
As the mournful cortage passed ;
For well all knew, in moments few,
Of Queen they would see the last.

In State, at Southsea, a night to lie ;
Then to the City be borne—
Reaching at last the Windsor home,
Where others shall weep and mourn :
Where Funeral service, solemn and sad,
Shall be the closing scene,
And, side by side, with Albert the "Good,"
Shall rest the remains of our Queen ;
Shall rest the remains of our Queen ;
Rest—till the trump of the Angel sounds
On the great Resurrection Day ;
And Eternity's light, shining so bright,
All sorrows shall banish away.

Belfast News Letter.

Rev. T. J. Southern, M.A.

I SING a wondrous thing : the mighty Sun
Sank in the West, methought the day was done,
I looked for dark and dismal, gloomy night,
Without a star, without a ray of light.
Inadden'd mood, I thought to grope my way
In sad perplexity, in deep dismay.
The Sun gone down ! and yet it was not night !
No gloom ! no darkness ! all-prevailing light !
What strange phenomenon, what power sublime,
Had chang'd the course of nature, nature's time ?

* * * * *

I watch'd the sinking of this peerless star ;
I saw its lengthen'd, last, deep, flashing blaze,
And lo ! behind, a brightness from afar
Swept o'er the scene in steady, golden rays.

Ray after ray—while pondering on the scene—
Came sweeping up behind with brilliant sheen.
I turned to look, and lo ! another sun,
In stately grandeur, proudly rolling on ;
And waves of light sped on their brilliant way,
Yielding one long, unceasing sun-lit day
That never, never dies, more generous grown,
A brilliant halo from a brilliant throne.

* * * * *

Light of the past ! the cloudless, glorious day
Of England's peerless greatness, thou art gone,
And yet the Sun still shines, its glories play
As in the days when thou wert England's Sun.

We mourn, bewail thee, weeping for our loss,
But not despairing, as who hope no more ;
The Sun still shines, although dark shadows cross
Our path, and darkling cloudlets lower.

And as the Sun unceasingly rolls on,
And nurtures all that on earth's bosom lie,

In bounteous goodness shining all upon ;
So Sovereigns live ; so Sovereigns never die.

Life springs from life, and hopes that never fail
Burst from the gladdening hope that lives again,
And though one Royal Sun may sink, we hail
Another Sun in majesty to reign.

Adieu, adieu, thou stay of England's power,
Adieu, adieu, God yield thee peaceful rest ;
God gave us thee : God gives us at this hour
A patient strength to bow to His behest.

Yet liv'st thou still among us in thy Son,
Thy ceaseless regal sway in spirit lives.
Thy reign on earth was life but just begun ;
The Giver takes away, yet still He gives.

And thou, O King ! to boundless realms an heir,
May'st thou adorn like her thy august throne,
Thy people and their welfare, all thy care,
Their weal thy weal, their sorrows all thine own.

Darlington Star.

Miss S. J. Smith.

FLAGS half-mast high on many a castle wall,
Deep-throated cannon booming hoarse and slow,
A sable pomp, a ceremonial woe,
Such sombre gauds may mock a tyrant's pall ;
But in the silence of the royal hall,
And round the quiet bier where she lies low,
How vain these symbols half our grief to show !
How true the tears that round her softly fall !
The mother of her people lies asleep,
Her counsels hushed, her labours at an end,
Her brave heart stilled, her many sorrows o'er.
As sisters in their grief the nation weep,
As one in loving memory they blend,
To honour her dear name from shore to shore.

Yorkshire Weekly Post.

Mrs. J. A. Steele.

Low lies the crownèd head,
Quiet sleeps the noble dead,
Victoria ! victorious still thou art !
Now brighter gems outshine
That earthly crown of thine,
And higher glories claim thy loving heart !

Full sixty years have fled
Over thine aged head
Since Britain's crown upon thy brow was placed ;
Still on the throne thou art—
The throne of Britain's heart,
Enshrined in memories ne'er to be effaced.

No surface grief we bear ;
The nations far and near,
With sister isles, sighing o'er distant seas,
Mourn for the Mother Queen—
The purest earth has seen—
The gentle-hearted worshipper of peace.

Where Afric's burning sun
Pierces the war-cloud dun,
The soldier hastens to wipe the falling tear ;
And upward breathes a prayer
For home, and longs to share
The common woe, around the royal bier.

But hands across the sea
Grasp ours right loyally ;
Swifter the message comes than bird on wing ;
“ True as our blades of steel,
We stand in woe or weal !
Victoria's heir we hail ! Long live the King ! ”

Selkirk Reporter.

Rev. H. Stephenson, M.A.

O KING of Kings, before whose throne
 Bright angels bow the knee,
 Thine is earth's glory, Thine alone,
 For all things come of Thee.

Yea, all the gifts that Thou hast sent,
 Return to Thee once more ;
 Nought are they but Thy talents lent
 To win a richer store.

Thus, while the tribes and kindreds mourn
 The loss of their loved Queen,
 Up to Thy throne our thanks are borne
 For all that she hath been.

What though her conquering hosts have passed
 Far to the west and east !
 'Tis not for this her fame will last ;
 Nay, this is less than least.

Far greater is the noble life
 Which counted all but loss,
 Save with her Lord in ceaseless strife
 To battle for the cross.

O Saviour, who to earth didst come
 To show what home should be ;
 Who so shall light the lamp of home
 Shall raise a torch for Thee.

O Holy Ghost, whose gentle power
 Bids cares and conflicts cease,
 Enfold us now for one brief hour
 In Heaven's eternal peace.

O Holy, Blessed Three in One,
 Before Thy throne we pray,
 As Thou hast blessed the day that's done,
 Bless Thou the coming day !

Newcastle Journal.

Richard Spencer.

SOVEREIGN Beloved,—an Empire's sorrowing tears
Proclaim the loss thy people has sustained;
Revered and loved thou wast through all thy years;
That love through ages will be still maintained.
Thy Christian graces ruled thy Royal will,
And led thee 'mongst the poorest of the poor.
To lift them up, thy leisure hours to fill,
To scatter good thou wished, and nothing more.
Victoria's name will be enshrined in hearts
Far more enduring than in solid gold!
Her many tender, noble, Queenly parts
We all do know, but they can ne'er be told!
Her reign shall shed through many a happy clime
A living lustre to the end of time.

Leeds Mercury Supplement.

Arthur G. Symonds.

DEATH parted us whom none but Death could part
And Death that parted makes us one again.
I knew that thou would'st come to me, dear heart!
For since thou laid'st me in this stately fane
Where Death and silence fill the vasty dome,
Oft in the silent hours when mortals sleep
My soul to thine hath called, like deep to deep,
And thine hath answered: "Dear one, come!" "I
come!"
And thou art come! Now in this silent land,
Wherein the measured spans of mortal life
Are lost in limitless eternity,
Where comes no echo of the fretful strife
Of the outer world, rewedded, thou and I
Will lie and dream for ever hand in hand.

Daily News.

Mrs. E. L. Shirreff.

“THE Queen is sinking fast !”

As earth-clogs on a coffin, fell the words
Upon our hearts. “The Queen.” It was our Queen
We had to tell ourselves, our much-loved Queen.
She had lived long, and we had loved her long,
Well had she lived, and we had loved her well.
And she loved us, and she had cared for us
With Mother tenderness, her heart first touched
With sympathy for every joy or grief.

“Our lives are worthless, hers of untold worth,”
So ran our thoughts, “Could but her life be spared ;
Ours taken !” Then through one long weary night,
And nights and days that followed, in each town
And village in our country, and throughout
That Greater Britain, welded in her reign
Into one nation, yea in other lands
Where her great influence had been felt, and where
Her worth had won her reverence, if not love,
With bated breath, and hearts with grief oppressed
All hung upon the issue. She is gone ;
And much seems passed from out our lives with her.
Gone to her well-earn'd rest, surely to hear
Her Master's welcome, “ Faithful, good, well done ! ”

City Press.

Gladys Schumacher.

THE Queen is dead ! Our Queen, my Queen and yours.
A mighty sob goes up from things terrene ;
And who shall say but that in realms unseen
Full many a sacred spirit-tear down-pours
To mark the passing of a perfect Queen ?

Victoria ! The very name of thee
Inspired men, and fired all their blood
To set thy standard with a ringing thud
For all the world to hear, and know, and see,
And recognise on field alike and flood.

And women all for her sake learned to spur
Their loved ones on, till noblest deeds were done ;
And these brave souls if questioned all, or one,
Would answer ever—" All our best for her ! "
And if she smiled would deem that smile well won.

And herein lay the secret of it all,
Her tenderness, her humanness, which drew
Humanity to her, until it knew
That neither joy nor grief it had so small
But Queen and Empress rendered it its due.

Oh ! how we loved her for her tender heart—
Her woman's heart—that knew not to discern
'Twixt humblest grave or proud emblazoned urn,
But did to all sweet sympathy impart,
And wept alike for prince and poor in turn.

Victoria ! Queen and Conqu'ror ! Ages long
That are to be shall swell thy well-earned meed,
And point to thee, victorious indeed !
And coming æons shall take up the song,
And all the endless cycles that succeed.

But when thy mightiest titles are proclaimed,
And men and women pause as tho' they would
Find some name even nobler if they could—
And in thy people's hearts thou shalt be named
The noblest type of noble womanhood !

Ladies' Field.

Rebecca H. Syme.

THE silences that served the tolling bell
Spoke deeper sorrow than its voice of woe,
Though it made music. All our hearts beat slow,
As with the pulsings of a great farewell.
" The Queen is dead ! " came after every knell.
We did not think that we had loved her so,
Nor had we dreamed that she would ever go
Beyond these roses where blooms asphodel.

Dead Queen ! They send you now their sweetest flowers :
 I may not lay a daisy on your bier,
 Nor slip between the stems one violet.
 Your heart was with this wayward land of ours,
 And oft you came with those you held most dear.
 Sweet Queen ! This heather says :—“ We'll not
 forget.”

Glasgow Herald.

Rev. F. J. Stanley, B.A.

An empire wide, ne'er wholly wrapped in night,
 This day lies shadowed in its sun's eclipse ;
 For death's cold hand hath quenched a queenly light,
 And stayed the life-breath upon Royal lips.
 And all the world in silent grief is wed,
 Because Great Britain's greatest Queen is dead.

For though there are who love not Britain well,
 All loved that Royal heart that beat for peace,
 And ever blessed the subtle grace and spell
 It wrought for all men's good ; nor sought release
 Through all its wondrous three score years and three
 Of toil and care, in chains of sovereignty.

And now, this day, o'er all the rolling seas,
 In every clime, on every continent,
 The flags float half-mast high upon the breeze,
 To tell how all the world, with one consent,
 For her sweet sake, in kindly charity,
 Stretch out to us the hand of amity.

Hushed are the sounds of enmity and ill-will,
 While Britain weepeth o'er her Royal dead.
 Ah ! Mother-Queen, it is not *all* of ill
 When tears of grief for such as thee are shed ;
 For round thy bier all jarring discords cease ;
 And, being dead, thou speakest still of peace.

From spotless maiden youth to noonday prime,
 From noonday darkened at its zenith height,
 Through all thy widowed years, till evening time
 Called thee to vespers, and this sleep of night,
 All high, unsullied, thou hast kept thy throne,
 And reigned despotic but by love alone.

And now, upon thy last triumphant way
 Thou passest slowly to thy final place.
 And all thine empire standeth still to-day
 To watch thee pass, with tears upon its face,
 Crying, "Farewell, Victoria the Blest;
 Victorious still, thou goest to thy rest!"

Western Daily Press.

Henry T. Sandford.

THE Mother-Queen is dead ! The great bell of St. Paul's
 Above the city of the Empire throbs !
 A pall-like shadow falls,
 And in the gloom the grief-bruised heart of London
 sobs !

The Queen is dead !
 Throughout the land in stately tower and steeple,
 The hearts are beating of the brazen-bodied bells !
 O muffled hearts ! their measured beating tells
 The mournful tidings to a mother-loving people !
 A cloud hangs over all,
 'Tis anguish—awful pall !—
 Anguish so heavy and so deep—
 And in the gloom the children of the nation weep !
 The Queen is dead !
 Behold pale Pity's anguish-furrowed brow !
 Alas ! a life—a glorious light is spent,
 And all the struggling world is darker now ;
 The nations of the earth stand sorrow-bowed
 Within the shadow of an awful cloud—
 Set is the sun of hist'ry's firmament !

What bitter tears are shed !

O England, may thy anguish softened be,
The nations of the world bring balm to thee !

The world is proud that such a life has been,
For mem'ry never claimed a greater name

Than hers who ruled this realm—the Mother-Queen,
The century's brightest star—the favourite child of Fame !

The Mother-Queen is dead !

On her Queen-life—on her and England's crown
The light of three score years and four look down !
An age of shining progress—year by year
Adding new lustre to her regal sphere !
A matchless Monarch and a Record Reign !
Will England look upon her like again ?

The Queen is dead !

In grief, in joy, how well she played her part ;
How well a ruler's Titan burden bore ;
Her name engraven on the nation's heart,
Shall live till Time and memory are no more !
For she is honour's best and brightest gem ;
None greater ever wore a mortal diadem !

The Queen is dead !

The thunder-shaft at England's throne is hurled,
And shaken is the whole foundation of the world !
The air is fraught with world-voiced lamentations,
For Death-sent Grief hath swept the heart-strings of
the nations !

The Mother-Queen is dead !

Her children come from every clime and sea—

Yea, followed by a mighty empire's tread

She in th' abode of peace is laid to rest
With him, her Consort, whose dear memory

Was ever warm within her faithful breast !

We weave her anademe—it ne'er shall fade,
For ne'er was Monarch known whose sceptre swayed
So vast a realm—an empire so sublime—
In all the mountain history of Time !

The Mother-Queen is dead !
 O hearken to the mournful, measured tread
 Of far-spread England, sorrow-stricken nation !
 O hearken to the funeral knell,
 The solemn heart beats of the bell !
 Her life is o'er ; her Maker knoweth best ;
 By Britain she shall evermore be bless'd
 As one who served her God and ruled her country
 well !
 She sleeps ! Peace to her gentle soul, and lasting rest !
 Her reign shall be a fount of inspiration
 For heaven-born arts—for every mammoth mind !
 A fadeless ornament to Empire and to Throne !
 Yea, she the Queen of earthly Queens shall stand
 alone,
 The Everet of the mountain-range of womankind !

Kent Messenger.

T. P. Stuart.

WHILE stand we here beside the open grave,
 That soon shall hold the dead that was our Queen
 Our thoughts fly south, where solemn trees do wave
 Their gaunt black arms o'er that fair island scene
 Where late She ruled, observant and serene,
 Loving the wild sea-paths where snowdrops clear
 Now peep abroad, with virginal pure mein,
 And bare their beauties to the skies austere,
 Toll slowly, bells, toll slowly, the gracious dead comes here.

Though, now, that isle be desolate and grey,
 And nature stirs not, save in hazel tip,
 Or sallows hardy bough, but yet a day
 Full bright there was for dearest fellowship,
 As by Her Consort's side their sons did trip,
 While yet no shadow was, or chilling fear,
 Of that dread cup that one should shortly sip,
 And passing hence leave none to be his peer.
 Toll slowly, bells, toll slowly, the gracious dead comes here.

Long years alone our widowed Lady reigned,
 And watched the gathering tide of Empire flow,
 Resistless great and free, that never waned
 Under Her constant Rule. And to and fro,
 Where the grim Needles raise their points of woe,
 She saw Her merchant ships, in full career,
 Spreading abroad Her fame. Then fell the blow—
 “The Queen lies dying !” Alas the tidings drear !
 Toll slowly, bells, toll slowly, the gracious dead comes here.

Straight from that Silent Highway—deep and green
 As seas that surged o'er drowned Aleyone—
 The ill news spread. In every place terrene,
 On waters all, where flies our ensign free,
 Flag signalled flag, fluttering gloomily
 And not a ship, that out or home did steer,
 But mourned with us within the Kingdoms Three,
 For that life ebbed from Her we held so dear.
 Toll slowly, bells, toll slowly, the gracious dead comes here.

The melancholy dirge of the dull sea
 Came portent-like to Osborne's watchers all ;
 The night wind wailed, as if mysteriously,
 Car-borne on clouds, swept by a funeral pall ;
 Then, the last summons to that island Hall
 Inexorably came ; near, and yet more near
 The hush of angels wings, as God did eall
 Our Well-Beloved from out this earthly sphere.
 Toll slowly, bells, full slowly, the gracious dead is here.

“The Queen is dead !” Echoes the Khybers wall,
 “The Queen is dead !” The hillman on the peak,
 Forgetting foe, forgetting tribal brawl,
 Spreads with the news to sirdar or malik.
 In far Peshawar, Gurka and stately Sikh
 Commend their Empress to the Great God's care.
 By Huron's lake, by Hudson's waters bleak,
 The Empire mourns a Queen beyond compare.
 Toll slowly, bells, more slowly, the gracious dead lies there.

And here the last sad office do we pay,
By Her own Royal Window plunged in gloom.
“Earth unto earth,” the preacher’s voice doth say,
As lower, and yet lower, droops the plume
Of England’s King, now guarding in Her room,
These Islands beautiful. And now from air,
And sun, and sea, She passes to the Tomb,
Laid by *his* side, wrapped in God’s Peace most fair.
Toll slowly, bells, toll slowly, and now forbear, forbear.

Wellesley Shatwell.

“Oh, brother land! Thy Queen, and mine, will cross
my waves to-day ;
For look ! her iron thunder ships are lined in Royal ray.
So, brother, bring to me our Queen ! I’ll bear her safe
along,
And rock her gently on my heart and sing my sweetest
song.”

“Oh, sister sea ! Thy Queen, and mine, has lain her
down to sleep ;
For darkness fell, and she was tired, and all her people
weep.
And deep within my pitying heart they have prepared
a place—
A last, long home—where she can rest and hide her
careworn face.”

“Oh land ! Oh, brother ! Give to me the Queen ! She
loved me well.
Upon my breast she’ll sweetly rest, soft-eradled by my
swell.
Thy bosom old is dark and cold, and no place for a
Queen.
Give her to me, oh earth, to keep amidst my water’s
sheen ! ”

“Oh, sister sea! Thy Queen she was, but I her mother earth.
And where should daughter sleep but with the clay that gave her birth?
Behold! On thy broad bosom where that shadow darkly looms.
So hush thee—’tis our Queen they bring. Dost hear those solemn booms?

“And slowly through the silent rows of battleships it creeps,
And one by one they dip their flags; and from each side there leaps
A flash—and then a sullen boom from brazen throat is rolled.
Oh, sister! now our sleeping Queen a last review doth hold.”

“Oh, brother! Where is, then, the Queen? Oh, let me say good-bye!

So bid the people raise her up. They cannot me deny.”
“Oh, sister! None may see her more, and she could not see thee,
For sleep hath ta’en her sight away, and all is dark and dree.”

“Oh, brother! Is it that you mean—the thing that mortals dread?

And ‘neath the hush of shadowy wings, our mistress, lies she—dead?

Then fold to thy kind mother’s heart, O Earth, that life-worn clay;

While rocking here I sing of sleep to her you hide away.

“Oh, blind Earth! Oh, kind Earth! They bear now to thine arms

Our Queen to keep—our Queen to sleep.

Oh, Mother Earth! They bring her home to thee, In peace blest, to sweet rest. Oh, hush her in thy breast,

Till light breaks, and night takes,

Its flight before the dawn of endless day.”

Southport Visitor.

William Henry Seal.

Not through the thrilling tempest swept the sound
 Of God communing with his saints of old,
 Nor when avenging earthquake sullen roll'd
 Was the reflection of His image found ;
 But to a mountain cavern desert bound,
 Unchallenged came the mystic still small voice,
 "Put off the sandals of your sinful choice
 For where thou standest now is holy ground."
 E'en so to-day let revelry be hushed
 In hall and hamlet, cloister, mart and street,
 By love o'erthrown let hate and wrong be crush'd,
 Make the heart homage of our grief complete ;
 Be this the mandate of an Empire's will
 "Dieu et mon droit," love lives and reigneth still.

*Bradford Argus.***Prof. W. C. Shearer, M.A.**

THEE, Britain, none need bid,
 With pious zeal and pains,
 All earthly honours show
 To thy loved Queen's remains,
 In symbols sad,
 Pall, plume and weeping trains,
 Draped ensigns, dirge-like strains.

Yet better far, within
 The House of God, to raise,
 Where'er her sceptre swayed,
 The voice of prayer and praise
 To Him who gave
 Long life and prosperous days.

How beautiful that death
 Which crowned a life well spent !
 No room is here for grief,
 Or passionate lament ;
 'Tis God recalls
 What four score years He lent.

From all encumbrance freed,
 The spirit mounts to God,
 Not loth to leave behind
 The body's crumbling clod,
 And press the path
 Unseen, that saints hath trod.

And yet our tears must fall,
 For ours, not hers, the loss ;
 Pageant and pomp of woe
 To her were now as dross,
 If halo'd not
 By glory from the Cross.

All, all, we leave with Thee,
 Thou mighty Saviour dear,
 Assured Thou dost receive
 Her, whom Thou gavest here
 To rule and serve
 This people, in Thy fear.

Bradford Daily Telegraph.

Rev. Melville Scott, M.A.

THE thunder of a thousand guns,
 The tears of a weeping nation,
 The awe-struck gaze of a wondering world
 In speechless admiration.

A Felon borne from his bloody cross
 'Mid curses and execration,
 And they laid Him deep in quiet rock
 With sad commiseration.

Strange, passing strange, that mighty Queen,
 In majesty victorious,
 Was the lowliest slave of the Felon slain
 Who died on a cross inglorious.

Churchwoman.

William Toynbee.

O rest thee well ! The pageantry is past,
Dirge and Lament have hushed their solemn swell,
The mighty minute-guns boomed forth their last—
O rest thee well !

With him, who was thy glory and thy guide,
Who shed o'er all thy life his lustrous spell,
In semipiternal sleep beatified,
O rest thee well !

One with thy people, thou didst wake in them
A love that time nor change shall ever quell—
An Empire's heart-beat is thy requiem—
O rest thee well !

Vanity Fair.

W. Turner.

VICTORIA is dead ! No more that sainted form,
Will guide the State and check the diplomatic storm :
She's gone—the strong and wise, to join her Prince,
“ The Good,”
The one she mourned so long in loving widowhood.

An Empire sits in tears ; the whole world feels the smart ;
Whilst Britain lowly bends with crape around her heart.
And yet there is relief—a limit to these sighs :
She only left her crown for one above the skies.

A noble life is done—a peerless soul has fled,
And left a trail of glory around her people's head :
Like clustering stars in heaven which mark the “ Milky
Way,”
Her life and deeds and loving words, will shine for aye !

Cheltenham Free Press.

Thomas Towle.

OUR gracious Queen has passed away
From earth, to realms of brightest day,
Lord, teach us from our hearts to say,
“Thy will be done.”

Men mourn her loss, and women weep,
Around our Father’s mercy’s seat;
And children still are heard to say,
“God save the Queen.”

‘Tis hard to realise that we
Have lost her gracious Majesty,
The nation mourns, and tries to say,
“Thy will be done.”

‘Tis hard, but oh! the Almighty King,
Who did for her salvation bring,
Sustains, consoles, and helps us still,
To do His will.

We must not mourn the loss of one,
Who sought the Father through His Son,
And learned His righteousness to own,
And teach His word.

Her reign was blest to all mankind,
The weak, the strong, the poor, the blind,
And now she’s gone, we bear in mind
Our gracious Queen.

Long may the truths she taught with zeal,
In us their blessed fruits reveal,
And may we, as a nation feel,
“Thy will be done.”

And may her children all be blessed,
With that same love of righteousness,
And learn submission to Thy will,
In Christ our Lord.

And may the King upon the throne,
Still teach the truths Thy word hath shown,
Until those truths the nations own,
 Oh! gracious Lord.

And when our race on earth is o'er,
May Kings, and Queens, and nations bear
Their part, upon the Eternal shore,
 Adoring Thee.

May all unite to bless the Lord,
And do His will with one accord,
Made *Kings* and *Priests* unto our God
 For evermore.

Nottingham Guardian.

James M. Taylor.

HUSHED as a Sabbath morn the cities lie to-day,
No business stir, no traffic's noisy sway ;
The children on the streets refrain from play,
And reverent mourns for her who's passed away.

The half-mast flags on tower and turret high
In winter's eerie breeze forbear to fly,
And motionless around the flagstaff lie
To solemnise the thoughts of passers-by.

The church bells toll a mournful funeral knell,
As in the pews the congregations swell,
Eager to hear the learnèd pastor's tale
Of her who ruled so nobly, true, and well.

Sovereigns and Lords of ev'ry clime and call
In deepest sorrow bow beside her pall,
Mourning a loss Time never can recall—
A wife, a mother, widow—Queen in all.

People's Journal.

James Taylor.

THE Crown of England ! What was that to her
Compared with furthering her people's weal.
The title, "Monarch," did not her allure

From paths of virtue ; and the power to feel
For all her subjects, high and low. The poor
Commanded her especial sympathy.
She passes from us blest—and blessings more,
Are waiting for her in Eternity.

No wonder that we mourn, Her noble life,

Her great example as a mother true ;
Her (now historic) virtues as a wife—

Her ever ceaseless thought for me—for you,
Stand out in prominence in this sad hour—

On this depressing day—Her final sleep
Brings sorrow to our hearts ; we feel the power
Of sacred love—no wonder that we weep.

Bacup Times.

Frank Taylor, J.P., F.R.A.S.

BELOVED Queen ! a fond farewell.
You now have crossed that mystic Bar
Which separates our earth from Heaven,
Whence no pilgrim can e'er return.

For more than three score years you've reigned
O'er this great land wisely and well.

But more than Empress, Queen, you've seemed
To all the subjects of your realm :
Earth's titles these to rulers are given.

The noblest type of womanhood
To all mankind you e'er have shown,
The purest type of motherhood.
Keen lover of your country's good,
In council wise, in judgment sound,

In life, thought, speech as crystal pure,
Responsive e'er to sorrow's touch.
In aspirations towards the good
Of all your people helpful too.
Hater of Shams, lover of truth,
Homely in life, simple in speech ;
More of the Mother than the Queen :
This made your subjects love you well.
Farewell, farewell, a sweet farewell !
While sympathetic tears we shed.
For long your memory will keep green
Within our hearts. Though years will pass
We can't forget our ag'd Queen,
Who ruled so long, wisely, and well.
So softly, gently came the call
At eventide's sweet sunset hour,
Which comes to palace as to cot.
Men call it death, yet it is birth
Into a fuller, richer life
Where you will gladly welcomed be.
Your work was done. Your rest is sure,
Through many a cross your crown you've won.
Life's struggles o'er, rest now in peace
With loved ones who have gone before.
Still the whole world will mourn for you,
Victoria, beloved Queen !

Bolton Journal.

Olive Verte.

OUR Queen is dead. There comes a solemn hush !
Victoria dead ? Bewildered by our grief
An overwhelming sorrow that with rush
And suddenness has borne our Sovereign, Chief
Into the silent land. For her relief—
From war's anxiety, the cares of state,
Loss of her friends and kin—God sent a brief
Swift call. Her peaceful end doth consecrate
Her splendid good pure life ; yet leaves us desolate.

Sorrow was laid on sorrow till the load
Became too great a burden for her years ;
At length her cup of sorrow overflowed ;
Her aged eyes had shed too many tears ;
So our Great Light Historic disappears
To rise again a star with God. With Him
She may have further work in other spheres.
'Mid tolling bells and prayers, and sacred hymn,
Hushed are our voices ; and our hearts ; our eyes are dim.

Earth's flowers—a perfect Peace—white satin pall—
At Osborne, four home guards their heads bent low,
Watched in that Sanctuary the Loved of all ;
With silent mourners passing to and fro
Who grieve for happier times, when long ago
The Queen was in her prime of regal grace—
Her motto ever Purity and so
The charm of pure home life upon her face.
Dead is our Queen. Our King—chief mourner—in her
place.

Of fair young maiden Queen and happy wife
Of Albert, called the good, until there fell
The blight of widowhood upon her life,
All this, men to their children's children tell ;
Whispering her death has caused the tolling bell
And widowed and afflicted all the land ;
Yea, all the lands where English people dwell.
" Let there be Peace for her," was God's command ;
Death's angel fetches her to Christ's throne, with saints
to stand.

And aged folks to children's children say,
Upon her wedding morn she looked so fair
In lace and virgin white of bride's array ;
She with such trust her bridal veil did wear.
Now three score years have passed she lieth where
Dust falls to dust, clad royally as a Queen ;
On her calm brow, across her soft white hair
Her bridal veil. Upon life's closing scene
In sunset's golden flood God smiled from Heaven—
Unseen.

God's will be done. Hush—let no murmuring word
 Disturb her last calm sleep. 'Tis God's decree
 To call his faithful Servant home. She heard
 His summons for a Heavenly Jubilee.
 Farewell Queen-Empress of our lands and sea !
 Revered thy name—all to thy memory cling,
 For all lose Mother, Friend and Queen in thee.
 To King, to all, our grief's a sacred thing ;
 He loved her ; was her firstborn son. God bless our King.

Rev. C. W. Vaughan.

A NATION wears its coronal of sorrow now,
 Submissive stands beside the illustrious dead ;
 In tones of reverence, words spoken soft and low,
 Tells out its love for her—the Queen, the Nation's
 Head.

Wider far than nation's bounds, an Empire's sad wail,
 By every breeze that blows o'er land and sea is borne
 For her, to whom the breezes said so long, All hail !
 For her for whom in death—Nation and Empire mourn.

Nor where the British flags and British ensigns fly,
 Is sorrow felt alone ; All lands beneath the sun,
 Lands far beyond the seas, lands also that are nigh,
 With us and with our Empire mourn to-day as one.

And so it comes to this—the world has vision keen
 To mark true worth, greatness in those who wear
 the Crown
 Of Empire—worn so nobly by our Gracious Queen
 From the sunrise of her reign till its going down.

Ever as the ages come, each shall to each proclaim
 The great glories of our good Victoria's reign.
 "The Queen is dead"—she who has earned enduring
 fame ;
 To have fame through ages new is to live again.

You who from her your noble lineage possess,
 The sceptre take—unto the throne of Empire bring
 Your high resolve to rule, and in your ruling bless,
 Then your Empire's prayer shall be—“ Long live the
 King.”

Northern Daily Mail.

The Very Rev. Dean Vere.

UPON the shore of that bright southern Isle,
 Where rise fair Osborne's Towers, the sun went down !
 Who gazed, beheld a sight most marvellous—
 Athwart a sky of flaming carmine, came
 Deep lines of darkest pall-like velvet hue,
 O'er which there rose grey plumes of waving clouds.
 Then came an after-glow most beautiful.
 From low beneath the dark horizon shot
 Two mighty sheaves of upward dazzling rays,
 And 'twixt them hung in heaven's serenest blue
 The thinnest crescent of the silver moon—
 Hung, like a spirit just set free from earth,
 Upsoaring in a sea of ambient light.

All round the silent coast the sea did sob,
 And winter winds a prayer did gently breathe
 For her the Empire loved, our dying Queen !

The sun went down, and after two long hours
 The spirit of the Good Queen passed away !

Then came across the waves a mighty sound,
 Borne on and upward by the whispering winds :—
 An Empire's Grief, an Empire's loyal Love,
 An Empire's Homage and an Empire's Trust !

“ The Queen is dead. Long live the King ! ”
 The Empire's cry of sorrow and of pain !
 The Empire's prayer for a most prosperous reign !
 Beneath the Cross, glad Angels sing !

“ The Queen is dead ! ” Her happy reign
 Is ended : for upon the waveless shore
 Her wave of life has broken, and no more
 Her voice shall solace grief or pain.

“The Queen is dead !” Our hearts stand still,
In Death the Mother of her People sleeps !
For Queen, for Friend, a stricken Empire weeps,
And prays. It is God’s Holy Will !

“The Queen is dead !” The grief-storm bends
The giant oak of England’s mighty throne !
The nineteenth Century shall stand alone,
The great Victorian Era ends !

“The Queen is dead !” We still are hers ;
O’er all our hearts her sway is still maintained !
The best belovèd Queen that ever reigned—
Our Queen for four and three score years !

“The Queen is dead !” Old memories cling
To those long blameless years for ever gone,
When she upheld the glory of the throne !
They bid us pray, “Long live the King !”

“The Queen is dead !” Then let us bring
In peaceful days, in times of war and strife,
Our hearts and hands to serve her son through life,
And ever pray, “God save the King !”

“The Queen is dead ! Long live the King !”
And when this wintry storm of grief has passed
Then to the Empire may there come at last
A peaceful and a gladsome Spring ;

“God save the King !” An Empire strong
In glorious days of plenty and of peace
God send us ! And may He make wars to cease,
And Edward’s happy reign prolong !

St. Patrick’s Magazine, Soho.

Rev. E. M. Wolstencroft.

A wondrous sight in many ways,
A spectacle of grief and tears ;
Millions o’er all the world to-day,
Mourn with us for the lost, the dear.

Great Queen and Empress, loved by all,
Thy sympathy embraced the world ;
Victoria ! men at thy call
Flocked to thy standard, young and old,
And vied during thy glorious reign
To deepen, strengthen, make supreme
Thy world-wide power, just and benign,
Worthy of thee, earth's greatest Queen.
The Empire mourns its head to-day,
Never before, 'mongst high and low,
Has grief and sorrow held such sway,
Sad hearts are seen where'er we go.
Intensity of love ! our loss
Is to the world to-day a blow,
As when the sad, the bitter cross
O'erwhelms us when a mother goes
From hence, and says the last good-bye
To children dear, who, bow'd with woe,
Gaze on, heaving the bitter sigh,
Helpless to stay the fatal blow.
Strong men have shed the silent tear,
A tribute to their Mother-Queen ;
They mourn her loss from far and near
With heartfelt grief and anguish keen.
The prince, the peer, the artisan,
All classes o'er the Empire wide
Have felt the blow, as one great clan
O'er whom Victoria did preside.
Those in her realm who knew her best,
Her statesmen, one and all proclaim
From first to last, they all attest
She govern'd wisely, and did gain,
By tact and moral suasion, all
That made for peace, swaying a power
Unseen, but felt, that oft forestall'd
Danger in many anxious hours.
Our unique grief attests her worth,
It adds fresh lustre to our fame ;
An Empire's tears make known this truth,

Victoria ! hallow'd is thy name.
The throne to-day how firm it stands,
 How deep, how strong, how wide its base ;
Our Colonies in distant lands
 Confed'rate now one mighty race.
Nations joined to us by a love
 For her, their Empress, and our Queen,
Whose reign was glorious, grand, above
 All Kings and Queens the world has seen.
Her influence will monld the race,
 Her stainless life will live for aye.
Her son, the King, who fills her place,
 Oft times will feel her presence nigh,
To aid him in his arduous task
 As King, to rule wisely and well,
For him an Empire's millions ask
 From God a reign unparalleled.

George Watson.

OUR noble Queen is now no more,
But she is on a brighter shore
 With all the truly bless'd :
A land where strife can never be,
A land of sweet tranquillity
 Of peace, and joy, and rest.

Let all who mourn our absent Queen
Look up, and thank the Great Unseen
 For her long useful reign.
Nor King, nor Queen, nor Lord, nor Duke,
Nor rich, nor poor, may ever look
 Upon her like again.

Her good example shall not fade,
Till every crowned and uncrowned head
 Shall learn to rule and live ;
May those she left in tears behind
In Christ that peace and solace find
 The world can never give.

Dundee Evening Telegraph.

Councillor G. H. Wilson, F.R.S.L.

VICTORIA the good, noblest and best
 Of all the Monarchs of the earth, is dead !
 No more shall pain and sorrow bow her head,
 For she hath entered her eternal rest.

And yet the death of our belovèd Queen
 Hath cast a sombre shadow o'er the earth
 And Nations, in their grief, have given birth
 To wide-spread sympathy, all lands between.

Her gracious reign, for three-score years and three,
 Hath been prolonged by God's all wise decree :
 While o'er her subjects, she so royally
 The sceptre swayed in love and equity.

And now her life, so good, so pure, so fair,
 Is ended here below, her jewelled Crown
 And golden Sceptre, are at last laid down,
 Unsullied in their lustre, bright and rare

Peaceful and calm, her lifeless body lies,
 But not her Soul, for it hath taken flight,
 And winged its way to everlasting light,
 To reign for aye, for goodness never dies.

Ethel Ward.

GREAT God of every age departed,
 Eternal Staff ! Eternal Stay !
 We bow—a people heavy hearted—
 Before Thy Throne of Grace to-day.
 Give heed unto this nation's wailing,
 Unto her stricken moan of pain,
 Assuage the sorrow now prevailing
 Throughout Britannia's vast domain.

We know none other comfort, Father,
 Our hope lies with Thyself on high ;
 And Thou might's spurn us, but the rather
 Attend Thy children's prayerful cry.

And leave, ah ! leave us not forsaken,
 E'en though we fail to understand,
 Why, in Thy pleasure, Thou hast taken
 One so beloved on every hand.

But come, Thou Good and Gracious Giver
 Of every blessing we possess :
 Come now, Almighty to deliver,
 And succour us, in our distress.
 No human power can stay our anguish,
 So now to Thee we raise our prayer,
 O God ! our spirits droop and languish
 Beneath this burden which we bear.

Thou knowest, Father, why we sorrow,
 For Thou hast dealt this grievous blow ;
 So therefore, God, we fain would borrow
 Thine aid in this our time of woe.
 No mind like Thine can ever fathom
 The depths of suff'ring which hath been—
 E'en as no skill can bridge the chasm,
 'Twixt us and our lamented Queen.

Then let Thy peace without restriction
 Descend upon us from above ;
 Till, as some glorious benediction,
 It rests upon the land we love.
 And grant, O God ! that the successor
 Unto this Empire's Regal Throne,
 May lean, e'en as his predecessor,
 Upon Thine arm of strength alone.

Bootle Times.

Rev. W. E. Winks, F.R.A.S.

SHE wept, while all rejoiced, to see the Crown
 Placed on her youthful brow :
 All weep to-day to see her lay it down.
 'Tis she rejoices now
 To wear a crown that fades not as the rose,
 A crown of life, her Saviour's hand bestows.

F. G. Worthington.

ALAS! we let the years go by, nor recked
 The silv'ring brow, nor—save too feebly—thought
 How love, because 'tis love, is worn by loss,
 Fretted by care, till its own weight of gold
 Doth burst at last the casket. She is gone,
 Our Mother-Queen. But still her work shall live,
 Alike in Council-chamber, Court, and home,
 Here and where distant ocean-surges beat.
 Though Time's fresh cycle thus begins in tears,
 They shall not fall in vain if, one and all,
 We brace us to our work for truth and right,
 For love and purity, while the years last.

Rev. J. Wharton, M.A.

SYMPHONY sad ! Diapason of death,
 Over the islands and over the sea :
 Church, palace, villa, and slumbering cot,
 Embalm each its sorrow and sympathy.
 Hand-on-heart trouble encompasses men :
 “ Oh, what a superlative ALL was she ! ”

On shimmering shores, where sunshine and night
 Give a just balance to toil and to sleep,
 Swarthy sons of the Orient clime,—
 Lip-cover'd effigies,—cease not to weep,
 Where dominate latitudes lenient,
 Goes forth a groan : and, hark, well—it is deep.

From frost-bitten forests of Labrador,—
 Land of the starry cross leal and free,
 Coralline atolls of faërie gems,
 Beaming breast jewels of Oceanie,—
 Rings forth a cry as of one single soul,
 “ Farewell, our great Lady, peace unto thee ! ”

Brave brothers, who dwell in the sunset's gold,
 Liberty's figure with cypress entwine,—
 Star-spangled banner staff, eagle adorn'd,
 Wreathe with the bay and the sad-sighing pine,

Drape the proud ensign and place it abreast,
Vanish'd Victoria, even with thine.

Oh ! great on the earth, still greater Above,
Where reign evermore the True and the Right ;
God-lent Victoria, thou shalt "sit down"
Humble yet welcome in Limitless Light.
Dead ? No : yet living, for all, who may need
Guide in perplexity's doubt-ridden night.

Penrith Observer.

Rev. F. W. Orde Ward, B.A.

VICTORIA—ah, that precious name,
So sweet to us for eighty years
And more, and with no spot of shame,
Is uttered now with tender tears ;
Yet hers, beneath a broader sky,
At last the one true victory.

No crown of jewels and of gold
Was what she did delight to wear,
But sorrows never vainly told
And burdens that she stooped to bear ;
The gems were thorns and bitter pangs
Whereon a brother's blessing hangs.

Her throne was set in other's care
Unpropt by arms and mailéd might,
In every shadow she had share,
Her pity was her subjects' light ;
She counted even the lowliest kin,
Opened her heart and took them in.

The Queen is dead ! Nay, only now
Has she begun to reign indeed,
And though the ancient bulwarks bow
For her are larger days decreed ;
Our love shall keep her memory green,
Through endless Time. Long live the Queen.

The Family Churchman.

Joseph Wright.

MOURN wives and weans and sons o'men
 In city street and lonely glen,
 As ye gang bnt, and syne gang ben,
 Hing, hing the heid ;
 In days to come, hoo will ye fen ?—
 Victoria's deid.

A guid, guid Queen she was to a'
 In theekit cot and castle ha' ;
 For folk at hame and far awa'
 Her heart wad bleed ;
 Her life was like the driven snaw—
 But noo she's deid.

She loved the pure and shunned the mean ;
 Her life before was never seen ;
 A' Scottish hearts are wae, I ween,
 And dull as lead :
 We've lost a mither and a Queen—
 Victoria's deid.

Victoria's gane, and left us a',
 We're no the same noo she's awa' ;
 At early morn, at gloamin' fa',
 We bear the dreid,
 Oor hearts are fa' o' wae and awe—
 Victoria's deid.

Bin a' she lo'ed auld Scotland weel,
 She kent that Scottish hearts were leal,
 And aye to her were true as steel
 On hill or mead ;
 Noo we ha'e lost a frien', atweel !
 Victoria's deid.

Blaw snell and keen thou bitter blast,
 Gather ye clouds, the sky o'ercast,
 Hang a' your banners at half-mast,
 It's past remed :
 Fa', fa' ye snowflakes thick and fast—
 Victoria's deid.

T. C. Waddell.

WHY from yon tower that solemn peal ?

On some dread mission swiftly sped,
The bitter truth—the pain I feel,
Our gracious Queen is dead !

No more to hear her people's voice,
Evoke rich blessings on her head,
This single bitterness is ours—
To mourn our Queen is dead.

Along the dark historic past,
We trace—but all our search is vain
To find her like—but peerless still—
A Queen of spotless fame.

Belovèd still, tho' death has claimed,
And cast o'er us a cloud of gloom,
Her cherished memory shall live
Survivor of the tomb.

Galloway Gazette.

Alice M. Wheeler.

A GLOOMY cloud hangs over all the country,
Deeper than that which shrouds the skies o'erhead,
And every bell a solemn knell is tolling,
While myriad voices mourn our Royal Dead.

O Queen and Mother, heartfelt is the sorrow
Thy children and thy subject's feel to-day,
And nought is heard but praises of thy goodness
And of the gentle life now passed away.

For more than sixty years thy Throne has flourished,
And thou hast ever been thy people's friend ;
No autocrat, but kind and sympathetic,
Ever to lowly interests thou could'st bend.

All womanhood is graced by thine example
Of home affection, and devoted love,

And, 'mid the cares of State, thou still hadst leisure
To look to thine Inheritance above.

No empty, formal words of adulation
Fall from our tongues, or greet our ears just now,
But true, and deep, and earnest in their meaning,
Sincere the sorrow written on each brow.

Scarce shall we frame our lips to other titles,
So long to loyal souls thy name has been
Revered and loved, in all thy wide dominions,
Where hearts and voices prayed "God save the Queen."

And now—not in the Abbey's sacred precincts,
Where many Kings and Queens of England sleep ;
Nor yet within the vast and grand Cathedral
Where figured saints and heroes vigil keep ;

Not there thou would'st rest in solemn splendour,
But farther from the City's ceaseless strife,
And by his side, thy guide and thy companion,
Who "Wore the white flower of a blameless life."

And so to the great King of Kings, Whose summons
Has called thee, in His wisdom and His love,
From earthly cares, now grown too great a burden,
To perfect peace in Paradise above,

We yield thee—to His gracious care resigning
Thy spirit—while thy mortal body waits
Until His Kingdom comes, our Greatest Monarch
And all His subjects pass Heaven's Palace Gates.

Wells Standard.

John Wrigglesworth.

THE blow has fallen, hardest blow of all,
To fall upon our country now, when peace
Had seemed so nigh at hand : 'tis often so.
We often think that there will dawn a day
That must bring recompense for sufferings past ;

But to our waiting sight the day breaks not
On earthly shore : the Reaper, rather comes
And cuts the ripened grain. The tender shoots
Fall 'neath his sickle, too ; and gathered home,
The ripe and unripe, then the recompense
Is fully made. But nothing can repay
The sad, the great irreparable loss
Our Motherland hath undergone at last.
Long years must pass before a nobler soul
Can wield the sceptre with more fitting grace,
Or wear the crown with loftier dignity.
Sweet mother of the Empire, loving peace,
She left no toil undone, if but the weal
And happiness of country were enhanced.
The humblest subject loved her : exile, too,
From alien land bespoke his meed of praise
For freedom given, denied him by his own.
A glorious reign, my brethren. Britain's Isle
Ne'er did, and perhaps will never see again,
A nobler monarch sitting on the throne.
She wore the sweet white flower of purity :
While sympathy and love were freely poured
From her lone heart, surcharged with sorrow deep,
Borne quietly, and with no murmuring word :
The true nobility of greatness this,
Merging the Queen in sweetest womanhood.
She trusted Him—the Lord of earth and sky ;
She walked with Him in lowliness of mien,
Took counsel of Him, followed where he led ;
And thus she came the better part to know,
Which made her more beloved than all besides.
And so the Empire mourns, with bursting heart,
For loss of her whose goodness crowned the land.

Halifax Courier.

J. Cave Winscombe.

SILENTLY, slowly, solemnly,—over the drifting deep :
That guarded her Island Home, we carried our Queen
asleep.

The dirge of the pipers died away in a dismal wail,
The throb of the muffled drums made the oldest soldier pale.

The roar of the cannonade from her mighty ocean fleet,
Burst like an Empire's heart, that has quivered and ceased to beat.

The dumbness of death was spread o'er leagues of her stricken land,
And England felt like a child that had lost its parent's hand.

We wandered in weeds of woe, and wondered what next would fall,
When sunlight gilded the crown, and silvered the snow-white pall;

That crown she had laid aside with symbols of earthly state,
E're she followed the beck'ning hand beyond the crystal gate.

We mourn as those bereft, though for her we no longer weep,
In world-wide, silent love, she has folded her hands in sleep.

Stroud News.

W. Wardle.

A SUDDEN blow was felt that shook the universe ;
As the solemn death-bells told their tale at last,
A great life was ended : a page in the world's history closed,
A mighty soul had fled, and all earth stood aghast.
Women bowed their heads and sobbed,
In strong men's throats a lump arose,
And children clung together and whispered, "She's dead."
Ah ! God, this is one of Thy greatest blows.

Victoria's sun has set, the glory of her summer's o'er ;
Cold death has gripped our idol, and has taken away
Our Queen—the greatest monarch of the world,
The noblest woman, and the kindest mother of our day.
Hers was a long and noble life, so freely spent,
The world and all mankind is better for that life,
And though full meet of sadness and dark woe were hers,
And death had marked her loved ones down, and strife
Had left its baleful mark, and reckless trod
Upon her soul, bravely she bowed her head and faced
it all,
And hid her woe ; nor craven cried aloud her griefs,
Nor let her mournful tears before us fall.

* * * * *

But time and sorrow told their tale,
The shrunken cheek, the dimming eye—
Then came the end, and gladly she laid her down
To rest—to sleep—to say good-bye.
And the Great God, in pity, saw her weakness,
And said, “No longer 'neath your burden shall you
roam ;
Nobly you've fought your fight, lay down your crown,
Come home.”

Burton Gazette.

Rev. Frank Walters.

At last the Home is won,
The Final Peace is given ;
And side by side they sleep,
To whom their Love was Heaven.

Beside a lonely Throne,
Where sat a Maiden fair,
Move drew a stainless knight,
Worthy her State to share.

The Court became a Home
Of beautiful renown,
And children's blessings gave
The Queen a Mother's Crown.

Alas ! what sad eclipse
Darkens the radiant sun ?
Love brought the stainless Knight,
But Death this deed hath done.

Yet Love is strong as Death,
And in that strength she bears
The years of lonely toil,
The nation's ceaseless cares.

Upon the lonely Throne
There sat a Widowed Queen,
Now wearing Sorrow's Crown,
With reverence was she seen,—

With reverence was she seen
To tread her shadowed way,
With duties nobly done
On to Life's latest day.

Tired with her journey Home,
Eternal Rest is given ;
And side by side they sleep,
To whom their Love was Heaven.

Newcastle Journal.

R. W. Seaton Watson.

No more in kindly thought,
Soft word and gracious deed,
With tenderness and mercy fraught,
With balm for hearts that bleed.

Shall we behold that love
So generously borne.
The Mother-Queen hath rest above.
We stand bereft, and mourn.

Monr ! Shall we *mourn* our Queen ?
Nay, strong in memory
Of what her spotless life hath been,
Of what her love may be—
A power to knit the race
In yet more living bands,
To warn us that the power of place
Rests ever in God's hands—
Stedfast and brave of heart
May we pass on our way.
Dear Queen ! our paths must lie apart
Till the last break of day ;
But thy pure life of trust—
We feel within the soul—
Hath burst the barriers of the dust
And seeks a higher goal.
Watching thy people still
With eye of humble pride,
While Britain has a place to fill
In the world's onward stride.
'Tis ours to toil and strain,
Through every tingling nerve,
Scorning the shadow and the pain,
Her deep love to deserve.
And is the great age closed ?
Our country doomed to fall ?
Since she in whom our trust reposed
Hath answered to the Call.
An age heroic scorns
To dream of death's decay.
That man most passionately mourns
Who fights against dismay,
And, with a gallant mein,
Doth prove to all the globe
That not through him shall England sin,
Nor stain her dazzling robe.

Can we who prize her love
 Thus spurn her loftiest hope—
 That, passing so, her death might prove
 That goal to which men grope ;
 That, one in outward aim,
 From every clime and shore
 Her loyal children should proclaim
 Her seed for evermore ?

Nay ! Bound by mutual ties
 Of hope and love we cling
 To him for whom our loyal voices rise—
 “ The King ! Long live the King ! ”

Perthshire Advertiser.

Samuel White.

THE die is cast : to-day the empire mourns
 A Queen beloved, and honoured, and adored ;
 Millions of hearts with poignant grief are filled,
 And tears of bitter anguish are outpoured.
 Where'er the sun its radiant beams doth cast,
 On British soil, or on a foreign shore,
 From Arctic zone to Afric's lonely veldt,
 Her brilliant fame will echo o'er and o'er.

As wife and mother she was kind and good ;
 As Queen, devoted, earnest, and sincere ;
 And when through stormy scenes her pathway led,
 She showed no signs of shrinking or of fear.
 Her faith was centred on the hidden Rock,
 The Rock of Ages, lasting and secure,
 Which Time can neither tarnish nor destroy,
 And which to endless ages shall endure.

At eventide the silver cord was loosed,
 And angels bore her to her well-earned rest ;
 We bow to God's decree, for well we know
 That what He willeth *must* be for the best.

Impending gloom pervades our isle to-day,
A sombre cloud envelops every home ;
Death reigns triumphant, and each voice is hushed,
And loyal hearts are beating now as one.

We ill could spare a life so pure and good,
So truly noble, and so free from stain,
And fain would murmur were we not assured
That what is loss to us, to her is gain ;
And He who is too good to be unkind
Doth not with malice send us pain or grief ;
Then let us not demur, but rather pray,
“ Lord, we believe ; help Thou our unbelief.”

The cares of State have now been laid aside,
And she has joined the angel host above ;
A nobler coronet adorns her brow,
A Crown of Glory, decked with gems of love.
And though our hearts with sorrow are oppressed,
And signs of grief are rife on every hand,
May this our anchor and our watchword be,
“ God save the King, and bless our Fatherland.”

Somerset and Wilts Journal.

Rose Lilian Williams.

LIFE's long day done, she gently fell asleep
At twilight hour, and like a sun-lit ray
Her fair, pure spirit passed upon its way ;
While trees are bare, and drooping snowdrops peep
From out the earth, and drooping seem to weep,
She wended forth—nor longer may she stay,
But three short weeks since dawned the New Year's
Day
Our Queen began her own New Year to keep.

And fair she rests all clothed in silver white,
 A radiant Queen, in life and in her death,
 Upon her lips a faint smile and serene ;
 So will they bear her from her people's sight,
 Pure as an angel, sweet as morning's breath,
 In our fond hearts she lives, our dear, loved Queen.

A wail of sorrow and a burst of song,
 And then a silence tender as a tear
 That's shed for little children lov'd and dear ;
 And 'mid the silence wandering along
 Came a low whisper through each sorrowing throng,
 Æolian in its sweet tones, faint and clear,
 Like a soft breath that woos the listening ear,
 Breaking the stillness that it steals among.

Leave her to rest with him her grief hath crowned
 King of her life, and lord of all her days,
 In that fair shrine, reared by a love profound ;
 No more to part, but by his side always,
 Leave her fair Queen, of all Queens loved the best,
 Linked with her love in her eternal rest.

The Clifton Chronicle.

John E. Wardle.

ALAS, and she is dead !
 The noblest woman that the world has ever known
 Sleeps in the calm and silentness of death,
 The dreamless sleep of one whose blameless life
 But gently failed, and fainted as a breath
 Upon the quiet waters of the great unknown.

Alas, and she is dead !
 The grief and sorrow that is widespread o'er the land
 Reaches the outposts of our Empire's sway,
 And with a touch binds all in sympathy,
 For grief needs consolation, and we may
 More bravely bear the heavy burden hand in hand.

Alas, and she is dead !
The dearest and the best beloved of England's Queens
Wears on her brow the pale, white crown of peace ;
The sorrows that have bruised her noble heart,
The anxious cares that never seemed to cease,
Have passed—and she has done with all life's fitful
scenes.

Alas, and she is dead !
The great White Queen, whose tender and whose loving
heart
Watched o'er our welfare with a mother's care.
O God ! we loved her even as children love,
And in this hour of darkness, and despair,
With tears of bitterness, we feel it hard to part.

Alas, and she is dead !

Northern Guardian.

Rev. Fred J. Yates.

THOU art gone to thy rest, great Mother, great Queen,
Thy presence is gone from sceptre and throne ;
And the heart of an Empire makes its moan
Of anguish bitter, and sorrow sincere,
And the effort is hard, the task is drear
To count thy name with the dead, our Queen.

But the crowned head bows at death's command,
And the arbiter dread metes out the same fate
In the cottage of poor and the palace of great ;
There is no discharge in that sorrowful war
For the lowliest one or the State's high star,
And mourning for thee, our Queen, fills the land.

We mourn, but thou mournest not, sweet Queen,
From the weary weight of consuming years,
From the sleepless vigil of anxious fears,
From the widowed days and heart-grief sore
Thou hast passed into peace for evermore,
And the days of thy mourning are ended, loved Queen.

Thou hast left the kingdom on earth, dear Queen,
 Dark through the absence of thy sweet light,
 Thou hast entered the land of the days ever bright,
 The land of the risen and cloudless sun,
 Thou hast heard the music of God's "Well done!"
 Thy death was not death but life, our Queen.

Thou hast joined the mighty of old, great Queen,
 The mighty of heart, the mighty of hand;
 The souls that have loved our English land,
 And ever by word and by deed divine
 Have chased the shadows and made the sun shine,
 And of these thou art last and first, our Queen.

Thou hast joined the loved of old, sad Queen,
 Thou art standing now by the side of them,
 And joy the wound of the heart doth stem,
 Thy children dear and him, "the good,"
 Who at thy side in past days stood
 Thy life, thy love, thy husband, true Queen.

Blessèd Thy reign in our midst, great Queen,
 Rich are the legacies left us of thee,
 Great thou hast made us on land and sea,
 And children to children's children shall tell
 Of the great wise mother who ruled so well,
 Ruling in love's sweet might, our Queen.

May thy mantle fall on him, good Queen,
 Thy Albert Edward, our Lord and King,
 With his pure fame may the land, too, ring,
 May he love the God his mother loved,
 And cherish the aims his mother moved,
 And the days of the King be as those of the Queen.

Worcester Chronicle.

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